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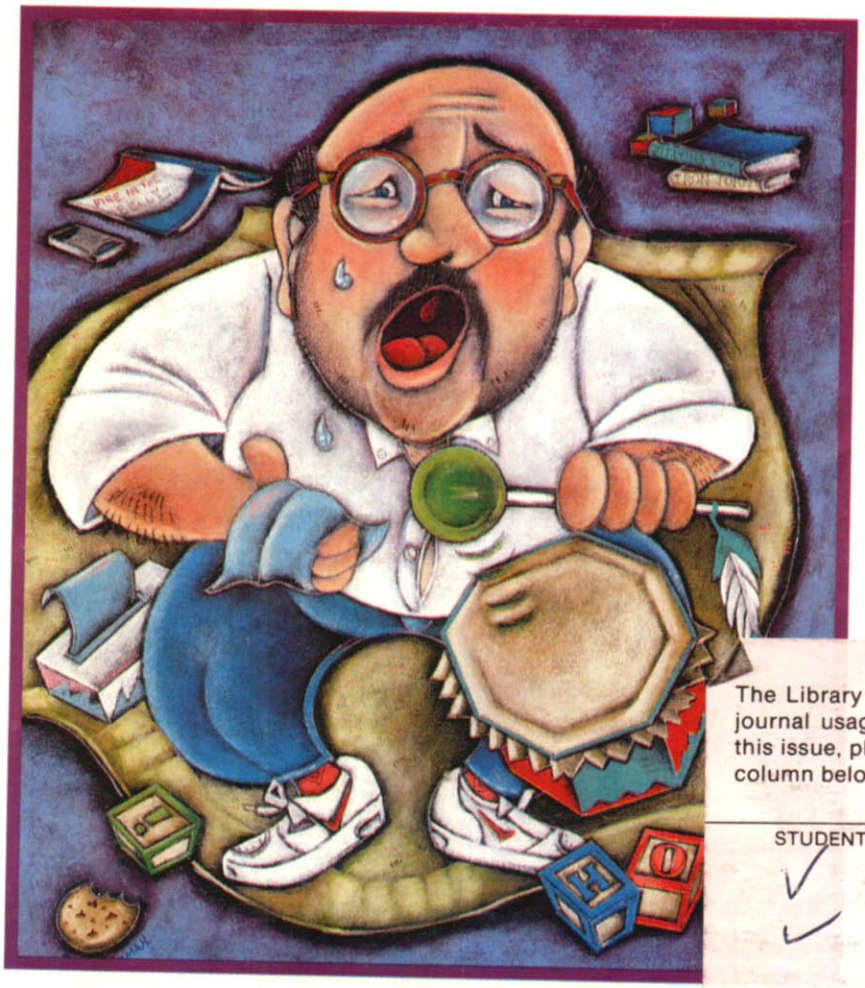
THE AMERICAN SPECTATOR

JANUARY 1992

A MONTHLY REVIEW EDITED BY R. EMMETT TYRRELL, JR.

America's New Man

by Andrew Ferguson



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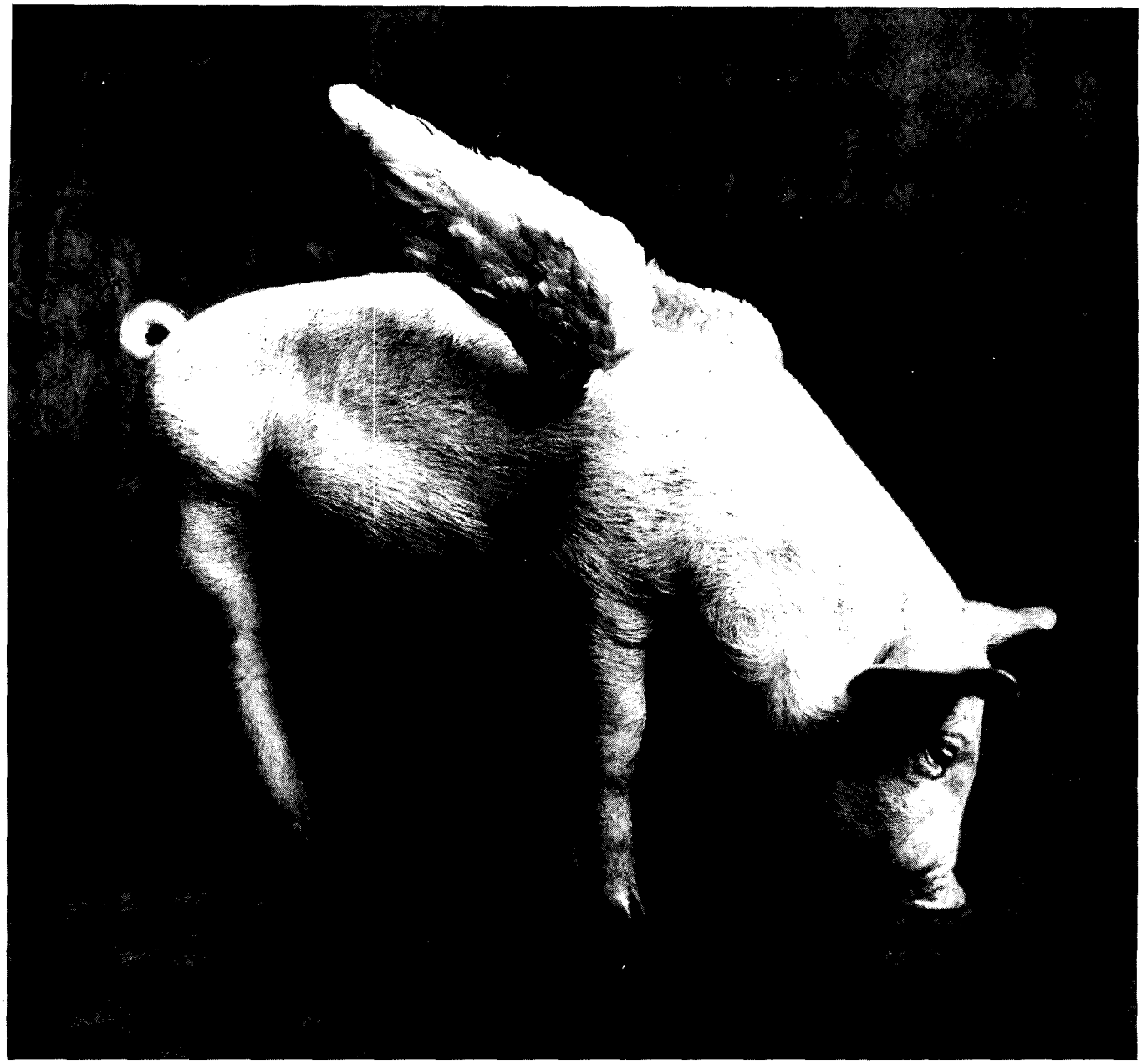
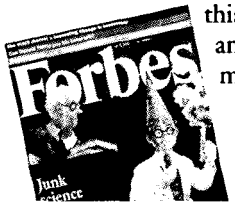


In a courtroom, anything will fly if a scientist testifies to it.

Getting hit by an umbrella causes breast cancer. Environmental pollution causes AIDS. Who proclaims such absurdities? Expert witnesses. One even testified on behalf of a soothsayer who lost her 'powers' after a CAT scan. A jury awarded her a million dollars.

Such quackery, known as junk science, allows 'experts' to present their own idiosyncratic views in court. Where lawyers count on them to support theories ridiculed by serious researchers. According to a July 8th cover story in Forbes, this alliance ends up costing consumers and companies billions. While making millions for law firms.



What can be done about such scientific bamboozlement? Forbes thinks American judges should do what European judges do: Appoint their own unbiased experts.

Forbes points out how the mass media has fostered the growth of junk science and tells why it should be junked. It's this kind of gutsy, insightful reporting that brings us far more long-term subscribers than either Business Week or Fortune. Strong editorial also attracts advertisers. Small wonder that only one magazine, a weekly, carried more ad pages last year than biweekly Forbes.

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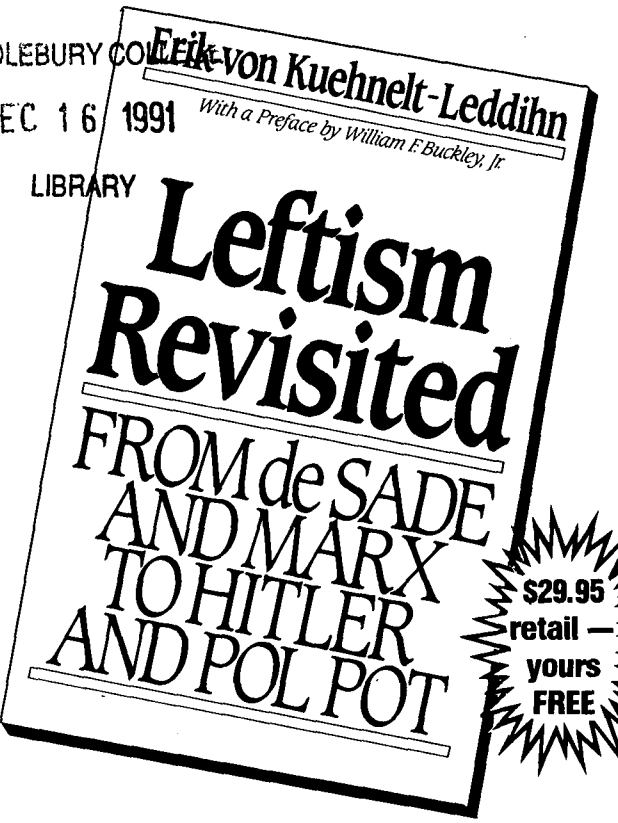
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With a Preface by William F. Buckley, Jr.
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Precisely. Kuehnelt-Leddihn's view of the Left, in all its guises, is at once so particular and detailed, and at the same time so sweeping, that reading him is a unique experience, mind-opening. Max Eastman captured the feeling perfectly after reading one of his earlier books: "Amazing! Reading it is like going to college and graduate school all over again."

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Those "West Bank" Settlements

Are they *really* the "greatest obstacle to peace"

Not too long ago, our Secretary of State James Baker made the astonishing comment that Israeli settlements in Judea/Samaria (the "West Bank") were the greatest obstacle to peace in the Middle East. Could Mr. Baker possibly be right? It's a serious accusation and it deserves examination.

What are the facts?

■ In order to gain perspective, some thumbnail history may be in order. Large numbers of Jews have been living in these territories since biblical times – without interruption. Most of the Arabs living there are in fact relative newcomers. "Palestine" is the entire area now covered by Israel, including Judea/Samaria (the so-called "West Bank") *and* what is now the Kingdom of Jordan. It originally also included the Golan Heights, which later, in an agreement between England and France, were ceded to France, and to Syria as the successor in possession. In 1922, contrary to the requirements of the League of Nations Mandate, the British severed the entire area east of the Jordan River and gave it to the Hashemites as reward for their assistance in World War I. Thus, fully 75% of Palestine, all of which under the Mandate and under the terms of the Balfour Declaration was meant to be a homeland for the Jewish people, was lost for that purpose. Only the area west of the Jordan River was left for Jewish settlement.

■ In 1947, after decades of strife between Arabs and Jews, the British decided that they had enough and announced that they would relinquish the Mandate. The United Nations stepped in and proposed a partition plan under which the country (west of the River) was to be divided into respective Arab and Jewish areas. Jerusalem was to be an internationalized city. The Jews accepted the plan; the Arabs refused it out of hand. In 1948, on the twice truncated territory allotted to them by the United Nations, the Jews declared their independence, and the state of Israel was born. On the same day, six Arab armies invaded the new-born state. In what can be described as an almost biblical miracle, the Jews defeated the six Arab armies. When an armistice was finally secured, however, TransJordan remained in possession of Judea/Samaria (the "West Bank") and the eastern part of Jerusalem; Egypt remained in possession of the Gaza Strip. TransJordan promptly renamed itself Jordan.

■ Once in possession of the "West Bank" and East Jerusalem, the Jordanians promptly proceeded to expel all Jews and systematically to desecrate and to destroy most Jewish sacred places, cemeteries and houses of worship. No Jews, regardless of whether they were Israelis, Americans or citizens of any other country, were allowed into the "West Bank" or East Jerusalem, the locale of the Western Wall, the holiest site in Judaism. In 1967, Abdel Nasser of Egypt, joined by the same array of Arab armies that had tried to destroy Israel in 1948, launched another war against Israel "to drive the Jews into the sea" and into oblivion, once and for all. The Israelis pre-empted and utterly defeated the combined Arab might in the 6-Day War, one of the greatest military victories in history. When the dust of war settled, the Israelis had not only retained their national territory, but had repossessed (not occupied) the territories of Judea/Samaria (the "West Bank"), the eastern part of Jerusalem, the Gaza Strip, the Golan Heights and the vast Sinai Peninsula.

It is clear from this abbreviated history that the Israeli claim to the "West Bank" is at least as strong as that of the Arabs. It's only by dint of constant repetition that the world has come to think of these territories as "occupied Arab land". About 100,000 Jews now live in these territories. And why shouldn't they? Why should the Arab countries and the "West Bank" be the only places in the whole wide world where Jews are not allowed to live? How can 100,000 Jews living among 700,000 Arabs be the "greatest threat to peace"? How can Secretary Baker get so exercised and consider a new settlement of a few mobile homes on some barren Judean hills as the "greatest threat to peace", when he seems to be oblivious and totally unconcerned about the unrelenting hostility of the Arab countries, the de facto incorporation of Lebanon by Syria, the Scuds and chemical weapons still remaining in Iraq, and the relentless and ominous build-up of Syria's missile forces?

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THE AMERICAN SPECTATOR

Volume 25 Number 1, January 1992
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ABOUT THIS MONTH

by

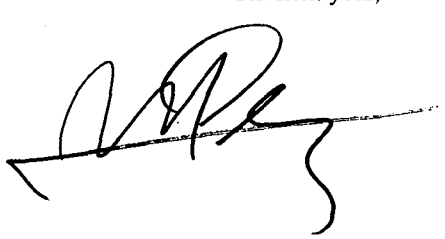
Wladyslaw Pleszczynski

November 27, 1991

SO WHAT DO you think? While you prepare to let us know, let me quickly shift credit to Tom Neubert, our production manager, who spent the better part of his increasingly sleepless life this past year designing the new *American Spectator*. For all its arch-conservatism, the magazine in its first twenty-five years has undergone more facelifts than David Duke, but Tom was the first to take us into the desktop era, with who knows what implications for the coming millennium. A warning to our usual targets: just as computers had to get smaller to become more powerful, so do we intend to continue shrinking in order to increase our wallop. Whatever the medium, our message won't change, even when we come to you on a microchip.

I HAVE BEEN *TAS*'s managing editor for eleven years, during which time it's been my privilege to exploit the talents of five assistant managing editors. Four of them (so far) have been smart enough to leave me in my cushy job while they've gone on to bigger things. There was Andy Stark, currently of Harvard's Kennedy School (and cited in Suzanne Garment's new book, *Scandal*—reviewed on page 68 by one of my predecessors, Steve Munson); William McGurn, who has already left his mark on three continents and in this issue reports on a sad event affecting at least two of them; Malcolm Gladwell, who covers AIDS and other medical and scientific topics for the *Washington Post* (and through whose many contacts we hooked up with my current assistant, Christopher Caldwell), and finally, Andrew Ferguson, author of a recent biographical sketch of Bill Moyers for the *New Republic* that led Mr. Moyers to announce (in so many words) that he will ask someone else to write the official biography. (For the sort of treatment Mr. Moyers has in mind, there is E. J. Kahn, Jr.'s love song to soybean sultan Dwayne Andreas, reviewed on page 72 by Joe Queenan.) This month, Andy applies his uncanny ear and eye and playful intelligence to a major national nuisance that, for lack of any imagination or flair whatsoever, goes by the name "men's movement." As Joshua Muravchik would agree (see "MacArthur's Millions," page 34), you don't have to be a MacArthur genius to know that it's one thing for a magazine to redesign itself, quite another for a group of grown-up men.

Till next year,



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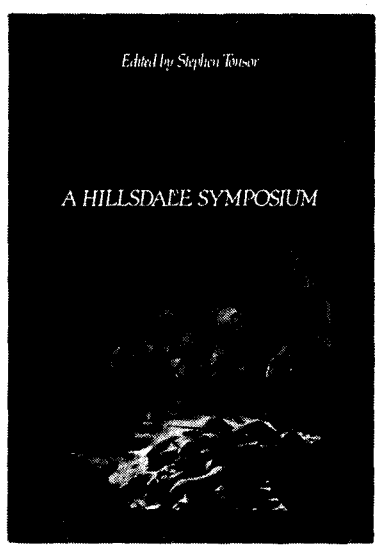

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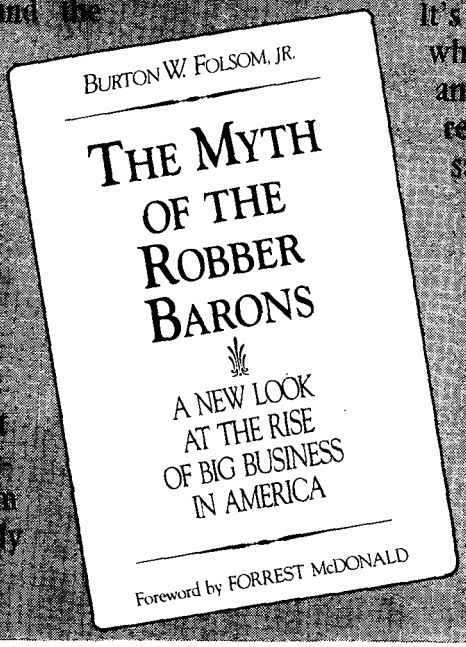
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Foreword by FORREST McDONALD

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Foreword by Forrest McDonald
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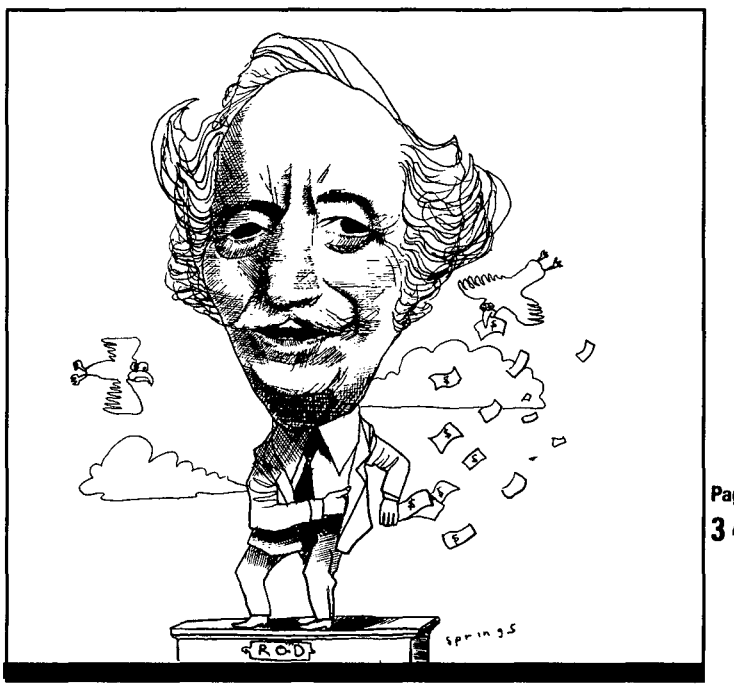

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Introducing the men's movement—or how to turn a bunch of patheticos into a loving and hugging band of drum-bangers, poem-shouters, and Dad-haters.

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A foundation created by a strange right-winger has become a treasure trove for a variety of leftist "geniuses" and other lost causes.

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Unless the Jesse Jacksons of the Philippine senate have a sudden change of heart, after nearly a century the U.S. military presence in the Philippines is coming to an end. We'll manage, but what about the people left behind?

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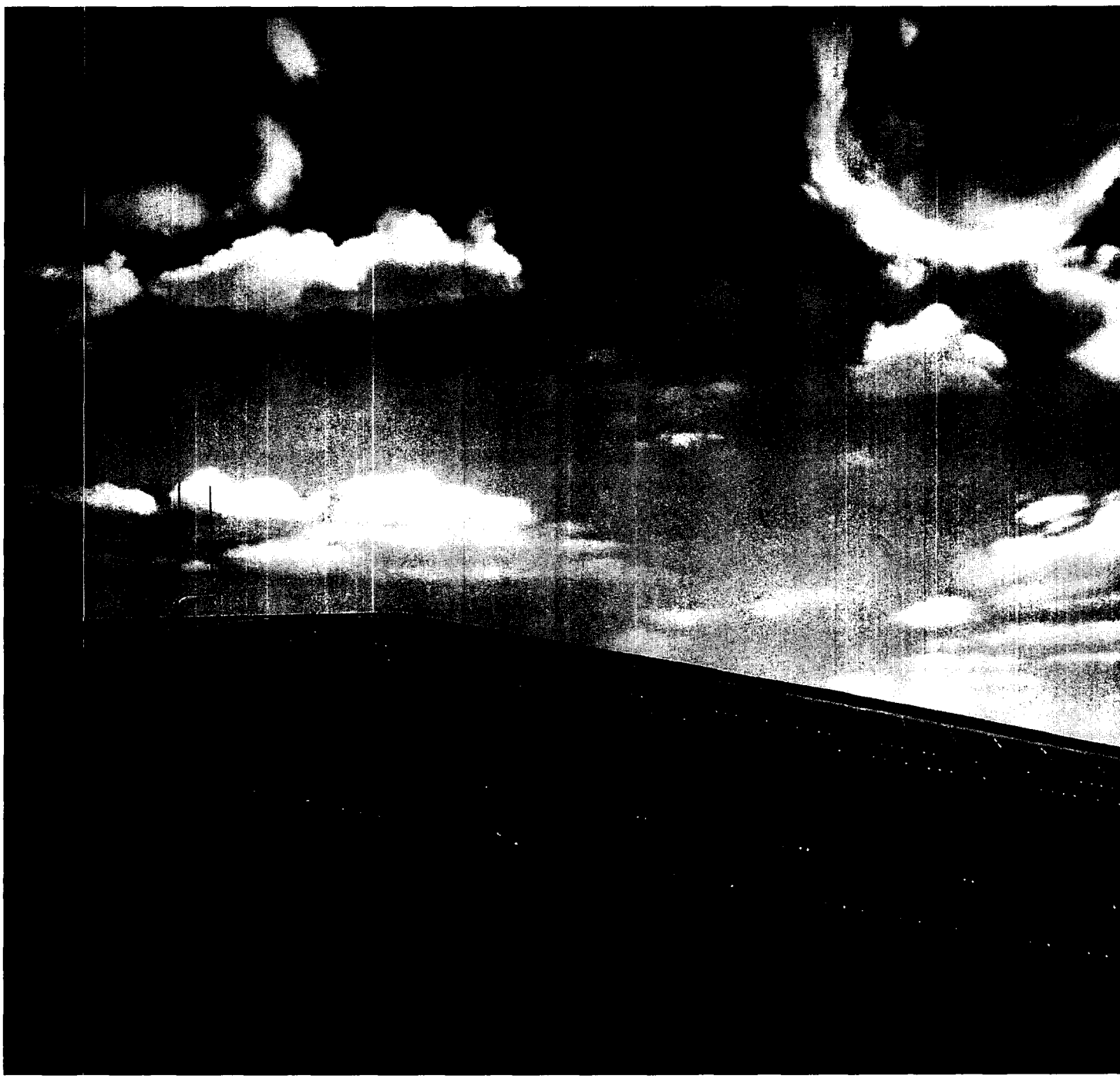

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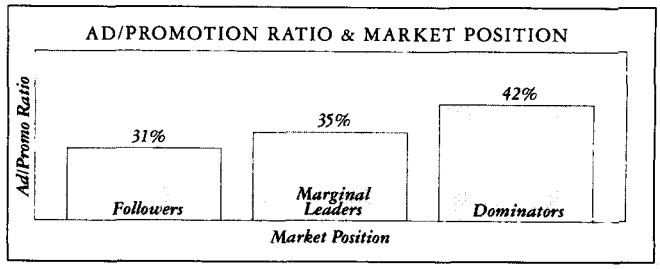
A brand or corporate image is not something that can be seen, touched, tasted, defined, or measured. Intangible and abstract, it exists solely as an idea in the mind. Yet it is often a company's most precious asset.

When in the 1980s, corporations laid out billions for the companies that owned brands like Kraft, Jell-O, Del Monte, Maxwell House and Nabisco, it wasn't the products themselves they were after, but the enduring power of warm images, feelings, and impressions associated with the brand names. In fact, when the dust finally settles, it will become clear that the megamergers, takeovers, and leveraged buyouts of that decade were primarily about the acquisition of brands.

Photo by Steve Bronstein



Yet despite their enormous value, brands are not immune to neglect, and in the face of a tough economy and strong competition, companies are often tempted to sacrifice brand and corporate advertising for short-term promotion. While such strategies can yield immediate results, over time they can weaken and tarnish the brand.

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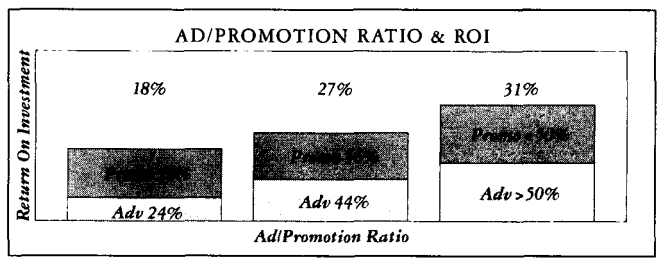

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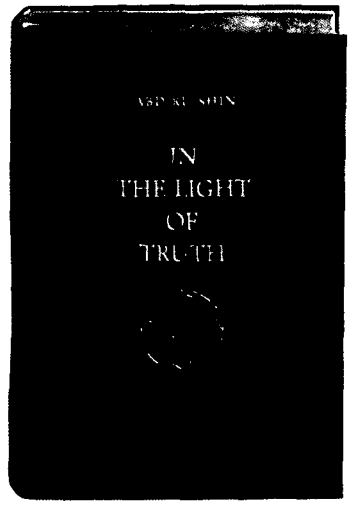
This day of commemoration offers an opportunity to make known to the public some important statements from the Grail Message "In the Light of Truth", which was revealed by Abd-ru-shin!

The author chose the name "Abd-ru-shin" in fulfillment of a former earth life, which was the preparation for his present-day activity.



The Grail Message imparts the knowledge of the structure of Creation, explains the relationships completely, and gives an overview of all events in Creation. It is directed only to the individual, who exclusively bears the responsibility for everything he thinks and does. If he turns to the good, everything else becomes good. It has an immediate effect upon marriage, the family and ultimately upon the entire nation!

An important statement set forth in the Grail Message is the explanation of the Laws of Creation. They operate uniformly throughout Creation, in the earthly sphere as well as in the unseen divisions. Some of these shall be dealt with here.

The Law of Reciprocal Action

or the Law of Cause and Effect, is appropriately referred to in the Bible (Gal. 6:7) as follows: "Be not deceived, God is not mocked: for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap." This Law applies not only to the earthly but also to the spiritual seed and harvest!

Therefore, if man sends good thoughts, intuitive perceptions and deeds into the world, man will, in accordance with this Law and at a given point in time, reap multiple good. On the other hand, an evil volition will bring an increased measure of dark reactions. The choice between good and evil volition lies in man's free will, which is also the basis of human responsibility.

Within this Law human destiny or karma is fulfilled. Therefore, a man severely struck by fate, for which he would even make God responsible, has himself provided the cause for it, through his own fault, often long ago in previous earth-lives.

Still, it is again within the power of a human being to change everything for the better, if he seriously attempts to obey the Laws and the Commandments of God.

In the Law of Sowing and Reaping, the Law of Reciprocal Action, also lies the solution to the terrible fates of the human masses and individuals that we witness today, and that arouse our compassion!

In addition, there is an increased spiritual power in Creation through the World Judgment. It forces all the good and bad deeds that have grown up over the course of centuries to a more rapid final release and also accelerates natural catastrophes!

It is the time of the "end of this world", foretold by Jesus in the 24th Chapter of Matthew's Gospel. The end, however, only of this old, bad world, to be followed, after the World Judgment, by a new, good world with the thousand-year Kingdom of Peace on Earth! Also in the Revelation of John the old and new worlds are portrayed in spiritually delineated pictures.

The Law of Gravity

can be observed, for example, when a piece of iron sinks to the bottom in a glass of water, whereas a piece of cork will not go down but remains afloat.

The effect is exactly the same in the life of human beings. According to its good or its evil volition, the human soul has made itself lighter or heavier. Consequently, after its physical death, it rises to lighter regions, or it sinks to lower, dark regions.

The Law of Attraction of Homogeneous Species

is aptly expressed in the popular saying "Birds of a feather flock together", and "Like attracts like".

Even the entire social life of mankind on earth is influenced by its effect. Whether it concerns a union of peoples, races, or is based upon religious, social, professional, economic or political motives, human beings who in some way are suited to each other will always come together.

The ancient peoples still had some idea of the effect of this important Law and complied with it unconsciously by separating into classes based on occupation and education. Within these each had the opportunity to live and develop on homogeneous soil.

The gradually emerging division into upper, middle and lower classes, by comparison was wrong! It brought forth on the one hand envy and hatred, on the other vanity and pride as well as indolence, and finally, the resulting class conflict.

In the future, however, a harmonious development can in reality only be caused by all classes standing side by side and working together. For then every class is of full value in its own way, has its own abilities and merits which the others do not have; it is a necessary part of the whole. Later, once this Law is rightly understood, all social problems can be resolved. This will guarantee lasting social peace and advancement!

The Law of the Necessary Balance between Giving and Receiving

It was this Law that Jesus had in mind when He said "It is more blessed to give than to receive" (Acts 20:35).

Everything that takes place in Creation is subject to this Law, whether it be the interplay of forces among the celestial bodies or the sense of balance of the human body.

Day in day out we observe it, though for the most part unconsciously, be it in exhaling and inhaling, or in attempting to "redress the balance" in something. On the other hand we may come to harm when something "throws us off balance" in great things or in small, for failure to observe this Law causes stagnation and disturbance, and with continued disregard, even decline and decay.

So this Law of Balance between Giving and Receiving also will some day play a fundamental role in true international understanding. The time has come for peoples and races to stand side by side, mutually respecting, helping and furthering one another, recognizing that every people, every race is endowed with earthly and spiritual values that are indispensable to the completion of the whole, and which in turn, other peoples and races do not possess.

This then implies an essential interchange of these values, which must maintain the proper balance according to the Law of Balance between Giving and Receiving!

May these few references to the contents of the Grail Message be enough to commemorate the Work of Abd-ru-shin, who, 50 years ago on 6 December 1941, obeyed the call of God Eternal. Thereby he fulfilled his high mission to bring human beings inner peace and point the way for them toward luminous heights.

Herbert Vollmann
Vomperberg, Tirol, Austria

Anyone who would like further information about the Grail Message by Abd-ru-shin, to familiarize oneself with the resulting influence on human life, may obtain without charge the booklet "Selected Lectures" from the book "In the Light of Truth", from the Grail Foundation of America, 2081 Partridge Lane, Binghamton, NY 13903.

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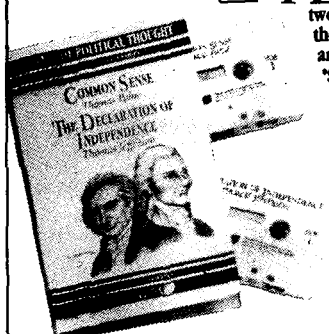

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• November has passed and with it the radiant aura enhaloing President George Herbert Walker Bush. Ideas have consequences, as the sage would have it, but no ideas have consequences too; and for three years Budget Director Richard Darman and Treasury Secretary Nicholas Brady have been demonstrating that they have no idea as to how an economy works, or as to how Reaganomics nurtured America's longest period of peacetime economic growth. Well, they now have their second recession in three years, a stock market swoon of 120 points on November 14, and President Bush descending from unprecedented heights of popularity to hot water below.

• So, Mr. Darman, how about some copper-bottom ideas to raise revenue, other than those tax increases of yours, which we warned you would flatten the economy? Have you considered the supply-side ideas of Housing Secretary Jack Kemp? Too *outré* for you? Okay, November saw some news stories that should appeal to your economic wizardry. How about considering the revenue-raising strategies employed by the entrepreneurial ladies of the Amazonian island of Marajo? Responding to the prices Brazilian wig-makers pay for human hair, the ladies of Marajo grow their hair as a cash crop. The federal government could have all bureaucrats grow their hair to shoulder length, snip it, and sell it to wig-makers. Of course, Mr. Darman, you would be exempt, for a closely held White House secret is that beneath that sleek hairpiece of yours you are in truth as bald as an ostrich egg; and is your toupee of Brazilian origin?

• Or how about getting the government into the international gallbladder trade? With the gallbladder of the North American black bear *Euarctos americanus* fetching as much as $15,000 in the Orient, where it is used as a sexual euphoriant and spot remover, maybe Mr. Darman could have the National Parks Service provide ursine organs to a federally operated trading company. Marketing these gallbladders abroad would not only raise revenue for the budget deficit—which last year was history's most volupt ($268.7 billion) despite Mr. Darman's tax increase—but would also benefit our balance of payments deficit and discourage the present illegal trafficking in bear gallbladders that has led to gangland killing in what remains of New York City.

• Early in the month Captain William Plackenmeyer of the New York City Police Department announced that police had discovered the body of a kingpin in the trafficking of exotic animal parts, Mr. Haeng Gu Lee, 39, covered with bear hairs in an apartment that he had transformed into a storehouse of bear gallbladders, eyeballs, tonsils, testicles, earlobes, nostrils, and even a few eyebrows for the really desperate. History will remember Mr. Lee as the first gangland fatality in this lucrative, albeit disgusting trade. In West Palm Beach, Florida, prospects for convicting Mr. William Kennedy Smith diminished when the defendant's lawyer, Mr. Roy Black, asseverated that the charges against his client will be refuted by the unsullied condition of the alleged victim's bra and other underclothing. "The lack of damage to these items clearly proves Mr. Smith's innocence," pronounced a well-contented Mr. Black. And let us add that it also demonstrates Mr. Smith's comparatively high standards for female hygiene. It has been years since his uncle, Senator Ted Kennedy, was spotted in public accompanied by a lady wearing unsoiled underwear or, for that matter, any underwear at all.

• The U.S. Court of Appeals reversed the conviction of another of independent counsel Lawrence Walsh's victims, retired Rear Admiral John Poindexter. In Tiaret, Algeria, a Muslim fundamentalist mob's completely inappropriate stoning of a teenage girl for wearing a miniskirt has dealt a real blow to tourism in that elegant old city of mud huts and open sewers. In Vienna, Virginia, a fertility doctor of great gifts, Dr. Cecil B. Jacobsen, formerly a geneticist at George Washington University, was indicted after women patients divulged their suspicion that he had impregnated them with his own sperm despite the fact that there is tons of the stuff all over northern Virginia, to say nothing of Washington, a veritable sea of sperm, and, just across the border, Maryland, where vast quantities of sperm are on tap all the time. Feminists registered a sigh of relief in historic Painesville, Ohio, when it was revealed that that nocturnal bandit who has been breaking into homes, fondling sleeping men, and cutting off their underwear, is no feminist after all, but rather a 23-year-old man, Mr. Van W. Patterson, who on November 22 was convicted of twenty-one counts of aggravated burglary, four counts of "sexual imposition," and two counts of robbery. But then what feminist would fondle a sleeping man anyway? At the trial several victims testified that only in the heat of chasing Mr. Patterson did they realize that their cut-up underwear had fallen off. (For more on the New Men's Movement see pages 26-33 and 64-66.)

• Early in the month, the dedication of the Reagan Library in Simi Valley, California, brought together all American Presidents not buried in the continental United States. The chelonian body of Mr. Robert Maxwell, the shadowy British publishing tycoon, was fished from the waters off the Canary Islands after he disappeared from his yacht in the early hours of November 5. Mr. Magic Johnson elicited roughly as

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many front-page news stories as the San Francisco earthquake when he announced that, due to strictly normal sexual contact with a few thousand unnamed girlfriends, he is retiring from basketball to devote full time to the HIV virus now housed within his body. Mr. Johnson has denied that he has Rock Hudson's disease, but intends to become an advocate of "safe sex" anyway. The Tass news agency reports that officials in Lentekhi, a western district of Georgia, have imposed an unexplained "curfew" on cows and pigs, much to the consternation of animal rights activists.

• The Senate confirmed Mr. Robert M. Gates as director of central intelligence. Amnesty in Academia reports that the Liaison Committee of the Penn State Commission for Women successfully prevailed upon Penn State officials to remove from a classroom wall a reproduction of Goya's *Maja Desnuda*. According to a female music prof, the picture's depiction of a portly, undraped woman constituted sexual harassment. Princeton University's efforts to present a true multicultural curriculum may also benefit students nutritionally. As reported in the *New York Times*, the university's new course on the religion of the Red Indian is extremely popular; and its lecturer, Professor David L. Carrasco, "hopes to encourage his class to challenge pervasive stereotypes by introducing them to the spiritual significance of such practices as human sacrifices," to say nothing of the concomitant cuisine, which can be so much healthier than the grim vegetarianism hitherto admired by progressives of Professor Carrasco's ilk. Finally, at the University of Iowa, a tremendous row has attended the German Department's screening of homoerotic films as an educational device to encourage future farmers of the Hawkeye state to address their barnyard properties in perfect German. One of the films, *Taxi zum Klo* (Taxi to the Toilet), has been deemed particularly discreditable by Iowa's Republican legislators. The film contains much nudity and a scene in which a man voids on another. Doubtless the act is, as the politically correct would insist, committed in a "non-threatening manner." (But is this safe sex, Professor? Think of those hardwood floors!)

• In Rochester, New York, County Judge Patricia Marks reversed the conviction of the Topfree 10, a group of feminists who in 1989 bared their breasts at a city park in defiance of state law. "It is apparent that the New York law with the gender-based classification does not serve the legitimate governmental interest," concluded Judge Marks. "Male and female breasts are physiologically similar except for lactation capability," argued the maiden judge, who apparently slept through her sex education classes and perhaps puberty. Something called the National Coalition of Black Women presented Miss Anita Hill with the Ida B. Wells Award for heroism and truth, originally commissioned for Defense Secretary Richard Cheney and Generals Colin Powell and Norman Schwarzkopf—but hold the champagne! On November 20, Mrs. Lally Weymouth published a piece in the *Wall Street Journal* challenging the fatuously held notion so implausibly promoted by Miss Hill that she was a Reaganite Republican. Mrs. Weymouth has proved irrefragably that Miss Hill has for years been a liberal feminist. So ladies, if you have changed your mind about the heroism of generals, how about changing your mind about the devious Miss Hill and giving your award to Mrs. Weymouth? Her veracity is a matter of record, as is her courage.

—RET

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One on Five

Good God! After printing—presumably with his eyes open—an attack on Pat Buchanan in *TAS*, David Frum has the gall to act shocked when he's deluged with furious and incoherent letters, and to gasp with horror at his discovery that the U.S. is filled with rightists driven by "hate" rather than by "conviction." Exactly what the hell did he *expect* from RET's and P. J.'s admirers?

Which brings me to my first topic: Dan Wattenberg's bizarre September admiration for the latest work by *TAS*'s second most prominent childish thug. I will agree with D.W. that it's absurd to call O'Rourke a "racist"; it's much more accurate to say that he's willing to pander to racism whenever there's a buck to be made in it. The eye-bulging and foaming pure ultra-rightism he peddles for *TAS*'s weirder fans is not, shall we delicately say, the same commodity he's pushing in other magazines (speak up, Hunter and Dave!). It's a delicious irony that his breakthrough book is entitled *Parliament of Whores*, given the enthusiasm with which P. J. spreads his own journalistic legs.

Unfortunately, even when he's trying to be sincere, he's equally repulsive. He has, after all, made an entire career out of nauseating his readers with his belief that it's charming to be viciously selfish; and while there's less of this in *P.O.W.* than in his earlier books, there's still plenty. Consider, say, his statement that military waste isn't a serious problem because: "The best argument against cutting defense spending cannot be put into words. It's visceral, hormonal. It is that excitement in the gut, the swelling of the chest, the involuntary smile that comes across the face of every male when he has a weapon to hand." The shocker is that—as he repeatedly makes clear both in this piece and in several others—the lout actually *believes* this. Similarly, Wattenberg doesn't utter a word about O'Rourke's approving statement that God "has little apparent concern for the material well-being of the disadvantaged," and that we should copy him—which makes it unsurprising that PJO ecstatically embraces Charles Murray's idiot belief that the best possible alternative to current poverty programs is pure Social Darwinism, as opposed to, say, a workfare program. (Incidentally, I hope *TAS* readers noticed Murray's piece in the July 8 *National Review*, in which he backpedaled on his whole *Losing Ground* hypothesis and now agrees with Nick Lemann and William Julius Wilson—and with Frum and E. Fuller Torrey in the August 26 *NR*—that a good deal of the underclass's growth is due to the natural disappearance of low-skill jobs—although he and Frum then babble, for absolutely no convincing reason, that There Is Nothing Significant That Can Be Done About It.)

Really, though, the last straw is P. J.'s statement that rightists should shoot cats because *they're* viciously selfish and because liberals like them. Well. As a moderate, I'm quite fond of cats: a great many of them aren't the selfish little bastards of legend (certainly less so than RET and P. J.); and, unlike dogs, RET and P. J., they don't continually drool all over you while insisting that you admire them. Now, if he'd come out for shooting parrots, no problem; I have yet to meet a parrot that didn't show clear evidence of demonic possession. Actually, come to think of it . . .

But on to my second topic, which is the fact that—after fifteen years of frantic efforts by scientists to explain the obvious to him—Tom Bethell is still furiously "disproving" Darwinism with an argument so asinine that it can literally be seen through by the average fourth-grader with an interest in science: namely, that Darwinism says only that "survivors survive" and is therefore "meaningless." How long, O Lord? Darwinism says simply that some mutations either live longer in a given environment and so make more copies of themselves than their ancestors, or move well into new environments: and that the natural result of this is a strong (but not ubiquitous) tendency toward more complex living things (including more intelligent animals), given the obvious usefulness of greater complexity in surviving both environmental changes and the actions of live enemies. That's all, folks. Surely it's possible even for a *TAS* regular to understand this, and to understand that there's no contradiction between Stephen Gould believing this and his not believing in "progress" (by which, as Gould has always made perfectly clear, he means the belief that humans are becoming more moral and that there's no danger that our own intelligence will end up destroying us). There may—perhaps—be valid arguments against Darwinism based on the frequency with which beneficial mutations turn up, but this piece of drivel is not among them. Still, Bethell's bonnetbug on this subject does serve one useful purpose: it cuts down on the number of his political columns—and, after you've listened to bird-brained apologies for David Duke, Murrayesque diatribes about S.D. as the best policy toward the poor, and hysterical pantings about the horror of not allowing gays to be persecuted, this can look like a pretty big benefit. Maybe RET should go into biology, although I definitely wouldn't recommend sharing a lab with him.

—Bruce Moomaw
Cameron Park, California

P. J. O'Rourke replies:

I have examined the evidence. The stamp and envelope flap are licked to tatters. The stationery reeks of tuna. And then there is the matter of the correspondent's supposed last name. I conclude the Moomaw letter was written by a cat.

Daniel Wattenberg replies:

What's with all this quasi-scatological imagery—"nauseating," "spreading his legs," "drooling"—and all these initials—*TAS*, RET, P.O.W., PJO, SD? Next time you write a letter to the editor, keep in mind that references to bodily functions and over-reliance on initials are at all costs to be avoided by someone who bears the initials BM.

You cited William Julius Wilson in support of your view that inner-city poverty is mainly due to structural problems. Big mistake, Bruce. Because Wilson's recent study of 2,490 residents of Chicago's inner-city neighborhoods found that, while you may doubt the relationship between values and urban poverty, inner-city residents themselves do not. According to *U.S. News & World Report*, or I guess *USNWR*, repeated follow-up interviews by Wilson's team of ethnographers showed that inner-city blacks who hold jobs often doubt that unemployed ghetto residents are truly committed to finding work or supporting their children. In fact, their criticisms of neighbors and friends were so harsh that if white scholars or black conservatives made the same assertions, they would most likely be branded as racists or Uncle Toms. What's

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going on? Are Chicago's inner-city residents "pandering to racism"? Or have they all just been reading *Parliament of Whores*?

Tom Bethell replies:
Living organisms are so complicated that scientists often don't know how to repair them when they break down, don't understand the cause of aging, and certainly don't know how to manufacture duplicates in laboratories. How did they come into existence? Well, says Darwin, they just did come into existence with the capacity to leave offspring. Furthermore, some organisms leave more offspring than others. And so they get more and more complex over the eons. That's all, folks. What a genius was this Darwin and how easily satisfied the curiosity of this Moomaw. Try again, birdbrain.

Liberal Dogs and Conservative Cats
While P. J. O'Rourke's annual Enemies List was entertaining ("Commies—Dead but Too Dumb to Lie Down," *TAS*, November 1991), he makes a critical mistake when he places cats on the enemies list. Cats are right-wing animals. They are independent and self-reliant creatures. They give affection in return for services rendered. Moreover, every cat is equipped with a highly effective personal-defense system in its claws. I have no doubt that if cats could speak, they would be enthusiastic advocates of the Second Amendment. →

Christmas Books Supplement

Thanks to postal confusion nationwide as well as to jammed FAX lines, secretarial walkouts, the deepening Darman recession, and other pressing matters of state, the following Christmas Book Recommendations reached us too late for inclusion in last month's annual list. Last-minute shoppers, however, will find them no less helpful; they may even be what we need to turn this economy around. —Ed.

BRUCE N. AMES

Reading the six Palliser novels by Anthony Trollope was one of the major pleasures of the year. I wallow in the Victorian characters and language. Here is a very Trollopian quote from *The Prime Minister*: "It is easy for most of us to keep our hands from picking and stealing when picking and stealing plainly lead to prison diet and prison garments. But when silks and satins come of it, and with the silks and satins general respect, the net result of honesty does not seem to be so secure."

I also enjoyed *Bionomics: The Inevitability of Capitalism*, by Michael Rothschild. He compares the evolutionary nature of biology with market capitalism. Very stimulating and Hayekian (though he seems not to have read Hayek). Peter Huber is as usual witty, articulate, and sensible, and his *Galileo's Revenge: Junk Science in the Courtroom* was fun to read. The most unusual novel in verse: *The Golden Gate* by Vikram Seth. An unalloyed pleasure by an incredibly verbal and witty author—even more of a pleasure for a resident of the San Francisco bay area. I also reread *Silent Spring*. Rachel Carson was all heart and no head.

Bruce N. Ames is professor of biochemistry and molecular biology at the University of California, Berkeley.

JOE KLEIN

Sorry for the delay (I plead Clarence Thomas). But:

The Borderless World, by Kenichi Ohmae (HarperBusiness), because the 1990s will see the decline of the nation-state, a consequence of globalization on the one hand and tribalization (third world) and market segmentation (first world) on the other.

And, since we'd better know more about tribes, I recommend a re-reading of *Beyond the Melting Pot*, by Moynihan and Glazer, particularly the introduction to the second edition (1973), which predicts the next twenty years of race relations in America. This is, by the way, the book's 30th anniversary.

Joe Klein is New York *magazine's political columnist.*

NICHOLAS LEMANN

The book published in 1991 that impressed me tremendously but impressed a small enough number of other people that some of your readers may not have heard of it is *U and I*, by Nicholson Baker (Random House). It's a strange work, and difficult to describe precisely—in theory it's a short book about John Updike, but what it's really about is Baker's obsession with Updike. Baker has the courage to try something inherently weird and embarrassing, and the talent to bring it off; *U and I* gives rise to the rare sense that a writer has successfully invented a new way to write. Besides being extremely funny and smart, it's the best thing I've ever read about the process of psychological transference by which aspiring writers gather odd bits of information about established writers and then freight them with absurd significance, as a way of finding their own literary identities.

Nicholas Lemann, author of The Promised Land: The Great Black Migration and How It Changed America *(Knopf), is national correspondent for the* Atlantic.

JOSEPH I. LIEBERMAN

There are two new books out this year that I would recommend (and not only because I am quoted on their dustjackets!): one is *Minority Party* by Peter Brown (Regnery Gateway), a fine journalist I have had the pleasure of knowing for some years now. He explains how the Democratic Party lost much of its traditional base of support because it is being perceived as a party that takes money from people who work and gives it to people who don't work.

The second book is *The Great Hartford Circus Fire* by Henry Cohn and David Bollier (Yale University Press). It tells the story of a major disaster that occurred in my state during the 1940s and of the way in which people of good will were able to settle the damage claims resulting from the disaster in a short period of time, with no need for lengthy court battles. Our legal system has much to learn from this example from the past.

Joseph I. Lieberman is a U.S. senator from Connecticut.

(continued on next page)

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CHRISTMAS BOOKS
(continued from previous page)

JOHN McCAIN

Lonesome Dove, by Larry McMurtry: An emotional and, at the same time, hilarious page turner which I could not put down.

The Spanish Civil War, by Hugh Thomas: A gripping and definitive account of the carnage that served as a curtain raiser for the Second World War.

The Last Lion, Winston Spencer Churchill (Volume II: "Alone 1932-1940"), by William Raymond Manchester: A factual and illuminating account of the critical period in the life of the most influential man of the twentieth century.

John McCain is a U.S. senator from Arizona.

DANIEL PIPES

The Rise of the West, by William McNeill, is a tour de force—the only true world history by a single author. Unlike Spengler and Toynbee, this is not one man's quirky vision, but an accurate summation of the human experience; it changed my understanding of history.

The Image, by Daniel Boorstin, explains the difference between reality and image in politics and daily life in a way that allows others not to be confused.

Exporting Democracy, by Joshua Muravchik, is a recent book that stands out. Muravchik turns what might appear to be a dry and self-evident topic into something fascinating and deep.

My own speciality, the Middle East, inspires more bad books than good ones (and they, of course, dominated the bestseller lists during the war with Iraq). Two classics are *The Venture of Islam*, by Marshall Hodgson, a three-volume survey of Muslim history that is original, quirky, and brilliant; and *Islam in Modern History*, by W. Cantwell Smith, who explains the profound trauma of Islam during the past two centuries, and why it continues. I also recommend two recent studies: *Culture and Conflict in Egyptian-Israeli Relations* may not sound exciting, but this little-known study is Raymond Cohen's dazzling interpretation of political culture in diplomacy and the relations between states. *The Closed Circle*, by David Pryce-Jones, is a virtuoso indictment of what's wrong with politics in the Arabic-speaking countries.

Daniel Pipes, director of the Foreign Policy Research Institute in Philadelphia, is the author of seven books.

Dogs, by contrast, are liberals. They are servile worshippers of authority. They constantly intrude in their owners' lives. Observe wealthy liberal women in Bloomfield Hills or Beverly Hills. They do not walk their cats (cats are perfectly capable of walking themselves). They constantly carry small disgusting dogs that are so primped, preened, and pedicured that they symbolize their owner's commitment to wasteful spending.

Certainly the right should retain their vigilance against overly cute cat books. And it should be every conservative's ambition to punch Garfield in the snoot. But cats themselves are allies, not enemies, of the conservative movement. *—Martin Morse Wooster*
Silver Spring, Maryland

Tell P. J. O'Rourke not to shoot cats. He is wrong about their personalities. They are independent entrepreneurs, and the leftists do not realize that this is what they are harboring. They have a fine eye for a soft touch, love luxury, and reward their patrons (of whatever stripe) with contented purrs, shielded claws, and discreet brushings against the pantleg or nylons.

They quickly become accustomed to cut-up pork chops instead of the dry cat food you used to feed them. They do seem to have a fondness for their patrons. They are a nice warm furry thing that greets you when you come home. If they have their own interests at heart, who's to blame them? It's the pot calling the kettle black.
—Claire Scoltock
McMinnville, Oregon

I profoundly enjoyed the re-education primer, especially the part about cigars. Those who contemplate shooting my cats, however, would be well advised to read this page's header closely ["I'm the NRA"]. Shooting other people's livestock is something I frown on, and when it's my livestock I take a very dim view indeed. A view that I prefer to brighten up with a muzzle flash.

I also nominate Ted Turner for probationary removal from the Enemies List, on the grounds that CNN's coverage of the war more than anything else strengthened the public's certainty that television journalists have the patriotism of turkey buzzards as well as a similar mode of earning a living. *—E. F. Ahlsen-Girard*
Orlando, Florida

Last Straw
Pat Buchanan has made "The Enemies List." How sad.

Please cancel my subscription.
—Rich Stasiak
Elkhart Lake, Wisconsin

Miranda Writes
RET's article, "A Bizarre Province" (*TAS*, November 1991), which detailed the politically correct weirdness on college campuses, missed the West Coast censorship at California State University, Northridge. University trustees, henpecked by the campus Women's Center and cowed into proper submission by campus homosexual groups, refused to allow Carl's Jr., a fast-food franchise, from coming to campus because of the founder's pro-choice views and opposition to the pro-homosexual agenda. . . .

The outrage is in the blatant openness of the groups opposing the franchise. Students are prevented from buying at a restaurant of their choice because a small group of wailing left-wing censors won't let them. *—Caroline Miranda*
North Hollywood, California

Hasty Rice Pudding
First of all, I must state that I truly enjoy reading your journal. As an ex-liberal and chairman of my school's College Republican club, I find *The American Spectator* a good reminder of why I left the left.

But, Mr. Tyrrell, in regards to my school, Rice University, you have done me wrong. In your November 1991 issue you referred to a case involving a Rice professor who ran afoul of the PC patrols. In this article, you seemed to refer to Rice as "one of the less prestigious universities" and one of the "cow colleges."

Really, Mr. Tyrrell. Our university has long been considered one of the finer universities in this nation, and has won more than its fair share of accolades. Why, just lately, *U.S. News & World Report* named us the fifteenth best university in the nation (ahead of such venerable schools as Brown and the University of Virginia), and *Money* magazine rates us the number one buy in American education. And, of course, there is George Will's kindly reference to Harvard as "the Rice of the Northeast" in a column he wrote about our school a few years ago. "Cow college," sir? I think not. Perhaps you were thinking of Texas A&M.

At any rate, you owe us a Texas-sized apology.
—Mark R. Yzaguirre
Rice University
Houston, Texas

You Bet
Bill Casey had better show ("Casey's Final Mission," by Michael Ledeen, *TAS*, November 1991). I've got five dollars on him.
—Dick Hazelett
Colchester, Vermont

(continued on page 82)

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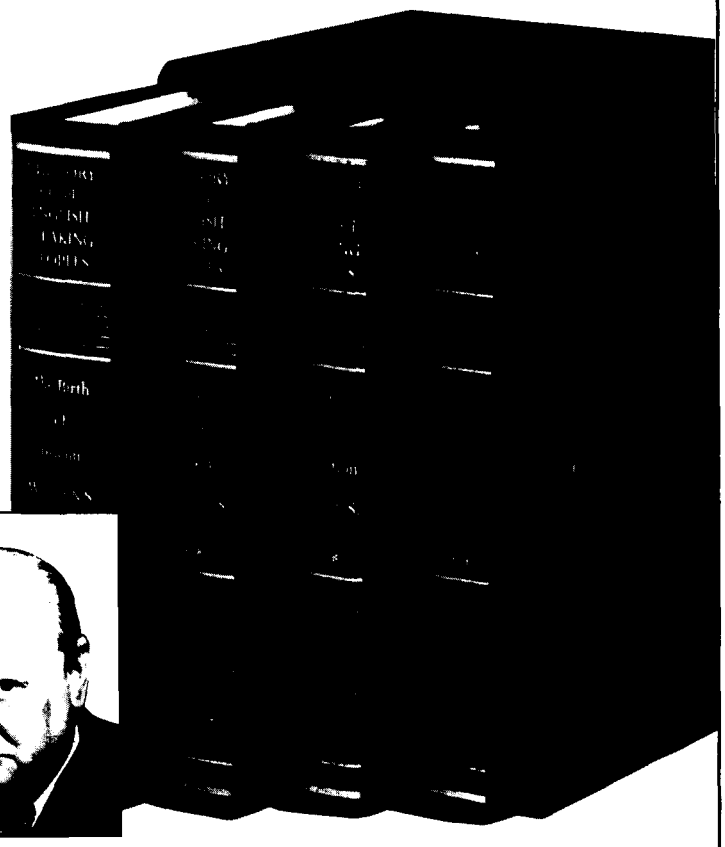

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The Brady Bunch

by R. Emmett Tyrrell, Jr.

Simi Valley

As the flags snap in a blue, blue sky high above the heads of President George Bush and of four former Presidents drawn here to solemnize the opening of the Reagan Library, a melancholy thought creeps in. All save one of these heirs to Lincoln's bed were failures. Only the eldest—and nowadays most disparaged—successfully served two terms. That is Ronald W. Reagan; his terms were peaceful and prosperous. At the time he left office, his objectives mostly achieved, the electorate accorded him the loftiest approval rating of any retiring President.

Now, pollsters tell us, Ronald Reagan is not so popular. It would be a miracle if he were. The American intelligentsia, so called, has for years been abominating him lustily. But remember that our intelligentsia adheres to the infantile. Its members think America's longest stretch of peacetime prosperity was an illusion. They think the Reagan Administration was a tyranny of lies. To them, Jimmy Carter, who incidentally spoke very gracefully here, was America's last freely elected President. They ought to be thinking of why Ronald Reagan succeeded after these other Presidents, including the deceased Lyndon Johnson, failed.

He succeeded because he faced the music and took appropriate action. The music he faced was not Washington's idiotic chorus, but the music beyond the Beltway. I hope President Bush is ready to face the music and act. The recent off-year elections suggest it is high time. A little over a year ago President Bush was unduly attentive to the Washington chorus's plea to reduce the budget by raising taxes. Budget director Richard Darman spoke for the whole chorus when he said a budget agreement including increased taxes and spending restraint would save us from the shocking deficit and strengthen the economy.

The results are now in. Taxes are up. The economy is faltering. The middle class is irked. The deficit has bulged beyond Darman's calculations. In fact, the deficit for the recently expired fiscal term is history's highest, and the official five-year OMB deficit forecast is going to be over a trillion dollars. According to Warren Brookes of the *Detroit News*, Darman's calculations will have been off by 1500 percent!

The budget deal that Washington's chorus urged upon President Bush is the failure that the advocates of economic growth predicted. It is time for President Bush to take action and retire those who got the country into this mess. That means retire the Democratic Congress, Secretary of the Treasury Nicholas Brady, and, of course, budget director Darman. They have all been thunderously wrong.

In his 1988 campaign President Bush was prudent to promise no new taxes. The record of the past twenty or so years clearly demonstrates that tax increases do not lower budget deficits. They merely give the Congress more loot to spend and the taxpayer less to save and to invest. The consequences have been higher deficits and lower economic growth. For two decades federal spending has engorged itself with an ever increasing percentage of the Gross National Product. That is why deficits have increased. Congress spends money whether the government has it or not. Reagan's stroke of genius was to make it harder for Congress to spend by forcing Congress to confront the deficit it creates. He refused to burden the economy with heavier tax levies and the economy grew, leaving the deficit as a shrinking proportion of GNP.

The Washington chorus has obviously been wrong in arguing that increased taxes would strengthen the economy and reduce the deficit. If this economy continues to weaken, President Bush will become our next unsuccessful President. Those of his aides who urged the wisdom of the Washington chorus on him should do the honorable thing. Admitting their failure, they should retire. Doing so would allow the President to call for the retirement of the other accessories to this failed policy, the Democratic Congress.

It is the fear of many of President Bush's supporters that he will not be able to renew his call for tax cuts until Secretary of the Treasury Brady and budget director Darman go. Without tax cuts it is hard to imagine the economy resuming the robust growth that diminishes the deficit's dangers. The major problem with the economy right now is that high taxation is denying capital to private business. Hence the economy does not grow. Employment does not expand or actually declines. Wealth is not created. The middle class is squeezed. A careful reading of the recent senatorial campaign in Pennsylvania suggests that the middle class recognizes that Washington is responsible for the economy's decline. The Republicans who imposed the failed budget deal should retire, so that the President can challenge the Democratic Congress with 1980s tax cuts and ask it to retire too. ❐

Adapted from RET's weekly Washington Times *column syndicated by King Features.*

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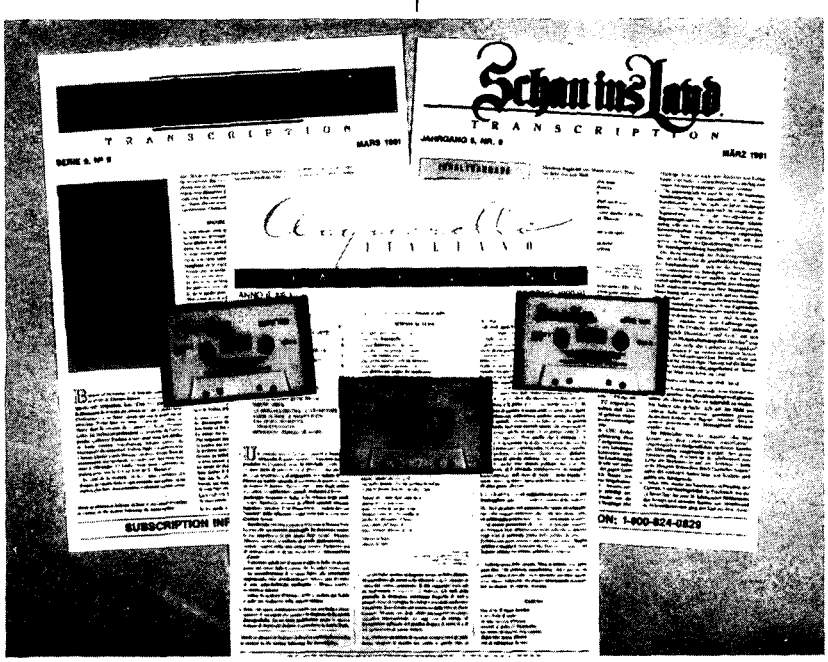

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Hang 'em High

by R. Emmett Tyrrell, Jr.

There is something grotesque about the Middle Eastern potentates and kidnappers who have held innocent Western educators, journalists, merchants, clergymen, and even negotiators in a dark hole. The monsters' goals were always ludicrous, their strategies idiotic, their means unspeakably cruel. And now, so the students of this dark corner of the world tell us, the monsters are seeking foreign investment. You know, a nice Kraft Foods plant on the outskirts of Beirut, a Brooks Brothers downtown. Maybe the improving investment climate will attract Boeing or Ford.

The monsters' sudden relish for entrepreneurship is supposedly the reason that they are releasing their innocent victims. You and I could have been their victims, if we had been in Beirut at the wrong time—perhaps doing foreign-aid work, teaching, or arranging construction of a Coca Cola plant. The monsters would simply stick a gun in your stomach and carry you off to a sunless, unventilated room where you would be chained to a wall for 23 hours and 50 minutes a day for years on end—and you had better be polite to your jailers.

Now they say they are sorry. Possibly they are also sorry for butchering captives they took while highjacking unarmed commercial airplanes and cruise ships. They bombed department stores at the height of European rush hours. Commercial airplanes filled with innocent passengers were blown from the skies. Nightspots frequented by our soldiers were bombed. Other barbarities were committed for well over a decade, but now the barbarous want to let bygones be bygones. Will the governments charged with the protection of these innocent men agree? The Western sense of justice demands that these killers and kidnappers be tried and if convicted punished—and even when punished they will be better treated than their victims.

And what are the monsters now seeking foreign investment going to do about those of their victims who cannot be flown home? What are they going to do about the Lebanese Christians who have been expropriated by them, the orphans left by Syrian and fundamentalist death squads, the Christian families that live in terror in Beirut and southern Lebanon? Are they going to get apologies?

"We apologize for having captured you," one of Terry Waite's tormentors weirdly declared upon releasing him from nearly five years in chains. "We recognize that now this was a wrong thing to do, that holding hostages achieves no useful, constructive purpose." Waite was the negotiator sent by the Church of England to negotiate hostage releases. Some of the monsters locked him up too!

At some point in the 1970s the world had a new kind of warfare visited upon it, state-sponsored terrorism. It specialized not in killing soldiers on the field of battle but in ambushing unarmed citizens, usually civilians. Its aims were never very concrete or even plausible. It was rationalized in wild rhetoric about Islamic martyrdom, the destruction of the wicked West and the elimination of an entire nation, Israel. Its bloody means broke all the conventions of international law and decency. Yet get this: when it was useful to do so, its practitioners claimed all the rights and niceties of international law and decency. Is this terror now fading away? Few of the terrorists have paid a price for their brutality.

When I was visiting former Communist tyrannies in Eastern Europe a couple of months ago, I noticed that the Communist secret police and their equally cruel superintendents in the governing Communist parties had simply faded away. Their departure had amazed not only me but also the Communists' former victims, many of whom had emerged from prison to govern their countries. I developed a theory as to the Communists' sudden change of heart. It is a rather naive theory I admit, but I shall mention it anyway and brave the jeers from the galleries. In the late 1980s, after years of practicing daily cruelty upon their victims, the Communists tired of kicking people in the head. Such cruelty became a bore and a burden, and so the brutes retired to their country homes. Have the monsters of the Middle East become bored with their evil lives? Is that why they now invite our bankers and businessmen in? Well, before we introduce them to these Western worthies, I hope we introduce them to Western courts and, in some cases, the noose. ❐

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Vol. 9, No. 21 233 Broadway, New York, New York 10279 (212) 608-7994 NOVEMBER 8, 1991

American yield grope

If R.H. Macy & Co. sold bonds, like Morgan Stanley & Co., instead of form-fitted sheets, its problems would be behind it. If bond mutual funds could be lumped into the national retail sales data along with automobiles and sweatshirts, the recession would be over. Americans want bonds, and they won't settle for Treasury bills, Eurodollar deposits, commercial paper or bankers acceptances.

Last week, the average yield on money-market mutual funds fell to a 14-year low, 5.1%. Fixed-rate mortgages, too, made a 14-year low, 8.8%, and a noted economist declared: "I don't think there's any limit to how low interest rates can go...." In a not-unrelated news item, Fidelity Investments disclosed that it was unable to complete the purchase of $450 million's worth of Ginnie Maes for its hugely popular Spartan Limited Maturity Government Fund.... "The big issue," a man from Fidelity told *The Wall Street Journal*, "is whether we'll be able to continue to invest this enormous cash at reasonable rates."

That is one big issue. The other is whether the yield famine is already ending. Overheated demand for any security is bullish until the day it cools (or until it is met with overheated supply). Does the frenzied character of recent bond buying imply that the end of the rise is closer than the market imagines? Alternatively, are bond yields merely returning—after a long, inflation-induced delay—to the 4% or 5% levels once deemed normal in American finance? Even now, are the bulls on bonds not bullish enough?...

Both extreme positions on the government bond market have their appeal, 4¼% on one side and 9½% on the other (as we'll define them). The extreme bullish position is more familiar because it has been more lucrative. If rates of return on capital are destined to fall, the bulls will say, interest rates should fall in sympathy. Probably, people and businesses will not keep borrowing indefinitely if the incremental interest rate demanded is higher than the expected long-term return. The banking system is impaired, monetary growth is stagnant and deflation weighs on the real-estate market. Interest rates, arguably, should be lower. Emboldening bond buyers is the fact that rates in the not-too-distant past were lower. In living memory, the benchmark long-dated Treasury issue was the 4¼s of 1992. The question is: Are Nicholas Brady and Alan Greenspan 4¼% fellows, or are they 9½% fellows? Given that the dollar floats and sinks according to the whims of the market, are rock-bottom interest rates of gold-standard days obtainable or not?

All of which leads us to the case for higher rates. At this writing, the dollar is under the lash. The decline, although violent, has failed to stir much domestic comment, let alone to change by one visible basis point the direction of Federal Reserve policy. (Under orthodox central-banking rules, a sinking spell in one's currency, let alone in one's international reserve currency, constitutes grounds for raising the bank rate. But these are not orthodox times.) It is true that American policy is parochial, but it is also true that the marginal buyer of American securities is foreign. To propose a theory, foreigners have believed in the dollar because American stocks and bonds have been a one-way street. The direction this year has been up, exclusively. If, as and when the traffic becomes two-way, the dollar may come in for sudden reappraisal, particularly against the deutschemark, which yields more and which stands on a firmer credit footing. (The interest-rate differential is huge: for 90 days, DM-denominated bank deposits earn 9⅜%, dollar-denominated deposits just 5⅛%.) In that case, foreign investors might book passage home. Marginal buyers of dollars and bonds might turn into marginal sellers. Your editor, although a registered Republican, a veteran and patriot, is baffled by the complacency of foreign investors in the face of repeated assurances by senior officials that the Bush administration would turn the dollar into bone meal for the sake of an election.

The recession, currently deemed the creditor's best friend, could also eventually produce higher interest rates. Let it drag on, and the White House might hit the inflation button. Probably, the button would produce no fast relief anyway, as the chain of credit creation is damaged....

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Doing the Right Thing

by Tom Bethell

After a couple of weeks in England, I returned to find conservatives divided, the entire Opinion Cartel in an uproar because a former Grand Wizard of the Ku Klux Klan was running for governor of Louisiana, the columnist Patrick J. Buchanan apparently running for President (as I write he has not made an official announcement), the economy stagnant, and President Bush badly mired in the politics of propitiation. While I was in England he gave up the fight on one more issue—the important one of quotas and civil disabilities for whites (called "civil rights").

Again I find myself asking: What is it about George Bush and the people he surrounds himself with? It is no easy matter to see the world through their eyes. The heart of the puzzle is that these are people who enter politics for a living, but are essentially apolitical. Disagree with them all you want, leftists such as Sens. Howard Metzenbaum, Tom Harkin, and Ted Kennedy are much easier to understand. It's not difficult to imagine the world as they see it. But with people like George Bush and his good friend treasury secretary Nicholas Brady, I have the kind of difficulty that one might have with a team that eagerly suits up, has every opportunity to win game after game, but keeps throwing the match because winning would be unsporting.

I think the key to understanding the gentleman politicians of the GOP, of whom Bush is the outstanding example, is that they have been well trained since adolescence to regard "politics" with a certain distaste. Nonetheless, it's not only acceptable for them to enter the political arena, a certain number of them are expected to do so—as a matter of noblesse oblige. A political party has been set aside and carefully preserved for them—the Grand Old Party, which is run by (and for) Grand Old People. As with the best clubs, every effort has been made to exclude undesirables from its ranks (without violating the anti-discrimination laws, of course).

Tom Bethell is The American Spectator*'s Washington correspondent.*

Once in office, however, gentleman pols are expected to do the right thing, as it were, in the spirit of jury duty. In their milieu, governing is conceived of as something best insulated from politics. Elections are necessary evils, but once out of the way the gentleman pol feels a glow of virtue (he knows he's not in it for the money) as he settles in for a stint of good government; good for the people, good for the Democrats (thought of as fiendishly good at politics but unaccountably weak at governing), and good for the country as a whole.

Apart from using public office for "private gain," the worst accusation that can be leveled against the gentleman pol is that of playing politics with the issues. Notice that Bush is immensely susceptible to such accusations, no matter how unjust they may be. They always make him nervous and he will do whatever is required to shake them off. First (it was said) he played politics with Willie Horton. Then he played politics with the budget (until he did the right thing, broke his campaign promise and raised taxes). Then he played politics with civil rights (until he did the right thing and surrendered the presumption of innocence). Then he played politics with unemployment benefits (until he did the right thing and went along with the Democrats). After Harris Wofford's win in Pennsylvania, Bush will be expected to do the right thing and support national health care. And the pressure is on him not, ever again, to "play the race card." Translation: Democrats are eager to racialize politics by establishing legal privileges for blacks, without having to worry about a political counterattack from the Republicans. Will Bush do the right thing? You bet.

You see the problem. Gentleman pols like George Bush have no political compass. The Democrats hold the compass and *they* end up telling the Grand Old People what the "right" direction is. In practice, this means that Republicans are expected to stamp every new Democratic initiative with the label: "Enjoys bipartisan support." The GOP leadership is only too happy to oblige. They concede the underlying principle, merely retaining the right to quibble over the timetable and the dollar amounts. This ensures that they end up looking both unprincipled and tight-fisted.

Trying to do the right thing irrespective

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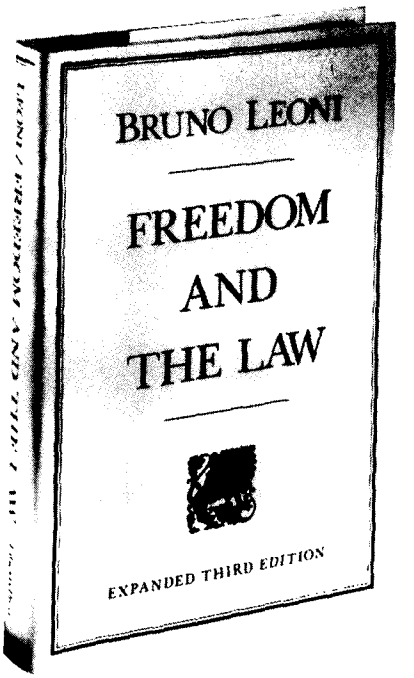

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of "politics" is of course admirable in its way, expressing a desire to put principle ahead of "pragmatism." The problem is that gentle-pols of Bush's generation only have a very hazy idea of what their own principles are. Gentlemen live by unwritten rules, after all, and codifying political principles smacks too much of ideology. Such as it is, the gentleman's political code was haphazardly learned in the 1940s and vaguely has to do with embracing the U.N. Charter, repelling aggression, supporting the centralization of power, being high-minded, managing things prudently, balancing the budget, keeping good books, heeding advice from the captains of industry, losing gracefully, and always being mindful that racism and bigotry can no longer be tolerated—no, not for an instant.

Much will depend on the economic news over the next three months, but Bush (as I write) looks as though he could be in real political trouble. HUD Secretary Jack Kemp is surely correct in insisting that a tax cut is badly needed. "States have enacted tax increases of $16.2 billion for the fiscal year 1992, the biggest dollar amount on record," according to the *New York Times*. This in a recession. What is particularly needed is a cut in the capital gains tax. Bush accepts this, but doesn't know how to fight for what he wants. He already conceded the principle on taxation a year ago by agreeing to the infamous budget deal—tax increases in exchange for spending increases (called spending "cuts" by his budget director). Bush continues to entrust the economy, and his own future, to budget director Dick Darman and treasury secretary Brady, neither of whom understands the problem. Both should have gracefully quit long ago. The entire Bush cabinet is said to be trying to shut Kemp up. If the administration continues to misread the economic situation, doing nothing until February, Pat Buchanan could do well against Bush in New Hampshire.

While in England, I visited the London Stock Exchange. My brother, a latter-day supply-sider, works there in a research department called the Quality of Markets unit. As it happens, this department recently completed a detailed study of capital gains tax–rates in the G7 countries (the U.S. Britain, Canada, Japan, France, Germany, and Italy). There has been concern at the stock exchange about the trends of share ownership in Britain. While the percentage of shareholders has increased from 7 percent of adults at the end of the 1970s to 25 percent today, thanks mainly to privatization, "the proportion of shares owned by individuals as opposed to institutions has continued to fall throughout the decade . . . " The high burden of taxation on capital gains (40 percent at the margin in Britain) is the suspected culprit.

The study was conducted to determine the level of capital gains tax on investors at different income levels in the different countries. (It appears that no detailed study along these lines has been done before.) The shocking finding was that the capital gains tax burden is highest in the United States, and lowest (by far) in Japan. I wish I could show you the "bar graphs" for the different countries, published in the *Stock Exchange Quarterly*. For the average earner ("Sid Citizen") the U.S. burden is represented by a towering skyscraper; the Japanese burden by a tiny bungalow. "It is particularly surprising," the study mildly concludes, "that the USA, as the country which has most consistently adopted the capitalist ethic, currently treats its equity investors so harshly."

In a footnote acknowledging the contribution of Norman Ture and the Institute for Research on the Economics of Taxation in Washington, the study adds that the real tax burden in the U.S. is understated, because of the double taxation of dividends. If they had been included in the calculations, the effective tax-rate for wealthy investors in the U.S. would have risen to 73 percent. Furthermore, because of the totally unjust taxation of nominal gains (no adjustment permitted for inflation in the U.S.), the tax burden for assets held for a long enough period here can often rise above 100 percent in real terms.

Jack Kemp understands all this. So does Pat Buchanan (although his protectionism is cause for concern). But what about Bush, Darman, and Brady? Unlike Kemp and Buchanan, these are men of inherited wealth, immensely susceptible to the appeals to envy that Democrats launch so effectively whenever tax cuts threaten. Policy-makers of inherited wealth nervously assume the protective coloration of income-redistributors when they hear that familiar jeering from Sen. George Mitchell's office, with supporting obligato from Kevin Phillips and a few score journalists: "George Bush just wants to help his rich friends!" Darman inherited so much money that he went to some lengths to disguise the details from his journalist friends. He needn't have bothered, because they recognize an ally when they see one and so treat him with never-ending respect, eating out of his hand.

Those born to wealth are frequently accused of being insensitive to the "pain" of others. The truth is that they are excessively sensitive to their own pain—the pain of suspecting that they are merely the lucky beneficiaries of a system unjust enough to permit people to possess great wealth without working for it. For this reason, they are indeed unqualified to hold high office, although not for the reasons alleged by the left. Their burden of guilt prevents them from understanding how wealth is created and so delivers them into the hands of those who would prefer that wealth not be created at all—liberals, in a word. For this reason I agree with Lew Lehrman that there's a case for limiting the amount any individual can inherit, leaving unrestricted the total amount that can be bequeathed.

Bush would like to see the capital gains tax reduced, but he has made the mistake of not concentrating his mind and office on this goal. Of late he and Vice President Quayle have taken to berating George Mitchell for singlehandedly blocking the reduction. That was two years ago, however, and it's a bit late to start complaining about it now. Bush should have dropped everything in the fall of 1989 and gone after Mitchell with everything he had—including his unrivaled access to television. But he didn't. He was too gentlemanly. Then, a few months later, he fecklessly signed on to the budget deal, which marginally increased the capital gains tax. Now he's in trouble.

Should we mind? The defense issue is no longer important, Bush has already sold out conservatives on taxes and quotas, and markets will in any event curb the redistributionist zeal of any Democrat in office.

The Grand Old Party isn't doing so well, either. As the establishment columnist David Broder pointed out recently: "The Republicans lost ground in the '80s. The GOP today has ten fewer senators, 25 fewer House members, two fewer governors and majorities in 13 fewer legislative chambers, than it could boast on the day Ronald Reagan swept into the White House, almost eleven years ago." All the same, there was a tremendous party the other night at the grand old pols' clubhouse, Chumps and Charleys, when House Minority Leader Bob Michel announced he will seek a nineteenth term in Congress. Once again, Michel had fooled the young Turks into thinking he would quit, thereby discouraging opposition. Right Honorable Chumps sang "For he's a jolly good fellow" half way through the night. But there were also glum faces at the rumor that Sen. Bob Dole might call it quits in '92. Unlike Michel, Dole hates being on the losing team. ❐

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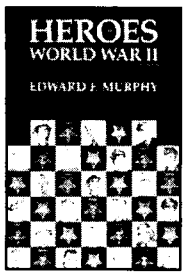

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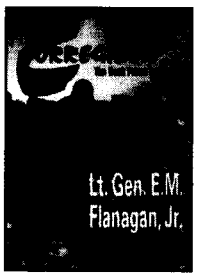

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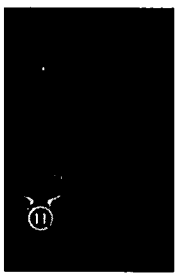

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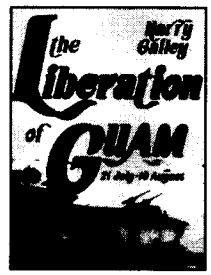

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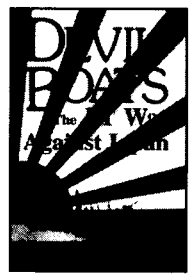

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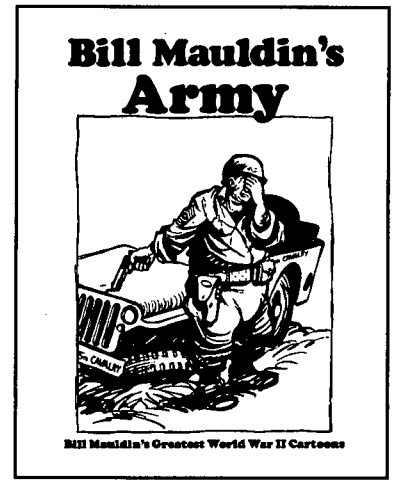

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America's New Man

Introducing the men's movement—or how to turn a bunch of patheticos into a loving and hugging band of drum-bangers, poem-shouters, and Dad-haters.

by Andrew Ferguson

Austin, Texas

It's early Saturday morning and Chuck is getting down in his body. Chuck is overweight. His jeans are cinched a good distance below his waist, down where his stomach descends into his pubic bone. His jeans have been ironed. The crease brushes the top of his Nikes, which look brand new. Chuck is getting a divorce, his third. Too, he's a drunk, as he told me last night, or rather a recovering alcoholic, also a sex addict. These are the two addictions he has so far been able to acknowledge and process through. He is worried there might be more. Plus his life is littered with co-dependencies.

All of which led him inexorably to the First International Men's Conference: A Journey Toward Conscious Manhood in the basement exhibition hall of the Stouffer Arboretum Hotel in Austin, but none of which he's thinking about at the moment, for the moment is the place where he is now, it's all there is in fact, and Chuck is trying to experience just this moment by listening to his body. A speaker with a microphone at the front of the hall is guiding the experience. Chuck rolls his head loosely on his shoulders. He bends his knees, rises and falls on the balls of his feet, pushing himself downward, lower and lower onto the indoor-outdoor carpeting, past the cigarette burns and the flattened wads of gum, deeper and deeper into his body. All around him are other men, more than 700 of them, dressed in Dockers and Izod shirts, some in T-shirts and running shorts, each trying to listen to his own body, too, while at the same time listening to the speaker at the podium.

The speaker is Shepherd Bliss, a pioneer in the men's movement and an acknowledged expert in bodywork. "Feel the weight of your hands," Dr. Bliss says softly, and Chuck swings his arms gorilla-fashion,

Andrew Ferguson is an editorial writer for Scripps Howard News Service.

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palms facing backward. "Root your body to the ground with your proud serpent's tail," says Dr. Bliss. Chuck pushes his skinny bottom outward behind him. The room is as silent as eternity. "Let the fullness of your bellies relax," says Dr. Bliss, "feel the pride in your belly." Chuck thrusts the arc of his stomach outward, straining the buttons on his oxford cloth shirt. "This is the great bow of a male pelvis," Dr. Bliss says. "Now let go!" His voice is a thunderous whisper over the PA, and from the back of the silent swaying group comes a high keening sound, then a sob from somewhere else, and Chuck begins to sniffle. It is only in the last year or so that he has learned to cry. Someone in the exhibition hall calls out for his Dad. Chuck's sniffle descends from his nasal passages into his throat and as his throat chokes up the sniffle is squeezed deeper, into his chest cavity and then down into his pelvis, and then suddenly it shoots back up, opening his throat, and his face contorts and turns upward and from deep in his body comes a yowl: "*Yeeeeiiii!*" The leader falls silent while the mewling and yowling and keening fill the room. "Listen!" says Dr. Bliss. "Hear the sounds of men!"

The leader falls silent while the mewling and yowling and keening fill the room. "Listen!" he says. "Hear the sounds of men!"

Harken to the sounds of men, of men made new! Whimpers, sobs, shuddering grunts from the solar plexus, high-pitched beseeching whines for the mom and dad who did you dirt—these are the sounds of men today, drowning out the beer-belly belching and ulcerated gurgling and hapless farting and midnight snorting and locker-room scratch-scratch that have been the signature noises of men in the past.

Take it from Robert Bly, a poet who once won an award, and from Bill Moyers, his PBS flack whose "A Gathering of Men" runs like a tape loop on public television stations. Take it from "20/20" and *Newsweek* and the *New York Times*; take it from *Fortune* and *USA Today*: The men's movement is "sweeping the country," scooping up bricklayers and accountants, lumberjacks and corporate attorneys as it rolls through every village and hamlet, leaving sobbing men transformed in its wake, more sensitive, more in touch with the inner child, more resistant to the oppression of a heartless culture. Take it from Victoria Rich Communications, the public relations firm wisely hired by the sponsors of the conference in Austin:

> All across the country, men are coming together to explore the meaning of being a man in the '90s. Members of the rapidly growing men's movement, a phenomenon already totaling more than 100,000 predominantly professional men, are searching for and finding the courage—in the company of other men—to look deep within themselves for answers to difficult questions about their manhood.

All across the country . . . rapidly growing . . . a phenomenon! But all is not well. Leaders of the movement—the seminar-holders, book writers, newsletter publishers, videotape lecturers, drum makers, and mail-order cataloguers—are getting a little annoyed. Not every press account has shown the same respect as *Newsweek* and Moyers and "20/20": some have focused on the "externalities" of their movement, the drums, the chanting, the feathered headdresses, the American Indian affectations, the pseudo-orgiastic dancing, to the exclusion of the substantive issue, which is, let's face it, to explore a deep masculinity that does not oppress women, children, or other men. And it's undeniable. Each of these outward signs has by now been used for target practice by every freelance satirist and cheap-shot artist in the country.

For the purposes of this account, then, let's stipulate that the drums are fine. The chanting is perfectly okay. The feathers—they look fabulous. Really. And the dancing is no fruitier than what you'd find at a Tri Delt Oktoberfest in Champaign-Urbana. But the movement leaders should honor the showman's cliché that all publicity is good publicity. Every Jay Leno wisecrack and smartass piece in *Esquire* reinforces the notion that the men's movement actually exists. And the notion, however implausible, is an undoubted moneymaker. Men's movement leaders can get annoyed if they want, but they're getting annoyed all the way to the bank.

The Men's Conference in Austin was, as its title suggests, the world's first, "an important next step in the further development of the men's movement"—the words of the conference chairman, Marvin Allen. Marvin is a slight, bearded man with an understated Texas accent, if such a thing is possible, and an uncertain manner that suggests he might at any moment have to break off conversation and dive into a foxhole. His bio describes him succinctly as "director of the Texas Men's Institute, founder and creator of the Texas Wildman Gatherings, psychotherapist, writer and national lecturer on men's issues." He is also, let it be stressed, an operator of great gifts. This conference was more than his idea: it was his monument. But the practical limits of his leadership were painfully evident, too. Where, one wondered, was Robert Bly, the movement's Grand Wizard? It was a question that would not be resolved until conference's end.

The siting of the conference was auspicious, not to say inevitable. Austin is one of those American cities—like Eugene, Santa Fe, Boulder, St. Paul, Taos—with a sufficient supply of men in ponytails and women in wraparound skirts to sustain any trend, no matter how preposterous, until *Newsweek* can get around to putting it on its cover. Stroll down Sixth Street in Austin or Telegraph Av-

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enue in Berkeley and you'll find the Hare Krishna temple across the street from the Rolfing Center, around the corner from the Yogananda Society and down the block from the Institute for Spiritual Rebirth, which is in the old est headquarters. Add to these now the local Men's Center. Every progressive town has one.

Any such movement must take its life from a story, not a metaphysics exactly but a shared belief accounting for how things are. Distilled to its essence by Bly and his colleagues, the men's movement's myth, like so many others, postulates a dreamy ideal world in the faraway past, a long-ago estrangement from paradise, and the possibility of return. The movement's Eden, in which fathers nurtured sons and taught them intimacy and emotional resilience through a community of tribal elders, was shattered by the Industrial Revolution, which dragged men away from their sons into the workplace. Dad devoted himself to the daily grind, neglected the kids, and often resorted to the bottle and such vulgar pursuits as Sunday afternoon NFL games.

The result, says the movement, is plain to see: grief, rage, disorientation, dysfunction, this last a portmanteau borrowed from a sister (brother?) movement led by specialists in "co-dependency." The commonest figure cited by movement leaders is that 96 percent of American families are dysfunctional, providing an almost bottomless pool of potential subscribers to newsletters, purchasers of audio tapes, buyers of drums, and attendees of men's conferences. The key is to become conscious of oppression, which can take time. Most of the New Men are middle-aged. "In your twenties you buy into the American Dream, that if you get married and buy the station wagon and get a job, everything will be okay," Marvin Allen says. "By your late thirties, you learn that the Dream is a fraud." And the New Men are not only middle-aged but white. I saw two blacks attending the conference, but a gathering of men's leaders is snowier than David Duke's campaign staff. "We heard of one man of color who did seminars in men's work," Marvin Allen said, explaining the conference's complexion. "We couldn't find him. I think he's up in Canada someplace."

Every Jay Leno wisecrack and smartass piece in Esquire *reinforces the notion that the men's movement actually exists.*

But under the skin, of course, all men are, well, *men*, equally capable of grasping the insidious dynamics of oppression. "They gave white men the semblance of power," another movement leader, John Lee, told *Newsweek*. "We'll let you run the country, but in the meantime, stop feeling, stop talking and continue swallowing your pain and your hurt and keep dying younger than you need to be dying." *Newsweek* followed this sobering thought with a recitation of mortality rates for American men. But the referent for *they* is of course left unidentified.

The methods for overcoming dysfunction—the conveyances for a return to that faraway ideal community of men—were also on display in Austin. There is the drumming, first and foremost (and I'll try to mention it only this once). My acquaintance Chuck bought his drum for $400, an octagonal affair based on a design borrowed, the drum maker told him, from the Indian tribes of the Great Plains. All weekend he walked around the hotel, clutching at it like Linus's blanket. For three mornings straight Chuck and several hundred other men gathered in the Stouffer's basement exhibition hall for a heaving hair-raising session, the boom-boom shaking through the walls and ceiling and up into the hotel's nine-story atrium while the tourists and the businessmen hurried through. Inside the exhibition hall the noise was deafening.

Why drum? One of the movement leaders put that question to an assembly of the New Men one evening. "It goes boom!" hollered one. "It grounds me!" "It clears a space for my healing!" "It connects me to something primal!" And: "It's naughty!" In a word! All the affected civility, the weak-kneed you-betcha-boss, sorry-honey-I-didn't-mean-it deference, the subservience and subjugation of true selfhood, the *sucking up*, that has been so fastidiously pressed upon us by . . . by *them* . . . well, drumming strips it away, sends it streaming out into the world with the great sonic thunderstrike of those $400 drums. "It doesn't work so well when you do it alone," Chuck told me regretfully. But with hundreds of other men! The crescendo and then the final *whump!* leave an unearthly silence. Nobody should deny the effect such concentrated drumming can have deep in a listener's body, especially at 8:30 a.m. after a couple of cups of coffee.

After drumming there's bodywork, the thrusting outward of bellies and fannies, and the swinging of arms and rolling of heads in utter silence, inevitably inducing the sobs that rise from deep in the body. Then the New Men might chant the ancient ancestor chants—"Grandfathers we are calling come come." It creates the healing space, the place for safety. It connects them to the Old Men, not the workadaddy drones the New Men once were but the primal men of the forest, for the old men too chanted, locked man to man and arm in arm in thatched huts or under the great wide sky in that ideal world before . . . *they* invented the lathe and the division of labor and Caterpillar tractors and spreadsheets and the machine-shop torture devices to which . . . *they* strapped men in order to divorce them from feeling.

After chanting a movement leader will take the microphone and recite poetry in the emphatic, hyper-dramatic sonorities made famous by Bly. Each poem is greeted with a cry of "Ho!"—another signature sound of the movement, an ancient Indian phrase, the men have been advised, that translates roughly as "Right on." And stories are told, primal stories of dragons slain and treasures found, while the men ease themselves onto the indoor-outdoor carpeting, sit-

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ting cross-legged in the attitude American kindergarteners once called Indian style. All that's missing in this carefully orchestrated sequence is for an elderly woman to pass around cookies and milk before naptime.

Drumming and bodywork and chanting and storytelling and then each morning the men dispersed to workshops. The choices were daunting: Does one forgo "Manhood in the Making" in favor of "Incorporating Gestalt Therapy and the Men's Movement in Working with Men"? Could "Healing Each Other's Wounds: Straight Men & Gay Men in Dialogue" possibly be more enlightening than "Warrior's Journey Home: Healing Men's Codependency and Addictions"?

Regardless of the advertised subject matter, all movement workshops center on a common activity, which is *talk*. New Men cannot talk enough. A gathering of New Men is more than a gabfest, more than a talkathon, it is a flood of words, confessions, preachments of pain and explications of anger, tales of villainous victimization told not just in workshops but in the hotel atrium, at the urinals in the men's rooms, over Diet Cokes in the hotel bar, while having a smoke on the verandah overlooking the Arboretum. Passing two men in a hallway you might hear: "Getting fired was the first chance I had to create a space for my grieving." Talk unlocks the treasure chest of self-dramatization. It is the means whereby your tiny simpering grievances—the sarcasms of a co-worker, the smirks of an ex-wife—are refined into a narrative with twists and turns and climaxes and delicious denouements. The day Dad missed your football game becomes a hero's tale, and the hero is—Yes! Talking about yourself (*What was I feeling at that moment? What do I feel now while I think about what I was feeling then?*) is the most delirious of intoxicants, and for the New Men it is the one addiction that dare not speak its name.

That scumbag of a boss! That bitch of a wife! Mom just stood there, while Dad—don't even ask. (You don't have to ask.) If the New Man is the Luke Skywalker of the epic, Dad is the Darth Vader, always, his heavy bronchial breathing rumbling beneath every tale a New Man tells.

"People say I'm blaming it all on my Dad," said John Lee, during his workshop "At My Father's Wedding." "I'm not blamin' anything on my Dad. I blame it on this fuckin' culture." A very important point, a bow to logic—after all, if you blame Dad for everything you embark on an endless regression, since Dad can blame his Dad, who was in turn screwed up by his Dad, and so on, stretching backward into the primordial soup of victimization. It's far tidier to blame the culture. Unfortunately, in John Lee's most famous book—*The Flying Boy*, which launched him into men's movement superstardom and engendered a mini-industry of videotapes ("Grieving: A Key to Healing") and follow-up books and audio tapes ("Saying Goodbye to Mom and Dad") and lecture tours that fly the boy from Eugene to Chapel Hill and all points in between—he does indeed blame Dad for everything, and damn the endless regression. Of course Dad figured prominently as well in his workshop, held in one of the larger meeting rooms of the Stouffer, in deference to his superstar status.

"My father ain't here," Lee began in his Alabama drawl. "Is yours? My father would think this was funny. And basically what I have to say to my Dad is: Fuck you."

"Ho!" said the New Men.

"He'd say, look son, it wasn't that bad. What the hell are you doing spending all this money doing this for? I put a fuckin' roof over your—"

"Head!" shouted the men.

"And fuckin' clothes on your—"

"Back!" shouted the men.

"And fuckin' food on yer fuckin'—"

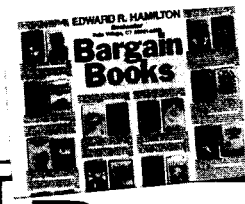
"Table!"

Laughs! Cheers! Dad always said that! John knows!

But soon the hilarity was over. There was work to do, stuff to process through. It is one of the ironies in a movement that disparages the nine-to-five grind that all this delicious self-absorption is called "work" (but still delicious!). John himself admitted that he and his girlfriend "had been working our asses off" with a Gestalt therapist to process through some of the "stuff" that was threatening their relationship.

"Tell me about your fathers, you all know about my father," Lee said, and they did—*The Flying Boy* is in its fifteenth printing (and soon to be a major motion picture, according to the publisher). "But I must ask you this—make your comments short and succinct, so we can all talk."

Good luck, fellows! It was an impossible request. One lucky guy from Lubbock jumped in first: "My dad—I feel a real need to reconnect with the other men here because it was just like his hyperreligiosity that I just couldn't work through when he'd come to me and . . ." Good luck John! But it is not for nothing that John Lee is a superstar, a workshop sultan. He vacuumed the fog of logorrhea that was gathering in the center of the room



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by cutting the fellow off. He instead suggested the men break up into little groups, according to what kind of Dad they had.

"All you with passive fathers, leave your seats and come up to the front of the room. I tell you, the passive father is one of the most abusive kinds of father there is. He just won't do it. 'Dad,' you say, 'I want to talk about masturbation,' and it's like 'Argh, I ain't gonna listen to ya.' Like that. You know?"

"Ho!"

"Critical fathers—really abusive—you all come up here."

"What about if your father was passive until he drank?" asked one of the men.

"Over here," said John authoritatively. "If you had a Dad who just wasn't fuckin' there, just a disappearing Dad, you all get here in the center." People with aggressive Dads were put over by the windows. A number of the men had questions about what kind of Dad they had, and they inquired at great length. "What if your Dad wasn't exactly invisible, it was that *you* were just sort of invisible, he wouldn't notice you unless sometimes—like there was once . . ." John put him with the disappearing Dads.

A mountain, a Matterhorn, an *Everest* of grievances! They dissolved and poured out in tears and sometimes in gut-wrenching field hollers. One fellow had to sit all by himself, because he said his Dad was okay. This brought John up short. Momentarily. "We'll talk about this Dad later. Because let me tell you," John said, full of pity, "this Dad—this one who did a pretty good job—this Dad is the toughest of all. We've got some work to do."

Meaning: Let's talk. "My dad never taught me how to be intimate with a woman," one man said.

"The men's movement will teach you," John reassured him. "It's going to take some time, you better be in it for the long haul."

One fellow's Dad refused to go out to brunch with him. "Ho!" said the other men. Nobody's Dad would talk the way the New Men wanted him to talk. They wanted to talk about their feelings; Dad wanted to watch football or read the paper or, worse, go to work.

But there comes a point when talking must cease and another kind of work be done. The last half-hour was given over to a guided meditation. The men let their heads fall as the lights in the room went down and they were told to envision Dad in their mind's eye. John's voice was quiet. "Tell your Dad goodbye. Goodbye, Dad. I gotta letcha go. Dad left you. Now you leave him. Gotta letcha go." The sniffles began in the darkened room, and then the keening, and the mewling, and then a loud "Daddy!" And then another: "Bastard!"

When the lights came back up the workshop was over. Men wiped their eyes. There had been some healing here. John announced, as an afterthought, that he would be happy to see everyone that afternoon—at a "booksigning thing" for himself.

"Ah," sighed the man next to me as we gathered our things to go. "It's amazing what ten minutes of crying can do. I feel supergreat."

It is vital that people who talk as much as the New Men never be embarrassed by anything they say; embarrassment would cramp the enthusiasm for talk, especially the talk about the subject of the day (week, year, lifetime!), which is of course *me*. Of necessity no word is too hackneyed, no sentiment too overdone, to be employed in the task of further expressing as precisely and affectionately as possible how the men's movement man might be feeling about himself at any given moment. "I've gotten better at getting in touch with my feelings," one New Man actually said one afternoon, "which is important to me, because I'm a people person."

Nobody's Dad would talk the way the New Man wanted him to talk. They wanted him to talk about their feelings; Dad wanted to watch football or read the paper or, worse, go to work.

We were all sitting in a big circle—a pow-wow!—out in the forested office park that abuts the Austin Stouffer. We had signed up, and paid $12, for a "ropes course," in which all fifteen of us "would discover self-empowerment, joy and hope." Our guide was Steve, who told me he was a "certified wilderness therapeutic counselor." "We use wilderness as a modality for bringing up issues and processing through them," he explained.

This requires some heavy unblocking, and of course lots of talk. We started by forming a tight knot of men, a New Age scrum, with arms crisscrossed and interlaced, and then tried to untie ourselves and expand into a large circle without letting go of one another's arms. In such close contact you realize again, with considerable force, that men are hairy creatures, often neglectful of the rudiments of hygiene, and as I felt legs rolling over the back of my neck and heads bobbing next to my thighs I wondered, not for the first time that weekend, why anyone would strive to come into closer contact with this gender.

But we did it! And this was the beginning of our coming together. So we all unlocked and sat down and talked about what we had just done several seconds before. "Some people took charge, other people just laid back," said Larry from Dayton. "I think I was taking charge too much, and this is a problem for me, one of the things I have to honor and work through. I run a small construction company, and one of the guys at work is always telling me . . ."

"Yes," said Steve, interrupting, aware that we only had three hours to complete our ropes course. "Anyone else?"

"You probably noticed what I did with my arms," said

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my acquaintance Chuck. "That's a Marine Corps thing, I can't get that monkey off my back."

"Honor it," said Steve, consolingly. "Then you can start the processing through."

"I guess there's a lot of work ahead of me," Chuck admitted glumly.

"Be careful not to go up into your head too often," said the counselor. "Try to stay down in your body more."

The men were led to perform other tasks, most of them involving similarly close body contact, from which I demurred. Each exercise was followed by glowing self-appraisals, startling in their detail. The coming together grew tighter. We were a group of men, relying on one another, as men, with great enthusiasm and encouragement. We began to resemble a team on "Family Feud," with lots of clapping and commenting and hopping up and down.

After one exercise, as we sat in a circle on the ground, Larry from Dayton told us that he was feeling better. "You can see how I stood back there for a while, let somebody else take over," he said. "I've always got this stuff: 'I gotta do it.' "

"Ho!" said a couple of men.

"Did everybody hear Larry?" Steve said. "Is that old male? 'I gotta do it, I gotta earn the money, I gotta succeed, I gotta pay the bills.' We're getting rid of that. That's what this conference is all about."

Larry looked modestly at the ground, from which he had just torn up several square inches of turf.

"I want to honor Larry," Steve said, as everyone applauded. ("Good answer!") "He just made himself very vulnerable here. I want to celebrate that." The drama, the little revelations, the climax, the delicious denouement—all for Larry!

"Ho!" the men shouted.

"It's like that song," Larry said, stretching out the exquisite moment as long as possible. "'Why can't I just let someone else be strong?'"

See what I mean? A businessman from Dayton, near tears, quotes a line from "Have You Never Been Mellow," by Olivia Newton-John, and more than a dozen men answer with the Indian word for "Right on." Unembarrassable.

There were many movement leaders at the conference; the Big Dogs of the New Age, Pooh-Bahs among men; the conference brochures offered brief bios of each. Beautiful Pointed Arrow "is following a vision of creating sound chambers around the world used in chanting for world peace." Rich Armington is a "Certified Bioenergetic Therapist"; Gaya Erlandson is a "Certified Imago Relationship Therapist." Coyote is "a ceremonialist in private practice in New Mexico," presumably uncertified. Stephen Johnson's "public work is in the areas of co-creativity and the development of an integrated, spiritually centered brotherhood of men who serve in planetary stewardship."

Among the rank-and-file, the spiritually centered brotherhood seems to be coming along quite nicely. The following colloquy, which I witnessed during one of the workshops, is exemplary of the decorum that obtains among the New Men:

WORKSHOP LEADER: You mentioned your gayness. I want to thank you for that.

MAN: Well, thank *you*. It's liberating to have that honored.

LEADER: You're welcome. But really, thank you. I do honor it.

MAN: Thank you.

LEADER: And I think that for us as men, it's important for us to celebrate it, even. So thanks for that.

MAN: Thank you.

LEADER: No, thank *you*.

MAN: No, no . . .

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This Alphonse-and-Gaston deference can get a bit suffocating, so I'm happy to report that among the Big Dogs themselves the relationship is more Tom and Jerry.

By any measure the Biggest of the Big Dogs in the men's movement is Robert Bly, and for many participants his absence from the conference was puzzling and hurtful, although not, as one leader told me, "fully negating": Like a gathering of Trekkies without William Shatner, or even George Takei, the men at the conference soldiered through, vaguely aware that their experience lacked the validation of a hero's presence.

Bly had of course been invited, but had declined. On Friday morning, he faxed to many movement leaders a letter denouncing Marvin Allen as a media hound, a sensationalizer, who was using the conference to further his own career. It was too early in the movement's growth, Bly wrote, to coalesce, much less to do so in a Stouffer hotel in full view of the press. Bly demanded moreover that the letter be read to a plenary session of the New Men at the Austin gathering.

Ignoring the wise counsel of his PR advisers, Allen decided not to read the letter to his fellow men, but word of it spread, from workshop to workshop, in hushed tones between chants and drum-banging, throughout the weekend. A rift! A cynic less advanced in the grieving process might suggest that it's easy for Bly to disparage Marvin as a press hound, now that PBS and countless fawning profiles in the slick magazines have made him a millionaire, but for the New Men the breach was hard to fathom. How could Robert Bly, who had told the world of the Wildman within, himself an Adult Child of an Alcoholic, the poet who had won an award, a man who was so . . . so *there*, how could he be wrong about Allen? But then who could doubt the good faith, the *thereness*, of Marvin Allen, originator of the Wildman weekend, founder of Austin Men's Center, not to mention the revered Texas Men's Institute, the self-effacing leader featured in *Fortune* and *Newsweek* and the *New York Times Magazine*?

"There's some pain," Chuck told me. "This conference was a chance to create a space of safety, of healing. To see this bickering between two men we all love and respect . . . obviously, there are some wounds there. But I honor them both." This was Sunday morning, right before the closing session. All 700 of the New Men gathered in the ballroom just off the lobby for a particularly frenetic session of drumming, a bit of bodywork, and a reading from D. H. Lawrence. Then Marvin Allen climbed the stage.

He looked more fretful than usual. A few minutes before, unknown to most of the men, in the empty exhibition hall one floor below, Marvin and his conference co-chair Allen Maurer had got in a shouting match with Shepherd Bliss, the bodywork expert. Bliss insisted Bly's letter be read. Marvin demurred. It got ugly. When Maurer tried to defend his co-chairman, Bliss turned on him. "From what I can see," Bliss said, "you are acting as a co-dependent protector for Marvin!"

Devastated, the chairmen offered Bliss the podium to read the letter to the men in the ballroom, after which poor Marvin, his reedy voice faltering, took the microphone. "I've known Robert Bly for four years," Marvin said. "And in those years I've learned a lot about Robert Bly that I could share with you right now, but I won't." An even lower blow! Innuendo, betrayal, secrets among men for whom there can be no secrets! Hollers rose from the floor, say-it-ain't-so protests, the rumble of drums—war drums!—began to build, until a man popped up from the front row and grabbed the microphone from Allen.

This fellow, plump and balding, had spoken earlier in the conference, identifying himself as a "recovering Presbyterian minister," and had apologized to the men "for all the ministers in the world and the damage they've done to you." He carried, I mean to say, a good deal of moral authority.

"I know Robert Bly," said the minister, "and I know Marvin Allen, and I tell you that what they think of each other is beside the point. This is the new church. We're the healthiest group of men on this planet, but that doesn't mean we aren't still fucked up. Bly still has a lot of work to do, so does Marvin Allen. Bly's fucked up and"—he pointed to Marvin trembling on the podium—"he's fucked up. I'm fucked up. You're fucked up. The point is, we're all fucked up!"

Ho! Another revelation, a peak experience. The drums began again, uniting them in an unbreakable bond of

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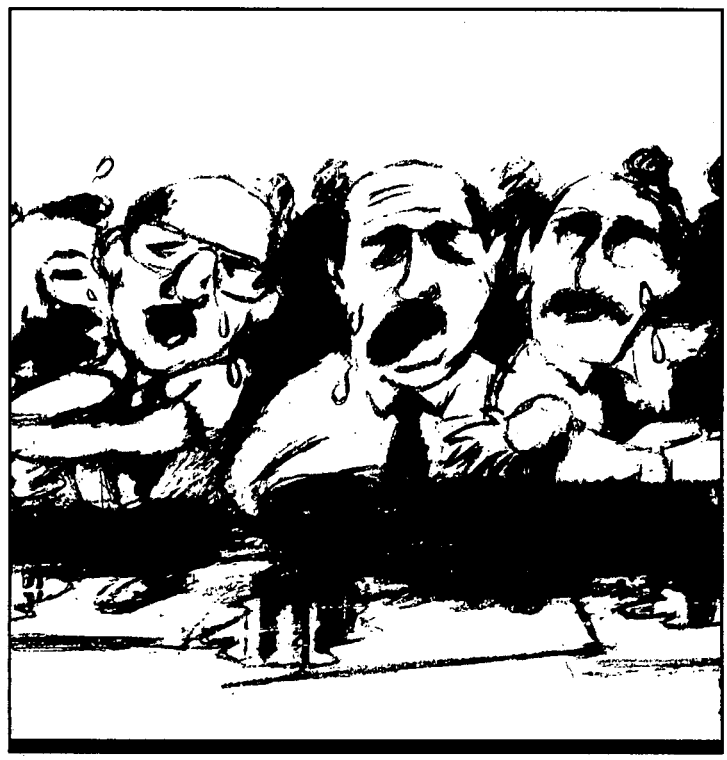
fuckedupness, and there was chanting, and Shepherd Bliss told the men to telescope their necks like turtles and feel the fullness of their bellies, letting go of all the stuff that sometimes comes up when you do menswork. Coyote, the ceremonialist, lit a peace pipe in closing, and smoked it right there at the podium, honoring all the fathers who have gone before, back to the earliest days, long before the invention of fire regulations and the posting of no-smoking signs in hotel ballrooms.

Marvin regained the microphone for a final word. "When you go back to that real world—you know, the one that isn't really real, where you can't be yourself—I hope you can take some of this with you."

And so they trudged out of the ballroom, through the vast hotel atrium, hugging and sobbing, taking, by the look of it, much with them: a new drum from Drums for Modern Man, Inc., perhaps, or an extra copy, this one autographed, of *The Flying Boy*, maybe a smudge stick of sage ($4.00) or several audio tapes from Sounds True cassettes ($12.95), the new edition of *Is It Love or Is It Addiction?*, meditation cushions for bottoms made weary from hours of self-exploration, packets of incense, bongers for self-massage, thuribles painted in sacred Aztec symbols, Indian feathers . . .

If the men's movement didn't exist, the purveyors of all these goods would have to invent it—Say's law applies to self-empowerment, too. But the men's movement doesn't exist in any definable sense, and certainly not as we have been led to believe. I had my own peak experience during one of the conference's plenary sessions, when John Lee asked how many of the 700-plus New Men gathered before him had been in a Twelve Step program—AA, for example, or Cocaine Abusers Anonymous. A forest of hands shot up. Lee said it was about 80 percent of the participants; my own informal polling put the figure at closer to 90 percent. A large industry has long been in place to proffer salves to these unhappy people; the men's movement is for those who have gone from one to the next, from Twelve Step to Rebirthing to est to Holistic Healing. It provides them with a new gimmick, yet another excuse for thinking about, studying, exploring, investigating, dwelling on . . . *me*.



They share certain characteristics. All, clearly, have way too much time on their hands. Many of the men I spoke with had been divorced twice or more. "It's beginning to dawn on me what's so odd here," a woman journalist told me one evening. "There are no—I mean *no*—good-looking men here." New Men tend to be paunchy, with much facial hair to compensate for the diminishing crop up top. Calling the Austin gathering of men the First International Losers' Conference would have been unkind but more accurate. One morning I attended a workshop, "The Healing Power of Relationships," led by an affable husband-and-wife team from Southern California, Jim Sniechowski and Judith Sherven, who have become the Regis and Kathie Lee of the movement. Amid the wisdom—"Most of you already know this stuff," Jim told them; "It's just a matter of organizing it in such a way that it speaks to what a relationship can be rather than what it is"—Judith asked a question. "How many of you are in a place where you can never, ever please a woman, sexually or otherwise?" The unanimous "Ho!" almost blew out the windows.

It is of course in the interests of *Newsweek*, with fifty-two covers to fill a year, and of Bill Moyers, constantly polishing his reputation as America's chronicler, and of Bly and Marvin Allen and Shepherd Bliss and the rest of the workshop-holders and marketers of grief to persuade us that the movement really is rolling through every city and suburb, even where men stay married and like their kids and tolerate their jobs and have pleasant conversations, once in a while, with their parents. The claim isn't true, but we should remember that less outlandish propositions have sometimes proved self-fulfilling. The sales success of such movement bibles as Bly's *Iron John* and Sam Keen's *Fire in the Belly* (reviewed by Yale Kramer on page 64) is an ominous sign. Is it possible that the men's movement can swell outward from the ranks of the balding and sodden and pudgy and sexually inept, to overtake the well-coiffed, employed, and reasonably fit middle-class American male? Could this rock on which American prosperity has been built, this hard-working, self-denying model of rectitude and enterprise at last succumb to the siren song of self-flattery and indulgence, and come to believe that he too is oppressed and wounded and desperately needful of expensive healing?

Sure. ❐

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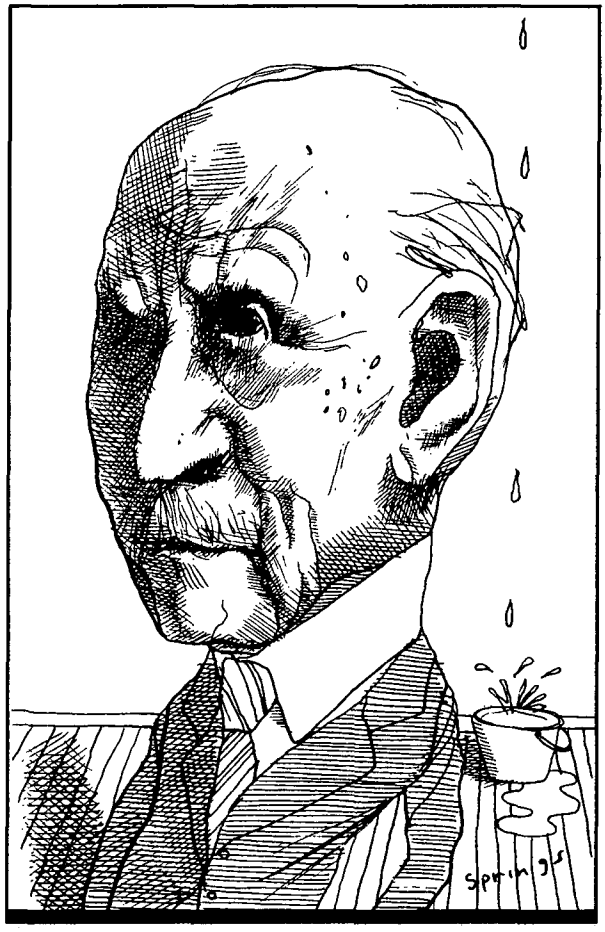
Joshua Muravchik

MacArthur's Millions

A foundation created by a strange right-winger has become a treasure trove for a variety of leftist "geniuses" and other lost causes.



In view of the fate of socialism, it seems hard to believe that an imperishable faith in socialism is a mark of genius. But the talent scouts of the John D. and Catherine T. MacArthur Foundation appear to believe it. Of the 350 Americans from all walks of life who have won MacArthur Fellowships—better known as "genius awards"—no fewer than four are members of the editorial board of *Dissent,* the small quarterly devoted to what its principal editor, Irving Howe, calls the "steady work" of bearing the torch for democratic socialism. Roughly one out of every million Americans is a MacArthur genius; and one out of every ten members of the *Dissent* board. In comparison, the number of editors of *TAS*, *National Review,* and *Foreign Affairs* who are MacArthur fellows is zero. The *New Republic* and the *Atlantic* each have one (a contributing editor), the highest number I'm aware of for any political journal other than *Dissent.*

In addition to the four editors (Howe, Meyer Schapiro, Deborah Meier, and Paul Berman), at least four other MacArthur geniuses are drawn from the only slightly wider circle of *Dissent* contributors (Tina Rosenberg, Richard Rorty, Henry Louis Gates, William Julius Wilson). But the MacArthur selections are not entirely unbalanced. Notwithstanding its strong attraction to *Dissent*, the foundation recently conferred a MacArthur fellowship upon a fierce critic of *Dissent*—from the left. To radical historian Mary Jo Buhle, a newly anointed genius, democratic socialism is but a bourgeois subterfuge and the *Dissent* crowd are sellouts. She debunks Howe in her *magnum opus*, the *Encyclopedia of the American Left:* "He appeared prominently identified with [the] extreme rightward edge of liberalism in the pro-contra, Cold War hard-line position of the *New Republic.*"[1]

Socialists, whether of democratic affinity like Howe or totalitarian affinity like Buhle, may receive another kind of windfall from the MacArthur Foundation in addition to the money, fame, and prestige of its awards. The little told story of the man whose wealth endowed the foundation holds great heuristic value for the indictment of capitalism.

John D. MacArthur fled the grasp of his overbearing father as a penniless teenager and died in 1978 as one of the

Joshua Muravchik is a resident scholar at the American Enterprise Institute and the author, most recently, of Exporting Democracy: Fulfilling America's Destiny *(AEI Press).*

[1]Of course, this is quite fantastical: Howe never let a pro-contra word pass into the pages of *Dissent.*

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two richest men in America. There was no accurate way to value his holdings then, but after a decade in which his lands and businesses were sold off for more prosaic investments and during which a billion dollars was given away, the foundation's assets cost out in excess of three billion. MacArthur himself was a *true* genius—at making money.

He made most of it in insurance, largely as a pioneer in the sale of cut-rate policies by mail to customers of modest means. He was investigated often for mail fraud; fined, once, for failing to install sprinklers and fire-doors for the protection of employees; and sued successfully for evicting a 79-year-old widow from a dwelling he owned after she showed that a leaking roof he had refused to repair had damaged her last negotiable possessions. It is not these peccadillos, however, from which socialists can make hay so much as the glaring absence of any extrinsic purpose to John MacArthur's intense acquisitiveness.

He was legendary for spurning luxury, dressing shabbily, carrying lunch in a bag, and taking doggy bags out of restaurants. He lived his last decade in a dilapidated hotel he owned in Palm Beach (he owned much of Palm Beach) and conducted his business from a table in the corner of its coffee shop. When he died, his lawyer entered the MacArthurs' bedroom in search of papers relevant to the estate and found on the floor several buckets placed to catch leaks from the roof. (MacArthur lived, you could say, by a variant of the golden rule, doing unto himself what he had done unto his widow tenant.)

"I figured out how to make money. You fellows will have to figure out how to spend it."

Nor was his wealth dedicated to the welfare of his posterity. He left his first wife with a toddler son and an infant daughter, for whom, by one account, he refused to provide support. When he died, he bequeathed one percent of his estate to his family, half that amount to his widow (his second wife, by whom he had no children), and a quarter to each of his children in the form of trusts from which they were allowed the proceeds but not the principle, which upon their death reverted to his estate. He apparently did contribute to some of his son's expenses in adulthood, and perhaps to his daughter's, but he is reported to have told an interviewer that the one time his daughter approached him for financial help he turned her down. In the mid-1970s, a few years after his daughter's 21-year-old son disappeared in Mexico, MacArthur's son told the *Chicago Daily News*: "It's a pity, with all his money and agents and contacts, that we can't get my father interested in looking for the boy." The paper reported that when it interviewed the elder MacArthur about the case, "he couldn't recall the youth's first name, 'because I have so many grandchildren.' "(He had seven.)

While MacArthur did not care to spend his money on himself or his progeny, neither did he, with rare exception, give any to charity. In his later years he created the John D. and Catherine T. MacArthur Foundation and a second, smaller one, the Retirement Research Foundation (with assets today over $100 million), but gave them no funds to begin operation until his death. The foundations, to which he bequeathed 99 percent of his wealth, allowed him to avoid two things: paying estate taxes and leaving his money to his children. While the Retirement Foundation had a defined, if vague, purpose, the larger foundation had almost none. He wrote to one of the trustees: "I figured out how to make the money. You fellows will have to figure out how to spend it."

MacArthur named six trustees for the foundation that bears his name: his wife, three close business associates, conservative radio commentator Paul Harvey, whose broadcasts MacArthur had sponsored for decades, and, fatefully, his son, J. Roderick MacArthur.

Father and son had a tempestuous relationship. Rod frequently censured his father in public (although never, it seems, for the early abandonment that presumably lay at the heart of his grievance). It was Rod who complained to the press about his father's indifference to his sister's missing son, and Rod was the source of many of the juiciest anecdotes about John's stinginess (e.g., that he sent Rod down to use the lobby payphone to avoid a hotel's ten-cent surcharge; that he cut his own salary at age 65 in order to collect Social Security). In his fifties, Rod launched his own business—a collectors' exchange for commemorative ceramic plates—with a loan, reportedly of $70,000, from John. When the business blossomed into the millions, John claimed that the loan entitled him to a majority share, whereas Rod held that John was due only repayment of the loan. The dispute was resolved only when John sent employees to physically seize the company's assets and Rod countered with a heavier squad that took them back.

The two men were also poles apart in their political views, although there is no evidence that they quarreled about it. The senior MacArthur seems not to have been deeply interested in politics; to the extent that he was, he was known as a conservative with a jaundiced view of taxes and government spending. The main project he recommended to the MacArthur Foundation was to combat government waste, and he reportedly supported Goldwater. Today he is sometimes made out to have been an environmentalist, but when he was developing land in Florida in the 1970s, he denounced "bearded jerks and little old ladies who call me a despoiler of the environment. . . . Has anyone ever justified the existence of an alligator? . . . Let's stuff a few and put them in a museum and get rid of the rest."

Son Rod, in contrast, was a liberal. A self-described "draft-dodger" in World War Two, he ended up serving in the ambulance corps. In the 1960s, he is said to have been active in Businessmen Against the [Vietnam] War. In 1972,

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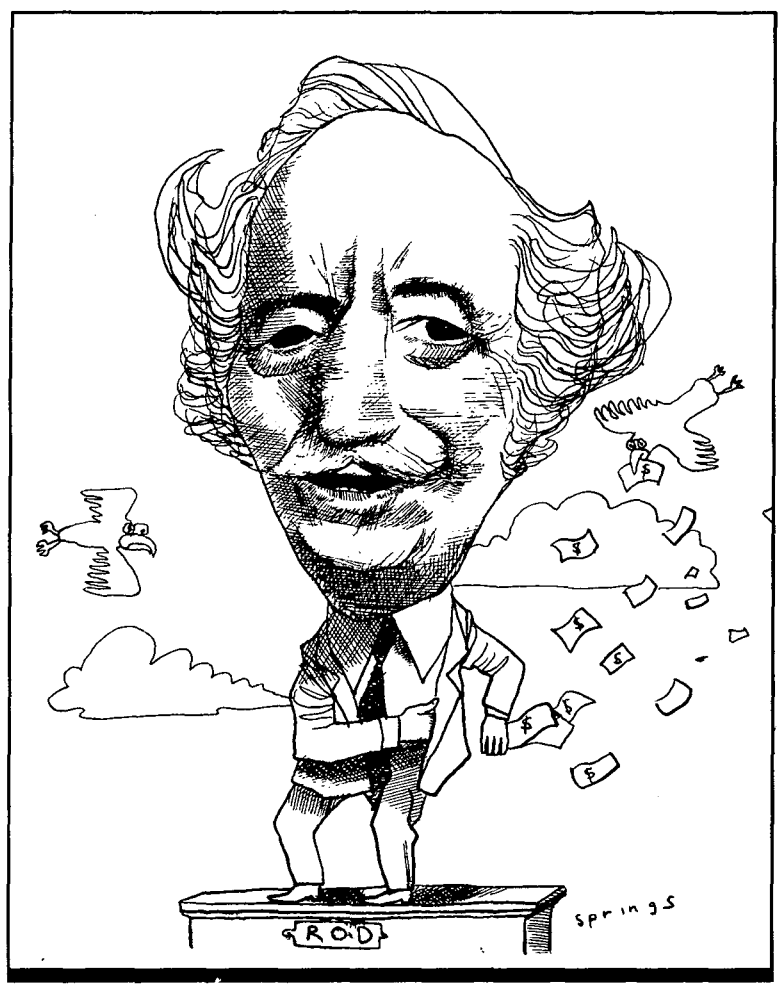
he established Chicago "Republicans for McGovern," although friends doubt that he actually was a Republican. Shortly before his death in 1984, the American Civil Liberties Union bestowed on him its Roger Baldwin Award, given only five times in sixty-odd years.

The John D. and Catherine T. MacArthur foundation began to function in 1978, soon after John's death, and immediately the board became embroiled in a dispute between Rod and the four men who had been his father's associates. (The widow, Catherine, was also at odds with Rod—they sponsored competing wakes for John—but she became a recluse and never participated in board meetings.) "We're mostly a bunch of Midwestern businessmen devoted to free enterprise and opposed to more government controls," said one. "He picked us to run [the foundation] because he knew we mostly feel the same way about things that he did," said Paul Harvey, alluding to John MacArthur's conservatism. But Rod wanted the foundation to be the government's "social conscience."



The spat went much deeper than politics. For Rod, the once abandoned son who had been shorted in his father's will, it seemed to be a matter of claiming his patrimony. He did not contest the will; instead, he fought for control of the foundation. Outnumbered four to one, Rod countered by threatening lawsuits against the other members, alleging misuse of the foundation's assets. To break the stalemate, the others acquiesced in Rod's proposal to expand the board.

Reportedly advised by Champion Ward, former vice-president of the Ford Foundation, Rod submitted several names for the new board seats. Some of the other board members proposed to include former Treasury Secretary William Simon to provide conservative ballast, and after some horse-trading seven new trustees were added. In addition to Simon they were former MIT president Jerome Wiesner, polio vaccine inventor Jonas Salk, Nobel physicist Murray Gell-Mann, former Attorney General Edward Levi, businessman Gaylord Freeman, and University of Illinois president John Corbally, who became the president of the foundation. Some of these men, notably Wiesner and Salk, had distinctly liberal politics, and although the board remained a mixed bag, its character shifted. It was no longer dominated by John MacArthur's associates but by prominent national figures. Within a year, Simon tired of battling Rod at board meetings and resigned, and a couple of years later Levi followed suit. With these moves, the board's center of gravity shifted to the left.

In the meantime, Rod seized on the idea, originally broached by one of the other members, of awarding grants to individuals of outstanding promise or talent, untied to any specific proposal or piece of work. He saw himself as an aristocratic patron, and spoke bombastically of discovering new Michelangelos and Einsteins. "We've needed something like this ever since the Renaissance," he declaimed. It was Rod's grandiloquence that got the MacArthur fellowships labeled "genius awards," although foundation spokesmen ever since have disowned the sobriquet. While the awards account for only ten percent of the foundation's largesse, they are the program for which it is best known.

The "genius" program generates not only publicity but also controversy. For each of the 350 people who have been named fellows since the program began eleven years ago, thousands of their colleagues wonder why they were passed over. When the geniuses are people at the apex of their fields, like the poet Robert Penn Warren, critics ask what possible further creativity could be expected to ensue. When they are people not yet well established, critics ask "Who he?" An apt criticism was made by Michael Kinsley. The recipients, he said, "are already doing whatever it is the MacArthur Foundation admires them for doing, many are doing quite well at it, and presumably they will keep on doing it, unless this windfall encourages them to stop." An answer to Kinsley might be that in some fields, like the performing arts, there is too little connection between quality of endeavor and financial reward: there are more bucks in rock 'n' roll than classical music. But Kinsley's argument mirrors the views of John MacArthur, who

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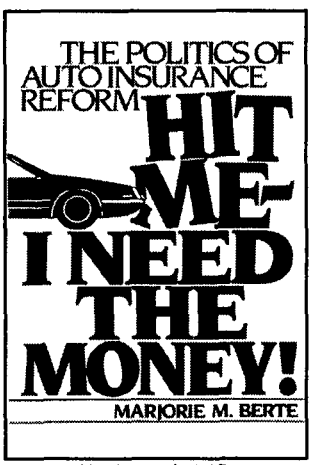
justified his stinginess toward his offspring on the ground that it was harmful to people to give them something for nothing. (Is it not fitting that his son, Rod, proposed that the old man's entire estate be devoted to dispensing unrestricted awards?)

The money is not the only reward that comes from a MacArthur fellowship. There is also the prestige. As black literary historian Henry Louis Gates put it, the award "conferred a certain legitimacy on my work. It guaranteed that I would be read." According to the foundation, fellows are chosen on the basis of the quality of their work, their need, and "the benefit of society." In addition, says the foundation, the selectors often ask: "What statement would we be making if this award were made?" The foundation does not explain what it means by this question, but one possible explanation is the thread of Political Correctness woven through the list of choices for the genius awards.

Blacks, Hispanics, and Native Americans are visibly represented among the fellows, although, notwithstanding the inclusion of a few radical feminists, the foundation has acknowledged embarrassment that women make up a lot fewer than half. Although the identities of the hundred "nominators" (who serve only for one year) are kept secret, the foundation has let it be known it has assured that half of *them* are female. More to the point, the roll of geniuses has a distinct political cast.

To be sure, most of the selectees have no political coloration. There are sculptors, composers, mathematicians, and decipherers of Mayan hieroglyphics whose work could hardly be more removed from politics. But then there is a minority chosen for its work in "public affairs," that is, for its political activism, and these are all from the same side of the spectrum. This list includes Morton Halperin, a leader of the ACLU and formerly of the leftist Center for National Security Studies; Randall Forsberg, leader of the nuclear freeze movement; and activist priest J. Bryan Hehir, architect of the Catholic Bishops' statement challenging nuclear deterrence. In addition, there are leaders of the homeless movement, of the movements against capital punishment and for prisoners' rights, of the peace movement, and of the campaign for multiculturalism. There are radical historians, avant-garde artists, and lots of environmentalists and community organizers. Even in non-political fields, some of the geniuses have distinct ideological identities. Grantees in the hard sciences include Matthew Meselson, best known for his crusade to prove that "yellow rain" was actually bee feces rather than a Soviet chemical weapon; Paul Ehrlich, famed for his erroneous doomsday predictions about population growth and resource exhaustion; and Sydney Drell, a physicist leader of the arms control movement. In the arts they include Peter Sellars, producer of the execrable *Death of Klinghoffer*; Conlon Nancarrow, a composer of music for the player piano and a veteran of the Abraham Lincoln Brigade who resides in Mexico, a refugee from the anti-Communism of the 1950s; and Susan Sontag. Some leftish



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recipients are individuals of genuine distinction, such as the *Dissent* editors Howe and Meyer Schapiro. The merits of others, like Paul Berman and Mary Jo Buhle, are not visible to the naked eye. As against dozens of notably liberal or leftist grantees, only two of the 350 are identifiably conservative: Polish philosopher Leszek Kolakowski (who does not call himself a conservative, but may be thought of as one since much of his work has been dedicated to the refutation of Marxism) and Robert Woodson, a leading promoter of black enterprise. Perhaps it is not surprising that in creative writing and education most of the recipients lean left, but even in fields like law and economics, in which conservatives are better represented, virtually every one of the MacArthur recipients has been identifiably liberal.

In addition to spawning the MacArthur fellows program, Rod also had a strong hand in the foundation's other principal expenditure in its first years: the 1980 bail-out of *Harper's*. Rod was approached by his son, John "Rick" MacArthur, a 26-year-old reporter for UPI who asked if the foundation could rescue the magazine, which had just announced its intention to fold. Over the next two years, the foundation donated about $19 million to buy the magazine and keep it afloat. At the time, Rod was quoted as asserting that neither he nor members of his family would be involved in running the magazine. "The role I want to play is the fierce defender of *Harper's* independence." Within a few years, the magazine was turned over to the newly created Harper's Magazine Foundation, and Rick became the publisher. Since then *Harper's* format has changed, and so have its politics. Whereas the magazine once reflected a spectrum of opinion that ranged from its liberal New York editor, Lewis Lapham, to its conservative Washington editor, Tom Bethell, it now reflects a spectrum that ranges from Lapham, who is still a liberal, leftward to its current Washington editor, Christopher Hitchens, a socialist of the Rosa Luxemburg school.

When asked whether he has had any influence over the magazine's ideological evolution, Rick MacArthur denies that there has been any evolution or that *Harper's* has any ideological identity. But there can be little doubt that the magazine's greater hospitality to the radical left is congenial to Rick, for that is where his own politics lie. He writes magazine articles himself for such publications as the *Progressive* and *In These Times*, where he disgorges such observations as: "With the encouragement of both major political parties, the country has by and large absorbed—or been absorbed by—the national security state. We have succumbed to . . . 'the military-industrial complex.' "

Rick's political proclivities can be observed in the program of the J. Roderick MacArthur Foundation, which was endowed with the fortune that Rod made in the collectors' plates business. Nicknamed "little Mac," the Roderick MacArthur Foundation is overshadowed by "Big Mac," the John MacArthur Foundation, but still commands assets in the tens of millions and gives away more than $2 million a year. Little Mac's choice of charities reflects an agenda as deeply ideological as that of any foundation in America.

Little Mac counts among its "primary aims" "eliminating political, economic, social, religious and cultural oppression." Its beneficiaries, other than *Harper's*, which has received over $2 million, include the Institute for Policy Studies, CISPES (whose proclaimed purpose is "to support the legitimate struggle" of the Salvadoran guerrillas), the North American Congress on Latin America (unabashed cheerleaders for Communist guerrillas throughout the hemisphere), Witness for Peace, the Washington Office on Latin America, Noam Chomsky, the *Nation*, the *Progressive*, Clergy and Laity Concerned, and the Christic Institute—including grants earmarked for the Christics' viciously frivolous suit alleging an American plot behind the bombing attempt against Eden Pastora, a suit which ended in a punitive award against the institute.

Rod saw himself as an aristocratic patron, and spoke bombastically of discovering new Michelangelos and Einsteins. "We've needed something like this ever since the Renaissance," he declaimed.

The foundation has also supported such old Communist fronts as the National Emergency Civil Liberties Committee and the National Lawyers Guild as well as the latter's offshoot, the Center for Constitutional Rights, described by Rick as one of "our favorite charities." It has sponsored publication of such books as *What Difference Could a Revolution Make? Food and Farming in the New Nicaragua* and (by the same outfit) *Alternative Paths to Food Security—Cuba: A Realistic Assessment*; and the production of such documentary films as *Harry Bridges: A Man and His Union*. (Bridges was one of the last unrepentant Stalinists of American labor excluded from the AFL-CIO. The foundation explains that the film portrays his "efforts to preserve a democratic, multiracial union and its defense of the right of freedom of expression.")

Little Mac has also sponsored various films on the subject that seems to be its dearest concern—the Middle East, or, to be precise, Israeli oppression of Palestinians. One grant underwrote "a film documentary based on the autobiography, *My Home, My Prison*, by Palestinian journalist Raymonda Tawil." Another underwrote the Association of Arab American University Graduates' documentary *Children of the Intifada*. Still a third was for *The Woman Next Door*, "about human rights conditions in the Israeli-occupied territories." Other grants were awarded to the American-Israeli Council for Israeli-Palestinian Peace to "bring legal challenges to Israeli laws;" to a group called American Support for the Advancement of Civil Liberties in Israel to pay the legal expenses of Mordechai Vanunu and to challenge deportation orders; to another group to fight the clos-

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ing of the PLO's U.N. office under the Anti-terrorism Act; to the American Association for the Advancement of Science to send a "forensic mission" to Israel to help publicize abuses of Palestinian prisoners; to the American Friends Service Committee for legal assistance for Palestinians; to the Physicians for Human Rights for a "medical fact-finding mission" to the occupied territories; and to the Middle East Research and Information Project, an American group so fanatically pro-PLO that it once extolled the benefits of the Munich Olympics massacre of Israeli athletes. Some grants have been made in Israel as well, but only to *New Outlook* magazine, the New Israel Fund, and other groups on the left that are devoted to criticizing the Israeli government.

When it was revealed last year that the FBI had a file on Little Mac, Rick MacArthur displayed the same disingenuousness as in claiming that *Harper's* reflects no ideology. "When you start engaging in [activities] overseas, you can get involved in right-wing groups without knowing it . . . and you can end up backing left-wing groups. Unfortunately, the FBI is more interested in left-wing groups," he said, as if Little Mac's involvement with the left was at most accidental. The board of Little Mac consists wholly of Rick and his two siblings, thus revealing a classic progression from conservative father to liberal son to radical grandchildren.

Fortunately, none of the MacArthur grandchildren sits on the board of "Big Mac," and therefore relatively little of its much more formidable resources (valued over $3 billion, ranking it among the five wealthiest foundations) are devoted to the hard-left causes that so appeal to them. Indeed, much of Big Mac's philanthropy is aimed at purposes that are hardly political at all. One of its major programs is support for medical research, especially in the fields of mood disorders, parasitic diseases, and aging. Another supports an array of community institutions in Chicago and Palm Beach, where John and Catherine MacArthur lived. Large programs in education and population—subjects often freighted with politics—seem in the main to steer clear of ideology, as does some of MacArthur's work on the environment. These programs address such issues as literacy, student assessment, preservation of tropical forests, and family planning. However, the foundation also spent tens of millions of dollars to launch the World Resources Institute, which "strives to build bridges between scholarship and action" in order to foster "a transition in . . . consciousness to a far more profound appreciation of the requirements of global sustainability" and "a new . . . international compact—between North and South." Also, the environment and population programs have each given grants to PACCA (Policy Alternatives for the Caribbean and Central America), a creation of the pro-Communist Institute for Policy Studies (IPS), and provided funds to pay speakers' fees for Earth Day. The grants to Chicago organizations support a good deal of community organizing, some of which is bound to be quite political, and they include support for People for the American Way to combat censorship and for the left-fringe group Clergy and Laity Concerned to conduct "anti-racism training." And the education program supports something called the Network of Progressive Educators.

Big Mac's "general grant program" exhibits a stronger political tinge. Beneficiaries include the Alliance for Justice, the American Civil Liberties Union, the Children's Peace Foundation, and the Union of Concerned Scientists. Issues of interest include the diversion of non-dangerous offenders from the penal system and other criminal justice reforms. This program also encompasses projects in the field of mass media, including grants to the Alternative Media Information Center, the Alternative Television Network, and the Center for New Television. The foundation has given some $7.5 million to Bill Moyers for his television programs and millions to National Public Radio, including the largest private sector grant NPR has ever received.

The foundation's most ideologically charged program is one in "peace and international security," which began in 1985. Jerome Wiesner, who has long been active in arms control and peace causes, chairs the board committee that has overseen the program since its inception. Salk and Gell-Mann are also members. With the encouragement of Wiesner, the foundation hired Ruth Adams, editor of the *Bulletin of the Atomic Scientists*, to direct the program. (According to the *Bulletin*'s brochure, the world grew safer in 1989, because "Democratic movements in Eastern Europe shatter[ed] the myth of monolithic Communism," as if what changed were Western perceptions, not Eastern reality. In 1990, Adams's colleague at the *Bulletin*, Victor Rabinowitch, joined the MacArthur staff as vice-president for programs.) By 1990 the peace program had become MacArthur's largest,[2] and it was described in the *Chronicle of Philanthropy* as the "largest grant program on peace and international security operated by any private foundation in the United States."

A large part of this money has been given to "multidisciplinary" programs at various leading universities aiming "to confront the problems posed by the threat of nuclear annihilation," especially by "re-examin[ing] Soviet-American relations, so dangerously misunderstood on both sides." Little detail is available about how these funds were ultimately used, and much of it may have been unexceptionable, except insofar as the entire concept was a blind alley. During the Cold War era, two schools of thought, broadly speaking, contended about how best to avert World War Three. According to one of these, the danger inhered in the aggressive nature of Soviet Communism and the key to peace lay in deterring, containing, and destroying Communism. The other school held that the danger inhered in man himself and that the key to peace lay in all of us learning how better to resolve our differences. The MacArthur program was rooted in the latter school. When the collapse of Communism resulted in an immediate end to the Cold War, this proved as decisively as any histor-

[2] Technically, the "general program" was slightly larger, but this is only a catch-all label that encompasses a miscellany.

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ical argument can be proved that the former school was right and the latter wrong. Thus the hundred-and-some million dollars MacArthur has lavished on its peace program is largely money down the drain. It would have been better given to some of the prosaic charities that MacArthur supported in its early years: the Big Brothers, the United Negro College Fund, even the television program "Captain Kangaroo."

Worse than wasting resources, the peace program has also helped to underwrite a variety of advocacy groups—ranging from the woolly-headed to the hard left—whose work, had it been more influential, would only have delayed the end of the Cold War. Hundreds of thousands were given to IPS, and again to its cognates, the Center for International Policy, the Center for National Security Studies, and PACCA. Other grants were given to Economists Against the Arms Race, SANE/Freeze, the American Friends Service Committee, the National Security Archive, the Lawyers Alliance for Nuclear Arms Control, the World Policy Institute, the Center on Budget Priorities, the Council for a Livable World, the Middle East Research and Information Project, and the Friends of *New Outlook*. One grant sponsored a conference on "Thirty Years of the Cuban Revolution: An Assessment," while another supported a study of "the health effects of the war in Nicaragua." Still other grants were given to the National Committee on U.S.-China Relations, the American Committee on U.S.-Soviet Relations, the Inter-American Dialogue, the Institute for Soviet-American Relations, Bridges to China, and the American Committee on East-West Accord.

In addition, the peace program awards research grants, and the list of recipients includes a galaxy of tiresomely familiar names from the left. Several are past or present employees of IPS. Eqbal Ahmad (who once was indicted for plotting to kidnap Henry Kissinger and blow up U.S. government buildings), David Cortright, William Arkin, and the team of Daniel Siegel and Jenny Yancey. Other grantees are Daniel Ellsberg, former SDS leader Todd Gitlin, *Nation* contributor Diane Orentlichter, radical feminist Lucy Komisar, "Third Camp" socialist Joanne Landy, Marxist philosopher Immanuel Wallerstein, Korean War revisionist Bruce Cumings, Sandinista booster Lars Schoultz, and Robin Wright and Helena Cobban, sympathetic chroniclers respectively of Islamic militancy and the PLO. Since the 1990 change of government in Nicaragua, out-of-work Sandinistas have been receiving research grants from MacArthur. One has been awarded to Alejandro Bendana, former secretary general of the Nicaraguan foreign ministry, and another to a consortium of former foreign trade minister Alejandro Martinez, former ambassador Carlos Tunnerman and pro-Sandinista academic Xabier Gorostiaga. In addition, the lists of peace research grant recipients contained dozens of other entries whose names I do not recognize but whose project titles suggested they are of a similar turn of mind, for example "Rocky Flats: The Arms Race Bill Comes Due" or "The Oppenheimer Hearings and the Origins of the National Security Mentality" or "A Biography of Leonard Boudin."

In the wake of last winter's Persian Gulf war, the foundation sponsored a Physicians for Human Rights project to "monitor the human consequences of the Gulf War" through "a series of data collection missions." It also sponsored a visit to Iraq by some American documentary filmmakers and lawyers exploring whether the United States violated international law in its attack on Iraq. This project seems to reflect misgivings about the Persian Gulf war on the part of MacArthur president Adele Simmons. According to the *Chronicle of Philanthropy*, she raised the question during the war whether "developing countries [will] feel the need to arm themselves further in response to the U.S. display of force. Many scholars and policy makers will be afraid of that issue, Mrs. Simmons says, but it needs to be addressed."

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Adele Simmons became MacArthur's second president in 1989 after a dozen years as president of Hampshire College, an experimental school without grades or departments, where students help guide their own learning. One of the students who sat on the search committee that selected Simmons for Hampshire told the *Chronicle of Higher Education* that he was seeking someone displaying "a high level of consciousness in regard to sexism, racism, and classism." Mrs. Simmons, he concluded, was "probably perfect." At Hampshire, Mrs. Simmons introduced what is called the "Third World Expectation." It was an "expectation" because Hampshire was averse to calling anything a "requirement," but it meant, according to the faculty handbook, that "each student [is expected] to present tangible evidence that engagement with issues pertaining to Third World and minority cultures has occurred."

Mrs. Simmons met the "expectation" herself when a few dozen minority students occupied a campus building in 1988. After nine days she signed an agreement with them, as reported in the *New York Times*, "that provided minority students with a dean of multicultural affairs, an adviser for the group that occupied the dormitory building, and $4,500 yearly to help promote racial harmony . . . also . . . to take no disciplinary action against the students and to allow them to make up work they missed in their demonstration." "I think the occupation strengthened the institution," said Simmons gratefully.

Simmons is active in the Committee on U.S.-Soviet Relations (a group chaired by Donald Kendall that promoted amity with the pre-perestroika USSR) and a member of the board of the Nicaraguan Education Project (which spon-

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sored public relations tours of revolutionary Nicaragua) and the Union of Concerned Scientists. She claims credit for pioneering "peace studies," which she says ought to be placed "squarely at the center of the academic institution." Under her aegis a Five College Program in Peace and World Security Studies was launched at Hampshire (with the cooperation of neighboring schools, Amherst, Smith, Mount Holyoke, and the University of Massachusetts). In several articles advocating peace studies, she argued that it need not be taught in a one-sided or propagandistic way. "What subject provides greater opportunity to teach students to put aside emotions at times and explore a subject coolly from all points of view?" she asked. But her own record at Hampshire is not reassuring in this respect. In a foreword she contributed to a *Guide to Careers and Graduate Education in Peace Studies* published by Hampshire, she spoke of "our common interest in peace, social justice, and an environmentally-secure planet. We need committed people who share this perspective to enter careers in education, journalism, law, government and business. ...[This] will become a more reliable method of achieving peace and security than the unilateral military measures on which we currently rely." The inescapable implication is that the goal of peace studies is to generate people who think correctly.

MacArthur President Adele Simmons, c. 1977

This impression is strengthened by her choice of Michael Klare as director of the Five College Program. Klare is distinguished more as a hard-left polemicist than as a scholar. He came to Hampshire from a seven year stint at the Institute for Policy Studies and his most frequent outlet is the *Nation*. There, in early 1979, when Carter was in the White House and the Soviets were soon to invade Afghanistan, he wrote: "We must avoid adding to the chorus of hysterical anti-Sovietism . . . Congress has gone along with . . . war preparations because it has been inundated with fraudulent accounts of the 'Soviet Threat.'" To boot, Klare's academic credentials are questionable, his Ph.D. having been granted by Union Institute, a non-accredited, non-resident, largely self-study program that awarded doctorates jointly with the Institute for Policy Studies.

Simmons said that she came to MacArthur because "there is an enormous overlap between the intellectual areas that particularly engaged me at Hampshire and the areas focused on at the foundation." "Hampshire and MacArthur share similar philosophies and programs," she added recently. What seems more important to her than any particular issue or idea is, as she put it to the *Chicago Tribune* last year, "to be sure that what we're doing is always on the cutting edge." "Cutting edge" is a term she also used about her mission at Hampshire. But as Tom Wolfe illustrated so devastatingly two decades ago in *Radical Chic*, patricians like Simmons (who is the scion of one of Chicago's leading families) often seem plagued by a thirst for authenticity. Such people most sense themselves to be on the cutting edge when they are most "with it," that is, precisely when they are yielding most completely to orthodoxy. In hiring Michael Klare, prostrating herself at the feet of Hampshire's building-occupiers, and imposing a "Third World Expectation," Simmons revealed a weakness for quenching her thirst in the radical tonics of the sixties and seventies. This impulse might well carry MacArthur further toward politicization and leftish causes.

Late in 1991, the foundation awarded $100,000 to a juvenile justice reform project run by Bernardine Dohrn. Those too far from the cutting edge may have trouble recalling that Miss Dohrn, as leader of the Weather Underground in the 1960s, once declared war on the United States. At a public meeting before going underground, she celebrated the Charles Manson family's murder of Sharon Tate as a paradigm of revolutionary daring. According to the account of the Weathermen by Peter Collier and David Horowitz, it was Dohrn herself who planted the bomb that destroyed part of the U.S. Capitol. Given that John D. MacArthur's clearest political philosophy seems to have been his antipathy to big government, it might be said that Miss Dohrn had the courage of his convictions, and that the foundation has finally found a way to express fidelity to its benefactor. ❐

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William McGurn

Yankees Go Home

Unless the Jesse Jacksons of the Philippine senate have a sudden change of heart, after nearly a century the U.S. military presence in the Philippines is coming to an end. We'll manage, but what about the people left behind?

The Manila Hotel

When Douglas MacArthur and his family evacuated this hotel for Corregidor late Christmas Eve in 1941, he told the chief switchboard operator that they would be back someday, he hoped soon. By New Year's the Rising Sun was flying from his old penthouse suite, while on Corregidor MacArthur concluded a short speech to the remnants of the free Philippine government with an emotional appeal to the Almighty. "Merciful God," he said, "preserve this noble race."

Fifty years later, U.S. forces are again retreating from the Philippines. This time, however, the boot has come from Manila, not Tokyo, with a petulance that today would force MacArthur to revise his petition. In September the Philippine senate, with more Harvard degrees among its members than the U.S. Senate and just as little sense, voted 12-11 to reject a painfully negotiated treaty between the Bush and Aquino administrations that would have extended the U.S. military presence. Within days, a Chicago group planning to hold their next convention here faxed their cancellation to the Manila Hotel Manager Miguel Cerqueda, citing the senate decision. It would have meant 600 rooms, this at a time when the Philippines desperately needs all the tourists it can get. "What can you do?" he shrugs.

Bad as it is for tourism, business is booming for visiting newsmen. In the week I am here, stories abound. For a while it looks as though Imelda's return couldn't be topped, but then Foreign Secretary Raul Manglapus (who lost beaucoup face when he had to rescind the formal notice of termination he had slapped down on American negotiators when talks began in May 1990) is accused of ordering hits on opposition leaders by an American named Terrell, whose testimony is suspect because of a criminal record and a dubious role in Iran-contra. Mr. Manglapus doesn't help his own credibility by first denying any such conversations with Terrell, but then adding that if you listen really closely to the tape the word "murder" is never mentioned. Meanwhile, Mrs. Aquino is considering a ban on entertainers traveling to Japan after a young Filipina is found dead and the Japanese attribute it to hepatitis while the Philippine equivalent of the FBI says her head was bashed in. And in defiance of the politically correct senate, the *Philippine Star* finds space to devote a special 16-page paean to Hamburger Day, the tenth anniversary of the founding of the first McDonald's in the Philippines.

"It would be a mistake to greet the senate's decision as evidence of anti-Americanism among the populace," says Fr. Bartholomew Lahiff, a Jesuit at Ateneo University who has spent most of the postwar years here. "The media and the intelligentsia certainly. But everyone knows that had it been put to a referendum the bases

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would be here forever. You see, the American is trusted here. And that hasn't changed."

Not that anti-Americanism isn't there. Just that it's by and large confined to those in politics or intellectual life, especially those privileged enough to have studied in the U.S. or been given refuge there when Marcos was after their heads. The Philippine senate is chock full of both. The native irresponsibility—remember, *amok* is a Malay word—was unfortunately encouraged by the framers of the People Power constitution when they decided on having a senate elected on an at-large basis. This means that senators have no constituencies, have no real need of courting votes outside the media market of Metro Manila, and have only to finish among the top two dozen names for re-election. Imagine twenty-three Jesse Jacksons running around the country and you get the picture. By "keeping her options open" on the bases until the very last minute, Mrs. Aquino allowed these "antis," as they are called, to gain momentum.

"I cannot believe that the vitality of this country will be extinguished when the last bar girl in Olongapo turns off the light in the last cabaret," thundered Sen. Juan Ponce Enrile (another Harvard law grad), proving that anti-Americanism comes from the right as well as left. At least Enrile has a good reason: he's still sulking over George Bush's decision to send in air support against the 1989 coup led by Enrile's buddies, probably his only chance for the presidential palace.

For his part, Sen. Agapito Aquino, the president's brother-in-law, claimed that the U.S. must understand that the presence of the bases "translates into a very real incapacity to stand on our own feet, a palpable inability to grow up, a political adolescence perpetually tied to the purse strings of America, a crippling dependence, an anachronistic colonial and Cold War mentality." I was buying it all until I realized that he was blaming America for Filipinos like himself blaming everything on America. Similarly, Sen. Leticia Shahani (sister of former defense secretary and current presidential candidate Fidel Ramos) told the *Asian Wall Street Journal* she was only voting in favor of the bases today "so we can really position ourselves to tell Americans with a bang to leave" tomorrow. God, she sounds like Bob Michel.

Militarily speaking, of course, the bases provided the Philippines with a defense against external aggression as well as a hedge against both right-wing coup plotters and the Communist New People's Army. Nevertheless, for the left Sen. Wigberto Tanada said that ridding the archipelago of their presence was "more important than the end of fourteen years of the Marcos dictatorship." Sen. Aquilino Pimentel called the senate decision "the final act—the entombment of the father image of America." (Just wait and see what Senator Pimentel says when daddy cuts off all aid in a year or so.) And senate president Jovito Salonga hailed the vote as "a day of liberation," which I'm not sure exactly how to take since it surfaced during the debate that Salonga has a green card. Of course, in this the good senator was only toeing the party line: of the ten senators with children or close relations in the U.S., eight were on the side of the "antis." Is this what Kipling meant when he told McKinley about the White Man's Burden?

Now, American negotiators didn't do themselves any favors, either. Fair enough, too, they were not without maddening provocation. In his post-mortem to the House Subcommittee on Asian and Pacific Affairs, special negotiator Richard Armitage noted that despite the nationalist strutting, "we were told repeatedly during the negotiations that issues presented to us in the context of sovereignty concerns were amenable to solutions proposed by the U.S. provided we were forthcoming on compensation matters." In other words, cough up a little more *baksheesh* and we'll look the other way.

But just as the Philippines banked that America would never abandon the bases in the end, U.S. negotiators apparently believed Philippine senators would ultimately come

ANCHORS AWEIGH!

Subic Bay Naval Station

Ever since Spain ceded this port to America in 1898 after Admiral Dewey routed its fleet, generations of Navy men have lost their heads over Subic the way others do over a pretty girl. One visit and it's easy to see why. Perched astride the critical sea lanes of communication for the Pacific and Indian Oceans, the base is a strategic gem. A natural, deep-water port means that even our biggest carriers can belly up right to the dock, with plenty of room for everyone else in the harbor. Training grounds for everything from jungle warfare to amphibious landings are unmarred by pesky environmentalists. Its resupply capabilities are awesome (70 percent of our ships in the Gulf war were supported from here). And a superb ship-repair facility manned by America-loving workers makes it the best bargain in the Navy.

"I've been coming here for twenty-five years and it's frustrating not to see this work out," says Admiral Thomas A. Mercer, sipping a cup of coffee in an office cluttered with Navy memorabilia from a lifetime of tours. "The impression is that this is a place based on the entertainment industry [he means girlie bars]. In reality, this is a highly skilled, highly educated, English-speaking pro-American work force. And I'd stack them up against anyone in the world." Not to mention cheap at the price: estimates are that the $78 million a year the Navy pays in the Philippines for labor alone would more than double to $167 million if done in Singapore and more than quadruple to $367 million a year in either Guam or Hawaii, the most frequently mentioned alternatives.

Together with its strategic allure (MacArthur called the Philippines "the key that unlocks the door to Asia"), Subic's "one-stop shopping" advantages made it the center of negotiations between Washington and Manila this past year-and-a-half. Although five other installations were also covered by the expiry of the 1947 Military Bases Agreement, four were relatively insignificant: one was returned in July and three others were surrendered when the Philippine senate rejected the treaty. Clark Air Base, really no more than a gas station for the 13th U.S. Air Force, had its fate decided when

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to their senses—a much dreamier proposition. Tactically, the Americans also made a huge mistake with Mount Pinatubo, whose devastating eruption killed hundreds, destroyed thousands of homes, put half a million out of work, and left parts of the Luzon landscape looking like the Iraqi desert. Instead of showing America's true side (Subic's Admiral Thomas Mercer points to the $4.8 million in aid and many man-hours of service donated by the Navy to the Pinatubo victims), Armitage upped the ante. Although this was done on the assumption that Clark Air Base was no longer part of the deal, it came across as Donald Trump pressing his advantage at a distress sale; prepared to pay $250 million a year for seven years, the U.S. got the Aquino administration to agree to $203 million a year for ten years. A *Los Angeles Times* piece reporting U.S. embassy boasts of having "muscled" the Philippines only confirmed dark suspicions.

"I would have hoped for a less turbulent decoupling," says the Philippine ambassador to the U.S., Manny Pelaez, shaking his head over the press cuttings back in Washington. "Unfortunately, tempers on both sides got in the way."

The silver lining to the whole affair may be that giving up the bases has given America a freer tongue in dealing with Malacanang on a host of issues. Despite all the pious talk about the restoration of democracy here, the only real choice Filipinos now have is to vote on which ruling family's snouts will feed from the public trough for the next six years. Finally, there are signs we are questioning the efficacy of aid. Soon after the treaty was rejected, Elliot Richardson, the President's special envoy to the Multilateral Aid Initiative to the Philippines, confessed publicly that he couldn't cite one concrete example of an aid project that had done any good. "I know it's doing some good but I don't know what good it's doing," he said. Note to Mrs. Aquino: You know you're in trouble when Elliot Richardson becomes the hardliner.

The Philippine business community has been similarly blunt, with thirty-six organizations having urged senators in a public letter not to confuse nationalism with anti-Americanism. Like most folks here, businessmen are much more concerned with the promised privatization and trade reforms that never materialized; indeed, earlier this year the government instituted a new, "temporary" 5-percent levy on imports, and while it claims to be open to foreign investors, would-be investors are treated like criminals. A Taiwanese firm that wanted to set up a $360 million petrochemical plant was kicked out by politics and the supreme court. A North Carolina power company decided against building a $340 million electricity plant for much the same reasons. The minister for trade and industry even announced that Ford was not going to set up a $150 million auto parts factory that Ford said it was never even considering. At a meeting for businessmen in the financial district of Makati, an exasperated Maurice Greenberg, chairman of the U.S-Philippine Business Committee, tried to impress on his audience the need to move past half measures and talk to deeds, particularly when Latin America, eastern Europe, and the rest of Asia are poised to leave them in the dust. "It's not as though you are without assets," he told them. "The strength of this country is its people, and they have the potential to do well in a short period of time. We'll do our part. But you have to do yours."

Alas, that's a message friends have been trying without luck to get across for years. Outside the Communist ranks, it's hard to think of a people more exploited by their government than these. Maybe now that we are really going (and I hope taking our aid with us) the government leaders here will at long last assume responsibility for the country's problems and destiny. Like the Irish, Filipinos continue to break the hearts of all those who were most strongly in their camp. Back in his Subic Bay office, Admiral Mercer sums up the established American wisdom. "Easy to love," he says. "Very difficult to help." ❐

Mount Pinatubo buried it in thousands of tons of ash. But even without a volcanic reminder, Subic was the only issue and everyone knew it.

On the human side, life is undeniably better here for most people. Olongapo is a clean, well-run city—signs around town exhort citizens to "Duty, Dignity, Determination"—and good feelings prevail. Even enlisted families can live nicely off-base with a maid, and while cheap women and beer are undeniably abundant, support for the Americans goes much deeper than the bar girls whose pro-American demonstrations make such good copy. Some 40,000 Filipinos are employed by Subic, and apart from the official aid Subic pumps almost a million dollars a day into the local economy. Almost no one believes their own government capable of making good on its promise to transform Subic into a viable commercial facility once the Yankees go home. Mayor Richard Gordon says he cannot state what the loss of Subic will mean for his town, because it's an expletive.

Although U.S. officials say the Navy will abide by the senate's decision and President Bush insists "we've made our best offer," many on the Philippine left suspect and most others here pray that Uncle Sam won't really go after all. Some trust that a new, undoubtedly more conservative senate that takes office this coming June (after May elections) will rethink the vote. But the American side seems to be going ahead with the compromise, three-year withdrawal; indeed, Admiral Mercer looks as though he might not miss having every little incident on the bases explode into headlines in the touchy Philippine press. One Western diplomat even says the Americans may make out better with an agreement that gives the U.S. access without responsibility: "You don't need to own the sandlot to play ball."

Locals are not nearly as sanguine. Over in Bogart's, a local gin mill advertising itself as "home of the mechanical bull," three or four bar girls are lounging about the ring having heard rumors that two new ships are expected in. In most ways their talk is more honest than anything that's been heard in Philippine politics in a long time. "Our senate is greasy," says 24-year-old Lisa. "To tell you the truth, we prefer the Americans to stay forever because we don't trust ourselves alone." *—WMcG*

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Memoir of the Year

by Stuart Reid

London

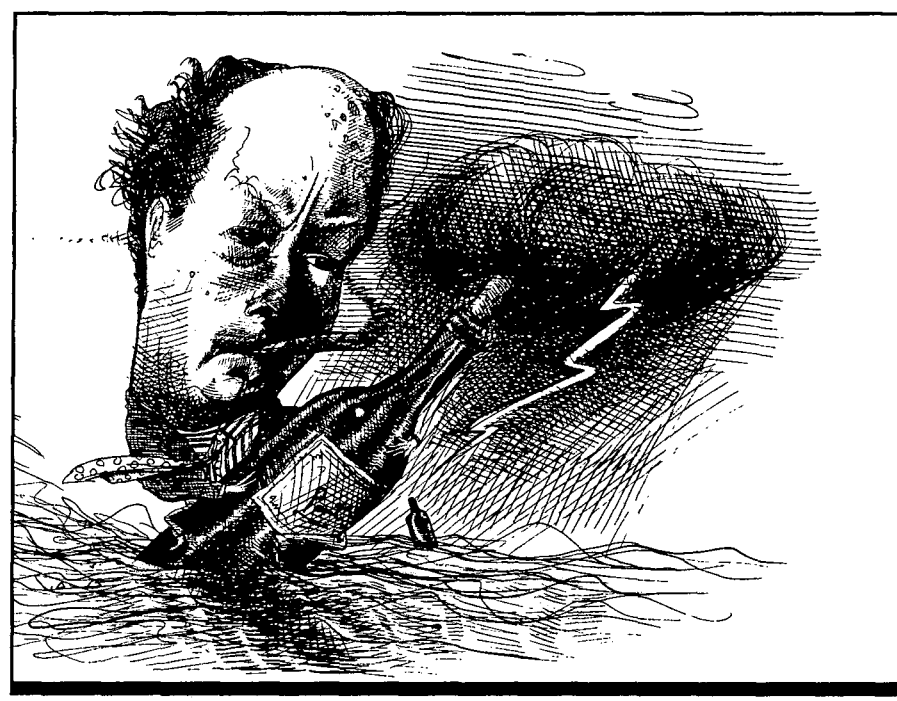
Among the sneering classes in Britain, Auberon Waugh is known as "Son of Evelyn" or "Evelyn Waugh Part II." Such epithets are as ill-informed as they are unjust, and based on nothing more substantial than penis-envy. Auberon Waugh is, as they say, a person in his own right, and better known, through his newspaper columns and television appearances, than his father was in his lifetime. People do not read Waugh *fils*, or for that matter spit at the mention of his name, just because the author of his being was also the author of *Brideshead Revisited*. Even so, it is impossible to consider the life and times and outrageously conservative views of Auberon Waugh without at the same time taking into account the F (for Father) word. Inevitably, therefore, when his autobiography was published here in the autumn, the London literary set focused on the fresh portrait it presents of Papa Bear.[1]

Death has done little to mellow Evelyn Waugh. He continues to reproach the vulgar and the illiterate from beyond the grave. To prigs, of course, he will always be a monster, but even those of us who don't admit to being prigs, and who recognize Waugh's soaring genius, have to agree that he was a cruel and unusual person. Hilaire Belloc, on first meeting him, decided that he was a man possessed. Waugh himself once told Nancy Mitford that without supernatural aid, "I would hardly be a human being." In fact, it must have seemed to his victims that he was pitching it a bit high in assuming that he was even hardly human

Would a human being deprive his own children of bananas? Most people think not, if we are to judge by the response here to the story of the Great Banana Scandal, as told by Auberon Waugh in his autobiography. Shortly after World War II, it seems, a consignment of bananas reached Britain, and the socialist government of the gentlemanly Clement Attlee decreed that every child in the land should be allowed one banana. Auberon and his two sisters were looking forward in their deprived way to experiencing for the first time what they had been assured was one of the most delicious tastes in the world. When their mother arrived home with three bananas, writes Waugh, "all three were put on my father's plate, and before the anguished eyes of his children, he poured on cream, which was almost unprocurable, and sugar, which was heavily rationed, and ate all three."

It comes as no surprise to learn that after the banana incident Waugh never again paid much attention to anything his father, an accomplished moral theologian, had to say on the subject of faith and morals, or that, at five, he would gladly have swapped the old bugger for a bosun's whistle. Did he not perhaps find consolation in the arms of his mother? No, none. She preferred her cows to her children. If she wept when he was packed off to boarding school at the age of six, the incident has gone unrecorded. His father certainly did not weep. Waugh *père* could not wait to get his children out of the house, for the simple reason that he did not like them. It was all rather dispiriting.

Still, man is born unto trouble as the sparks fly upward, and the young Waugh soon discovered what every child of the British upper middle classes must discover: that to survive at school one must learn to behave with the low cunning of the criminal classes. By the time he went



[1] *Will This Do? An Autobiography*, by Auberon Waugh. London: Century. 280 pp., £15.99.

Stuart Reid is assistant features editor of the London Sunday Telegraph.

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to Downside, the exclusive Benedictine public school, he was the sworn foe of all authority, and still only 12. He gave a good account of himself in his struggles with the monks. In one term he was beaten fourteen times—a school record.

Waugh has been accused of whining about his childhood, a serious charge, since Waugh's circle (if not Waugh himself) lays great store by the spartan values of the prep school dormitory. Anyone who falls short of the ideal provokes hisses of "crybaby," "sneak," "swot," "whining catamite," and so on, demonstrating once again what horrible damage the boarding school system has done to the intellectual fiber of Britain's ruling class. In this case, though, the charge is false as well as pre-pubescent. The stories Waugh tells are funny, resigned, philosophical, generous. Here he is on his headmaster at Downside, Dom Wilfred Passmore:

> He was immensely fat, the front of his black habit invariably covered with food stains. Graham Greene declared that he filed his teeth and had the cruellest face he had ever seen. I do not think he was particularly cruel, although it seems odd, in retrospect, for a highly intelligent man to have spent so much of his time beating boys. . . . Every evening in term-time a list of boys he wished to see appeared on the headmaster's noticeboard. Sometimes it was merely to tell them that their mothers had died or whatever, but mostly it was to beat them. . . . I find it hard to believe that he derived much pleasure from [the beatings]. Even if he did, I cannot find it in my heart to grudge him such little consolations.

Besides, Waugh has no reason for self-pity. He inherited his father's literary gifts, but not his nastiness, or not all of it. (Though he is often cruel and malicious in print, his friends insist that he is kind, tolerant, and generous in private, and he doesn't beat his children up.) His experiences in the nursery and at school provided him with precisely the strength a young man needs if he is to get through this vale of tears with a smile on his face. Waugh's gratitude to his father is palpable. Indeed, as the book progresses it becomes clear that in later life he held "Papa" in great affection; their correspondence is full of happy ironies and good-natured insults. It might be going a bit far to describe their relationship as deeply moving, but at times it comes dangerously close to it. That Waugh could have ended up a gibbering imbecile as a result of his upbringing is neither here nor there. The fact is he didn't. No doubt, most of us would have cracked in his circumstances. On the other hand, we all know gibbering imbeciles whose parents doted on them.

In 1957, the undoted-upon Waugh was drafted into the army and joined his father's old regiment, the Royal Horse Guards. He did not distinguish himself as a soldier. His military career ended farcically when, in a moment of absentmindedness, he shot himself in the chest with a Browning machine gun (and lost, in consequence, one lung, two ribs, one finger, and his spleen—but, as he always insists whenever there is mocking speculation, *nothing else*). As he lay dying (as it then seemed), he turned to his Corporal of Horse, whose name happened to be Chudleigh, and said: "Kiss me, Chudleigh." The poor man did not get the reference to Nelson's dying words ("Kiss me, Hardy"), and thereafter treated Waugh with some caution.

After Oxford, where he again failed to distinguish himself, Waugh became a journalist, joining the staff of the *Daily Telegraph* as a gossip writer and "culture sub." The culture sub is the chap who edits the late-night theatre and concert notices. (At the *Telegraph* in Waugh's day the culture sub would pick up the telephone and say, "Hullo, Culture.") Those who care for *New York Times* headlines will delight in the headlines Waugh wrote at the time: BALLET TEACHES NOTHING NEW, AFRICAN PLAY MISSES ITS AIM, NO THRILLS BY VISITING SWEDE, DOCUMENTARY FILM SHEDS NO LIGHT.

The headlines he writes today, as editor of the *Literary Review*, are altogether more sophisticated, but not as funny. Waugh also writes for the London *Spectator* and the *Daily Telegraph* (where he has recently taken over the "Way of the World" column from Peter Simple, Fleet Street's legendary reactionary). He is one of Britain's most successful journalists, earning, if we are to believe the *Wall Street Journal*, more than $170,000 a year. What is remarkable about this achievement is that Waugh does not pander to popular prejudices but goes out of his way to trample them. He dislikes everything that is decent, worthy, and fashionable in modern thinking, especially if the thinking is being done by a friend, or even an acquaintance, of the earth. But he reserves his special spleen, as it were, for that perennial vice of the British middle classes, compassion. To the charge that vituperative writing such as his own causes the children of its victims to weep, he replies: let them weep; they'll get over it. He guards his back against the enemies he has cultivated over the years and pokes his tongue out at the levelers. The one sentence in his autobiography that sums up his philosophy is this: "The price of privilege is eternal vigilance."

But conservative ideologues should not believe they have a soulmate in Waugh; he has not time for ideology or orthodoxy. It follows that he is no Thatcherite. In 1989 he advised the Iron Lady to resign. Foolishly, she did not listen, with we-all-know-now-what results. Waugh loathes the lager-drinking, bond-dealing, decision-making New Brits who flourished in the eighties, and he loathes too the redneck Tories who at the party conference most years bay for the rope and for tougher prison sentences. He is, indeed, hostile to Law 'n' Order, believing that the police today are little more than well-equipped urban terrorists, with their flak jackets, automatic rifles, and helicopter gunships. Nor is he, like so many Tory traditionalists, an anti-federalist. *Au contraire*, he clearly hopes that a wider and deeper Europe will have a civilizing effect on Britain.

In other words, Waugh does not conform to any right-wing stereotype. There is something of P. J. O'Rourke in him, something perhaps of William F. Buckley, but Hunter S. Thompson is in there, too, and so is Gore Vidal. His concern is first to defend his own turf, then to defend civilization against barbarism. But how to mount such a defense? Auberon Waugh's solution is to set out modest proposals and then to mock the politicians in the hope of thereby goading them into action. Here is an example, taken from a column he wrote in the *Spectator* just before the last Tory party conference. In it he suggests that government can tackle the twin problems of homelessness and unemployment by making the wages of domestic servants tax-deductible. But he is realistic in his approach:

> My proposal . . . is not one to wave before the electorate, or even to debate with great gusto before the conference. It is one to be discussed quietly in smoke-filled rooms over the port, brandy, and fizzy peach wine before the lights are turned down, clothes are taken off and the serious business starts.

This settles the question often asked about Waugh: Is he joking or is he serious? The answer, clearly, is that he is always joking, and always serious. I should not be surprised if the next Conservative government makes wages for domestic servants tax-deductible. Funnier things have happened. Ask Mrs. Thatcher. ❐

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A New Balance of Terror

by Avigdor Haselkorn

The Bush Administration took two steps in October that confirm an important change in U.S. thinking toward the Middle East. Ironically—and dangerously—both were seen as motivated by Washington's desire to put no obstacles in the way of the Madrid peace conference. First, at the beginning of the month, the administration leaked that it had "strongly protested" through "private channels" Israeli reconnaissance flights over western Iraq. The *New York Times*, on October 9, quoted an administration official as saying:

> We basically wanted an official explanation from them as to why they did this and we made it clear that we don't expect this to happen again. . . . The fact that we share intelligence with [the Israelis] leaves us puzzled as to why they would have done something like this. We address these security concerns for the Israelis, so why do they need to make these flights?

Defense Minister Moshe Arens remarked on Israeli radio on October 22 that the U.S. had made "strong and discourteous" complaints over the Israeli flights and claimed it was "expecting an explanation." One day later, the *Washington Times* reported that the North Korean ship *Mupo* was heading from the Indian Ocean into the Red Sea with a cargo of Scud-C surface-to-surface missiles destined for Syria. The administration, having monitored increased Israeli gunboat activity in the Eastern Mediterranean, was concerned that Israel might try to intercept the ship, and intervened. Again, the Israeli consensus was that President Bush was acting merely to assure the convening of the Middle East peace conference scheduled for later that month.

But this was the *second* time the Bush Administration had gone to bat for the Syrian military. Lally Weymouth of the *Washington Post*, known for her access to top-level sources in Israel, reported on September 29 that last spring "America made a previously undisclosed request that Israel not attack" another North Korean ship, loaded with mobile Scud launchers and two dozen missiles. The green light the U.S. gave Syria effectively to absorb Lebanon and to strengthen its defenses in the Bekaa Valley need hardly be mentioned. (In Lebanon, ironically, the U.S. has given Syria what Moscow could never have promised: annexation *and* immunity from a strong Israeli response backed by Washington.)

But what Israeli leaders have ignored is that recent U.S. complicity in the Syrian military buildup involves more than Secretary of State Jim Baker's "peace diplomacy." While Baker's Madrid follies are treated in the Knesset as little more than his failure as an "honest broker," what is at stake is nothing less than a brand-new strategic concept and a fundamental realignment of U.S. priorities in the Middle East.

The Bush Administration is not generally given to hastiness in foreign policy. In allowing Damascus to arm itself with longer-range, more accurate Scud-Cs, it knows exactly what it is doing. It has begun to base its policy toward the Syrian-Israeli conflict on a balance of terror, abandoning the belief of the last several administrations that, to deter war, Israel must be militarily superior to its Arab neighbors. Another belief it is abandoning is one arrived at by a Joint Chiefs of Staff study in the aftermath of the Yom Kippur War: that Israel cannot be defended within its 1967 borders.

There are two reasons for the administration's shift. First, Bush worries about Israel using its window of opportunity in the wake of the Gulf war to pre-empt the Syrian military buildup. Any such pre-emptive action would jeopardize the Arab coalition that supported Bush in the Gulf war and now, he hopes, will protect the stability of the oil-rich Arab states. Second, by providing for a missile-based "balance of terror" between Syria and Israel,

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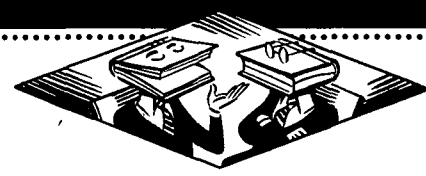
the administration can present "territorial compromise" as the only viable basis for an Arab-Israeli settlement. Top administration officials are already on record as claiming that Iraqi Scud attacks on Israeli cities prove only that territory has little value in this missile age. The President's national security adviser Brent Scowcroft even stated last April that Israel "needs no strategic depth."

The Israeli analysts who wondered out loud about the logic of asking their country to increase its territorial vulnerability by giving up land while simultaneously allowing Syria to continue its missile buildup simply failed to recognize the emergence of the new U.S. policy. In Scowcroft's conception, there is no contradiction between the two. The larger the Syrian surface-to-air missile arsenal, the less relevant territory becomes to the defense of Israel and the stronger the case for territorial compromise. The administration evidently believes that Syria's growing missile stockpile will help invalidate the security pretext for Israel's continued hold on the territories. In Scowcroft's weird syllogism, Israel's increased vulnerability to Syrian missiles is not unwelcome. Besides highlighting the territories' superfluity, the missile threat could increase pressure—military pressure—on Israel to make concessions in the name of peace. In addition, it could deter Israel from attacking Syria and thus lead to *de facto* strategic stability while the U.S. brokers a "peace for land" deal. Meanwhile, by making a big stink over Israel's Iraqi reconnaissance flights, the administration signals that it will not deter Syria's missile buildup but veto an Israeli pre-emptive strike. In short, President Bush is making a reality of the dream Gorbachev told Assad could never be achieved: Syrian military parity with Israel.

The Bush Administration apparently believes the model of U.S.-Soviet strategic relations, as practiced under MAD, can be applied to the Middle East. Molded by their prolonged involvement in the U.S.-Soviet confrontation, Bush and Scowcroft believe that a balance of terror in the Middle East will not only bring stability but also lead to the elimination of weapons of mass destruction in the region altogether. Little wonder that the administration has begun badgering Israel on its nuclear option. By all indications, Washington has been taken in by its own "new world order" propaganda. And while the Bush Administration now hopes it can impose the program on the Arab countries, it is our ally Israel that will wind up paying the price. ❐

AMONG THE INTELLECTUALOIDS



Benetton U.

by Tim W. Ferguson

At the World Dance on a Saturday night in late September, I saw the New Stanford University. Along a campus street, multicultural bands were playing variations on Latino funk. There, on a ministage in front of my old freshman dorm, a dozen students performed what I would call *a cappella* calypso. In keeping with local grooming standards (which have improved markedly in fifteen years) they were as well-scrubbed as Benetton models, and just as diverse.

The event was all in good cheer—and free, too, unlike the pricy World Dinner beforehand. Catered cuisine hadn't been served in such tented opulence since Malcolm Forbes's last birthday bash in Morocco. Stanford was throwing a weekend centennial party for itself and 10,000 alums, and the self-conscious theme was the school's acquired reputation for pluralism with a vengeance. The quarrels lurked barely beneath the surface of public and private discussions. The audience for this celebration was tilted toward the traditional, to judge by the applause meter. Former Secretary of State George Shultz scored high at an early gathering when he dared suggest that those who voluntarily come to a university, like immigrants to a new country, buy into certain customs and conventions.

Stanford remains home to the brighter sons and daughters of the elite, particularly from the western U.S. But matching the current student body with alumni bodies accentuates how much the world is changing: the contemporary classes are a good deal less white (and, like most California schools, significantly Asian—24 percent). Nonetheless, the kids displayed pleasant tolerance for their elders, despite having their normal class schedules disrupted to allow visitors to attend a wide range of special lectures. When one aging alum arrived late at a small, oversubscribed session, an undergraduate offered up her chair at the roundtable and plopped down to the floor. This little act of grace was followed by another of even greater portent: a male classmate seated near the wall discreetly offered his chair to the grounded coed—and she accepted.

According to a column in the *Review*, the campus conservative weekly, most Stanford students have had their fill of political correctness. Daryl Joseffer, a former editor of the publication, argued that no sooner had multiculturalism become university policy than it was repulsed at the "human level" in a backlash against P.C. indoctrination and speech control. "This spring," he reported, "the People's Platform, a coalition of radical students of color, was overwhelmingly ousted from the student government it controlled for four years. Fraternities and sororities, despised and lambasted by the campus left for supposedly engendering 'racism, sexism, and homophobia,' had an extremely successful rush this year." Not that the place is ready to become a hotbed of Young Republicanism. For all the smiles of centennial weekend, tensions remain acute on many fronts. But bonhomie generally overcomes politics at a tightly knit school. I said *generally*: at the campus crossroads of White Plaza, I saw one young woman sporting a T-shirt with the word HISPANIC encircled and slashed; underneath was printed with instructional emphasis, CHICANA. Whatever you say, ma'am.

Booze is another serious subject at Stanford. A few years back the university introduced a policy called EANABS. The gist of

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this mysterious acronym, according to a full-page notice in the campus *Daily*, is that any host serving alcoholic beverages had better keep them away from minors and make soft drinks "at least as accessible and attractive as, and more plentiful than," the hard stuff. I'm not sure how well the centennial conformed to EANABS. I did catch sight of many attractive wine bottles on the tables at the fancy soirées I couldn't afford to attend. On the other hand, I can also report that armed Santa Clara County sheriff's deputies were keeping eyes out for any improper containers entering the opening convocation at 9:00 a.m., Sunday. It beats me how the event scheduled for that hour—a keynote address by Canadian Prime Minister Brian Mulroney—would have been thought the likely target of a raucous crowd.

Although I can't speak for the throats, I will say that the grounds of the otherwise tidy campus were definitely parched. In the face of prolonged drought, it is thought unseemly to use water for non-indigenous landscaping. Can't deprive those California rice farmers of a few of the billions of gallons of irrigation they need to qualify for their crop subsidies.

Rushing off to class with some of the alums, I saw a sign in one window of the humanities building with the large letters, HOMOTEXTUAL, a reminder that gay rights are written in stone at Stanford. The school was the first to extend married-student housing to "domestic partners," who've now been granted similar privileges at the student health center. It was thus rather odd that the Queer Nation wing of the homosexual movement chose to disrupt the final convocation by harassing the speaker, California Governor Pete Wilson (whose wife is a Stanford grad), who'd just vetoed a job discrimination bill sought and expected by the gay lobby. Departing from his text, which propounded his vision of "family values," Wilson denounced his tormentors as "fascists," fielded an orange thrown at him, and received a standing ovation from the rest of the crowd.

The Gaieties is not what you might think it would be in this context (at least not entirely). It's an annual student musical revue. A special version was produced for nostalgic alums or those who'd already sampled the local lounge acts. The Rams Head performing troupe managed to offend a few oldsters with the safest of sex scenes. A nicely staged number called "Contraception" ended with a gratuitous display of a banana *à la* condom. "Is this what the world is coming to?" one bygone dollie asked rhetorically. The

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show's producer answered anyway. "Yes, this is what the world is coming to," he told the *Stanford Daily*.

No survey of Stanford would be complete without a check of its various barometers of progressive activity. The kiosks devoted to public notices were ever in chaos—a reflection either of Garrett Hardin's "tragedy of the commons" or of Joseph Schumpeter's "creative destruction." In search of coherence I retreated to the relatively controlled indoor postings. At the Green Library, Helen Caldicott's latest engagement was prominently advertised (what has she left to say?), as was the work of various Palestinian artists ("Grapes and Figs Are in Season," one flyer announced). John Frohnmayer ('64) was to address "issues facing the arts in the '90s." Both at the library and at the Political Science Corner, advertisements for Central American refugees willing to be maids could appeal to both the ideological and the hypocritical sides of campus liberals. My favorite was the housekeeping service devilishly camouflaged as "Women at Work."

For weightier evidence, I headed to the campus bookstore, which seems to get bigger every time I return. This mega-merchandiser now devotes a loft to the requisite capuccino bar. I wanted to see whose books were selling, as opposed to just being sold, a big difference in the case of Raisa Gorbachev's *I Hope*, as I soon learned. John Gardner's current snooze was also on display, for all who slept through his commencement speech last June. I puzzled over the absence—at the bestseller table—of P. J. O'Rourke's *Parliament of Whores*. Not to worry, as I learned at the highly computerized order desk: thirty-two copies of P. J. had been stocked and sold out!

A chap from the Class of '51 remarked that he hadn't been back since graduating and was amazed by the number of buildings that had sprung up, even as non–professional school enrollment has been stable. This "edifice complex," as a wag once tagged it at a campus construction site, will be one of President Donald Kennedy's lasting legacies. This compulsion may also have sped his downfall, in that the federal government has used Stanford as Exhibit A in cracking down on research overcharges by major universities.

Although private funds were raised to fund many of the new structures, they often served as mere leverage for bringing in the cranes. Paying off the balance on the facilities and maintaining all this new space is what accounts for nearly all the growth in indirect-cost reimbursements that landed President Kennedy in hot water. His infamous yacht and wedding reception cost peanuts by comparison.

Kennedy has an interesting defender (of sorts) in Martin Anderson, of the Hoover Institution. In his forthcoming book on American intellectuals, Anderson argues that the alienation of the modern university faculty from American life is rooted in their fraudulent presumption to being teachers. In fact, he says, to avoid teaching they have constructed a "research" apparatus that includes placing articles in ever more obscure and impenetrable journals. Not only has the indirect-cost scandal brought the roof down on part of that exercise, but Kennedy's last major crusade as president is a long-announced quest to emphasize undergraduate teaching. Anderson

and others think that drive explains the limp faculty defense of Kennedy when his troubles mounted last spring.

It's hard to imagine Kennedy showing any sympathy for a senior fellow at Hoover. He locked horns with the institution's longtime leader, Glenn Campbell, over such matters as the Reagan Presidential Library, and eventually saw his crusty nemesis brought down. Under new leadership, Hoover appears to be back in the good graces of the Stanford administration, even if not with a big chunk of the faculty. Certainly, its existence cannot be ignored. Even without the Hoover Tower, which loomed over the centennial ceremonies in Frost Amphitheater, the institution would be an imposing presence. Its big-name scholars helped "sell" the centennial, and there was growing interest in Hoover's advisory links to Boris Yeltsin's government. Into the evening on Friday, two top Siberian leaders addressed about a hundred listeners at a Hoover hall. Whereas a personnel link between the institution and the Reagan Administration in the early 1980s angered or embarrassed many at Stanford, the tie to Yeltsin is a source of widespread pride. For now, Kennedy's celebrated guest of a year ago, Mikhail Gorbachev, is faintly archival.

If George Shultz, a Hoover fellow, were willing (and younger—he's 71), the Stanford trustees presumably would love to appoint him president when Kennedy steps down at the end of the current academic year. But one should not discount the possibility that the university, after a decade of hyper–social activism, will find a younger candidate with whom it can lean back toward corporate America. The left, more entrenched than ever in campus power bases, would likely raise unholy hell. Still, the driving concern of Stanford now is money.

As a result of the federal probe and other setbacks, perhaps $50 million will have to be axed from its budget. In the ultra-prestigious academic league in which Stanford competes, even the perception of retreat can be devastating. In addition, because high technology science today offers such vast and lucrative commercial possibilities, a keen understanding of links to the business world ought to be a qualification for heading any first-rank university.

One person who could fit this presidential profile is Michael Boskin, who will be winding down a term as President Bush's chief economic adviser. Boskin is on leave from the Stanford faculty and, before departing for Washington, was instrumental in forming an economics center on campus that attracted millions of dollars in corporate-type support. James Rosse, a colleague in that effort, is now the university provost.

What, then, of multiculturalism, of what Donald Kennedy in the centennial valedictory called Stanford's "great experiment: to construct a learning community that both confronts and overcomes human differences"? The kindest thing that can be said is that the policies he initiated or accepted—the "awareness" drives, the limitations on satiric speech, the symbolic demise of Western Civ—have instead magnified and hardened those human differences. If his objective was to shake the complacency of an affluent student majority and not let it be graduated in splendid isolation from swirling demographic change—and a university may properly set this as a goal—he should have found a better way ("missionary" postings?) than resorting to heavy-handed behavioral and thought modification. Gorby could have told him that. ❐

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The Other Plath

by Florence King

When the expatriate American poet Sylvia Plath gassed herself in her London flat in February 1963, Betty Friedan was anticipating the publication of *The Feminine Mystique* later that year. The confluence of these two events was the first trickle in that river of no return known as the Women's Movement, for Plath, trying to write while saddled with two toddlers and estranged from her philandering husband, died in the name of Having It All.

She has since become feminism's foremost martyr. Feminist pilgrims to her Yorkshire grave have hacked her married name off four tombstones, and Robin Morgan, editor of *Ms.*, has devised a sacrificial rite for Plath's husband, Ted Hughes, now Poet Laureate of England. She wants to dismember him, stuff "that weapon" in his mouth, sew up his lips, and then "we women [will] blow out his brains." Bliss it is to be buried here and there in Westminster Abbey. Two excellent new biographies bring dispassionate yet sympathetic masculine points of view to this long-running passion play,[1] but nothing can disguise the fact that Sylvia Plath was the Brat of Endor.

The compulsive erudition that destroyed her nerves seems to have run in the family. Her German-immigrant father was a forbidding Herr Doktor figure, an entomologist and an authority on bees, as well as a linguist who taught modern languages at Boston University, where he met Sylvia's mother, a first-generation German-American who so worshipped the written word that she claimed Baby Sylvia tried to talk at eight weeks.

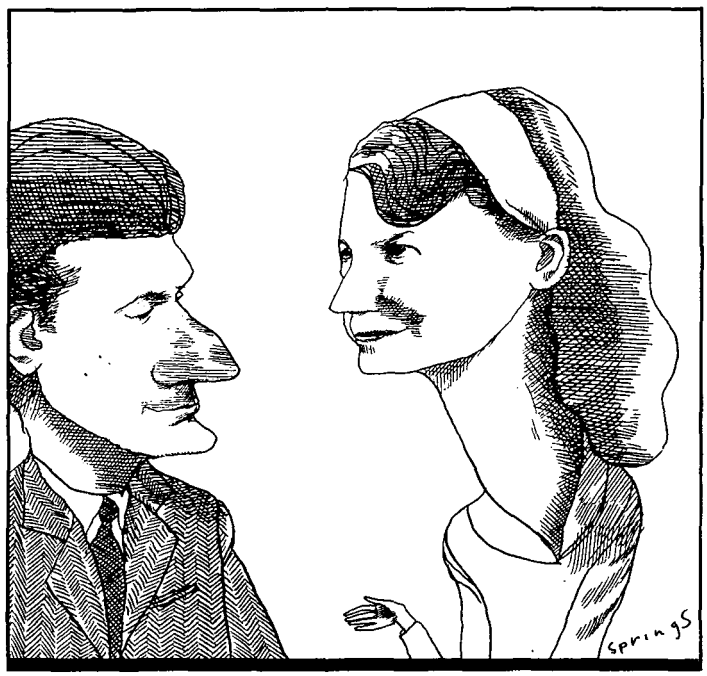
As a child Sylvia read, wrote, drew, painted, danced, played the piano, and kept a maniacally thorough diary, using the entries as goads to remind herself to read more books, take more courses, get more A's, win more prizes and medals, write more stories and poems. The more she excelled, the more she expected of herself; the more she expected of herself, the more she had to excel.

When her father died when she was eight, she demanded her mother sign a paper promising never to remarry. Mother signed, thereafter devoting herself to her precocious daughter's education with such uncomplaining self-sacrifice that Sylvia was driven to rack up an endless array of intellectual triumphs to justify her mother's struggles and hold guilt at bay. In high school she sold a story to *Seventeen* and poems to the *Christian Science Monitor*, but she lived in dread of her free-lance writer's rejection slips, the eternal student in her seeing each one as a failing grade.

Her mother had moved to Wellesley so Sylvia could attend the prestigious girls' college on a town scholarship and live at home, but Sylvia insisted on the even more prestigious Smith. Her tuition was covered by two scholarships, one endowed by novelist Olive Higgins Prouty, author of *Now, Voyager* and *Stella Dallas*, who was to treat Plath like a mother. Meanwhile, her real mother took a second job to pay her board bill.

At Smith she sold poems to *Harper's*, won the *Mademoiselle* fiction prize, and in June 1953 received the coveted *Mademoiselle* guest editorship that triggered her first nervous breakdown. Many Plath partisans prefer to believe that her sensitive nerves were shattered by the execution of the Rosenbergs at Sing-Sing while she was in New York, but the real cause of her collapse was less flattering. A lifelong teacher's pet, she was thrust suddenly into the non-academic working world, a minion at the beck and call of tough-minded New York publishing pros concerned with getting out a magazine. Instead of being praised and pampered, she was criticized and made to rewrite one of her pieces four times. She responded like a true intellectual, making supercilious remarks about the "drudgery" and "detail" of offices and crying when asked to work overtime.

To get even, she threw all her clothes out the window of her hotel. Returning home in a borrowed dress, she learned that



[1] *The Death and Life of Sylvia Plath*, by Ronald Hayman. Birch Lane Press, 235 pp., $19.95. *Rough Magic: A Biography of Sylvia Plath*, by Paul Alexander. Viking, 402 pp., $24.95.

Florence King's new book With Charity Toward None: A Fond Look at Misanthropy *(St. Martin's Press), will be published in February.*

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she had been turned down for a short-story seminar at Harvard Summer School. Devastated by this fresh diminishment and terrified that she had "lost her creativity," she plunged into a heavy reading program to re-establish her scholarly bona fides. When she found she could not finish James Joyce's *Ulysses,* she panicked. Fearing that she was losing her mind, she devoured the works of Freud and Jung and diagnosed herself as a schizophrenic with an inferiority complex, an Electra complex, and penis envy.

When she sliced at her legs with a razor blade "to see if I had the nerve," her mother took her to a public hospital where she was given electroshock treatments. Shortly thereafter she disappeared. After a three-day manhunt involving Boy Scouts, bloodhounds, American Legionnaires, and confusing headlines—SMITH GIRL MISSING FROM WELLESLEY—she was found in her own home, in the basement crawl space where she had hidden after taking forty sleeping pills that nearly killed her.

Olive Higgins Prouty paid the medical bills and found Sylvia a sympathetic female psychiatrist—just what she didn't need. With a new teacher figure to impress, she was thrust back into her frenzied mode. Now she became a shrink's pet, intent on having the best anxieties, the neatest dreams, the sharpest memories; striving for straight A's in penis envy, gold stars in schizophrenia, and the Electra Complex honor roll. The handwriting was on the wall and it said Phi Beta Kaput.

If Plath's story is ever turned into a country music song, it should be called "Mothers, Don't Let Your Daughters Grow Up to Win Fulbrights." After graduating from Smith she went to Cambridge and met Ted Hughes, an unwashed English intellectual in the fullness of his gummy socks, "a big, dark, hunky boy, the only one huge enough for me," the rangy Plath confided to her diary. She loved the "virile, deep, banging poems" he wrote (one was called "Fallgrief's Girlfriends"); he was "a breaker of things and people" with "a voice like the thunder of God." That very night they "made love like giants" even though Hughes lived in a renovated chicken coop, and Plath wrote a sickie poem about being stalked by a panther.

She boasted in a letter to Mrs. Prouty about Hughes's thrilling way of "bashing people around," but her patroness was unimpressed. "He sounds too much like Dylan Thomas for me to think he would make a satisfactory husband and father," Prouty warned, but Plath paid no heed. Hughes, a Yorkshireman, probably reminded her of Heathcliff; reading *Wuthering Heights* has destroyed more women than the cholera.

Once married, she turned her perfectionism on the housewifely arts, struggling to keep their sooty flat clean while the gamey Hughes, who did not bathe for three weeks during their honeymoon, dropped dandruff and nose-pickings along with poetic pearls. When his first book was published the following year, Plath wrote her mother: "I am more happy than if it was my book published! I am so happy *his* book is accepted *first.*" She also said she wanted him to be acknowledged as the better poet. That's what distaff egomaniacs sound like when they're trying to be feminine. For all her insecurities, Plath was the kind of American woman who gets a lock on femininity by saying, in effect: "Listen, buster, I'm giving you five minutes to dominate me, and if I'm not dominated by then you're going to be in big trouble."

As further evidence of her femininity, she intended to have "a batch of brilliant healthy children." Seven, to be exact, since Ted, who dabbled in witchcraft, believed that the seventh child was significant. She had never given any evidence of even liking children, but she insisted that childbirth was "closer to the bone" than sex or marriage, and that being "mountainous-pregnant" was her favorite state. The feminist agenda can but benefit when an erudite woman says things like this. Plath's ultimate conundrum makes a perfect argument for day care, but her real reason for loving pregnancy has been overlooked by her feminist devotees as well as her two new male biographers: *the academic year runs nine months.*

She had a daughter and a son in quick succession, both home births aided by Ted, who hypnotized her to ease the pain. He also hypnotized her to cure her insomnia and relax her "razor-shaved" nerves, but her anxiety attacks and rages mounted. "A kind of macabre marathon for all concerned" was the way a hostess described a weekend with her. She burned the contents of Ted's desk in a backyard bonfire, reciting an incantation as she danced around the flames, then wrote a poem called "Burning the Letters." When his mistress called, she ripped the phone out of the wall and wrote "The Black Telephone's Off at the Root." Meanwhile, she was writing her novel, *The Bell Jar,* about her collegiate nervous breakdown. Instead of writing about what she did, she did what she wanted to write

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about. Truly creative people don't operate this way, and perhaps, deep down, she knew it.

Ronald Hayman and Paul Alexander tell substantially the same story and both tell it well, though Hayman's attempt to fold summaries of the poems into his ongoing narrative (Ted Hughes holds all the copyrights and refuses permission to quote) occasionally leads him into florid waters, e.g.:

> The suggestion of superhuman size—residue from the dream and the earlier poem—emerges in the idea that his toe, as big as a seal, is in San Francisco while his head is in the Atlantic, and, with a fond affectation of contempt, she compares him with the devil by saying he has a cleft in his chin instead of his foot.

Alexander's book is more evocative of time and place and more dramatically effective. His most macabre story concerns Sylvia's final gas bill, which must have been rather large. Ted's mistress forwarded it to a third party, writing on it: "She was your friend. You pay it."

He probes deeper into Ted's occultism, and proffers an ominous theory held by several of Plath's friends:

> After years of being repeatedly hypnotized by Ted and acting on his posthypnotic suggestions, Sylvia was highly sensitive to any signal—conscious or unconscious—that she perceived him to be sending. Several times during the fall she had told her mother that Ted wanted her to kill herself; if she believed this, it might have propelled her on some new and purposeful path of action [that night].

Alexander also includes a highly significant 1950s cameo: the guest speaker at Plath's 1955 Smith graduation was Adlai Stevenson, who told the class that their highest goal should be a "creative marriage."

As contemporaries of Plath can attest, *creative* was the leading buzzword of the decade, used incessantly by everyone from manufacturers of Paint by the Numbers to employers advertising for female office clerks ("Seek creative miss to file architectural plans"). "Being creative" was a perfect excuse for majoring in English, an airy-fairy way of saying you liked to read, and an ideal rationale for free-floating discontent and unfocused rebellion.

Creative's twin was *intense*, a code word for superiority used by intellectual snobs who wanted to recuse themselves from American egalitarianism without doing anything illiberal. The creative 'n' intense set tended to make a fetish of being high-strung, the theory being that nerves are to aristocrats what splinters are to carpenters. Their favorite reading was pop-Freudian paperbacks like *The Fifty-Minute Hour*, and they never met a complex they didn't like.

When they gathered in their basement apartments to deplore Eisenhower conformity, there was an Oedipus on every rattan rug and an Electra in every butterfly chair. This aspect of the fifties, rather than the feminine mystique, may have produced the "unique" Sylvia Plath. ❐

BEN STEIN'S DIARY

The Sad Society

by Benjamin J. Stein

Thursday

If you have a lemon, make lemonade. I was lying on my bed, "wrestling" with my son, the world's handsomest boy, Tommy. "Wrestling" means that he waits until I'm not looking, then he jumps on my knees or my chest or my head as hard as he can and then screams with delight when I cry out in pain. According to his rules, I'm not allowed to fend him off or grab him when he lands on me .

Anyway, I was "wrestling" with Tommy when I picked up a copy of the *New York Times* and read an item that really laid me low. A big studio here and a big star here are making a black version of a famous movie from the late 1930s. The reason I went into shock was that I had written an outline of such a movie two years ago. I had sent it to the star in question via my agent. He had read it, supposedly, or someone who worked for him, and after much thought it had been turned down. Then I had written a piece in the *L.A. Times* suggesting this movie in late 1989. No one had bought it. Now, bang, a big studio is making it. With the guy I pitched it to who said no.

Plus, the scriptwriter-producer is a longtime friend, or so I thought when I talked to him about it a year ago. Damn it all. More grist for the lawyers' mill. Endless. I am so sick of getting taken I can't stand it. This whole town is nothing but a nest of gypsies and thieves.

Stoked with rage like Mount Pinatubo, I went off to Universal to read for a part in a new drama show. Now, this is where the lemon/lemonade comes in. The role I was reading for was not a comic role. It was a serious role of a vicious, angry trial lawyer suing a doctor. Before I read about the movie, I could not possibly have hoped to get the part. But after I read it, I was so angry that I paced the hallway outside the casting room seething with aggression like a righteously offended Perry Mason. I kept saying that famous line from *Blade Runner* to myself. "I want more life, f---er!," which is what robot Rutger Hauer says when he meets the scientist/industrialist who "created" him and then doomed him to an early death.

Next to me on a couch sat a skinny, beautiful, but worried woman who was also auditioning. She had every mark of the beast upon her: Silver jewelry. A ring on her thumb (which is like a neon sign flashing in hundred-foot letters—"I am a child—I am a spoiled child—I am a very spoiled child"). Hair in comically long braid. Floor-length cotton skirt. (Now sign flashes in a different color to "I am dangerously angry.")

The woman, whose name was, incredi-

Benjamin J. Stein is a writer and actor living in Malibu, California.

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bly, Infiniti, like the car, told me she was not really an actress, but a 37-year-old playwright and a graduate of Wellesley

"Where's that?" I asked.

"In Massachusetts," she answered.

"Massachusetts?" I asked.

"Yes," she said. "In the east."

"Like, near Tahoe?" I asked.

She looked disgusted, proving my thesis that those who wear their hair in long braids also check their sense of humor in the birth canal when they enter the world.

I asked her which were her favorite playwrights and plays. She said she couldn't think of any right then.

"How about Arthur Miller?" I asked. "I love *The Crucible*."

"Yeah," she said, "only I like mainly women's plays."

"Like which ones?"

"Well, like a whole series I'm writing for the Women's Playwriting Collective in Oakland about women's issues," she said.

I was spared hearing what those issues might have been by being summoned to the office of the director, where I read my lines viciously for the producer, director, and another producer. I added a lot of lines to make me even crueler. I was good, and I knew it. Oh, yeah.

"I hate you," the producer said. "You're just like every SOB lawyer who's ever examined me and made me have to pay money. The only thing you didn't do is give a little smile before you put in the shiv."

I knew I had the part. On my way out, I said to Infiniti that I would wish her well if she would take off her thumb ring. Amazingly, she took it off, and I wished her well.

Friday

A trip to glorious Santa Cruz, my former home, my old stomping ground, the place where I was happiest in my whole life. It was swell. On the way up, a stewardess crashed one of those huge serving carts into my knee. Then she dropped a can of Coke and it exploded all over me. Then she didn't want to bring me a towel to clean off my brand-new Polo blazer. I yelled at her and a drunken man behind me said, "Hey, she's just a little lady doing her job. Lighten up."

"She didn't hit you in the knee, pal," I said.

As we landed, he started off on a long drunken tangent about racing cars and I left the plane.

I got to the campus at about ten p.m. It was foggy and slightly drizzling. I walked to my old college, now called Porter, and got tea in the coffee shop. The students looked scraggly, confused, like small children pouting because they were not able to think of something new to demand from their parents. A group of kids were pretending to be a jug band. Their music was pretty good.

Across the hall, a Halloween party of decidedly gay orientation was going on, even though Halloween was over. (Hey, this is Santa Cruz.)

Someone was singing a song inviting young men to stay at the YMCA if they were new in town. I stood outside and read a poster from the Gay and Lesbian Support Network, an official student organization at U.C., Santa Cruz. The poster advertised a "Sapphic Ball," in which women students who were unsure of their sexual orientation were asked to "come as you aren't" to the ball and try out being lesbians for an evening. This party was being held in a room at U.C., paid for by the taxpayers of California. The curious were invited to come to the support network's office, located in another room provided free by the people of California, for advice on how to become a lesbian.

I walked around in the paths and byways of the campus for an hour. It all made me sad. One night in 1972, I took my little Weimaraner puppy, Mary, inside my jacket and we watched a movie called *Fallen Angel* in a class about Film Noir in a big room filled with students. I walked back to my room that night in 1972 with a whole knot of students and we spent the rest of the night laughing and eating donuts.

That was before I was afraid to eat donuts. I think it was before Americans generally were afraid to eat donuts or even to laugh, and certainly before we were afraid to stay up late.

Saturday

A drive up Highway 9 to the mountain towns of Felton, Ben Lomond, and Boulder Creek. These are small towns, but except for Felton, they aren't exactly all-American. Boulder Creek and Ben Lomond are particular faves of bikers. By "bikers," I don't mean your sissy citified bikers with their pretty clothes and pink Harleys. Noooo. These are the real McCoy. Scary ones with tattoos, crazed looks, missing teeth, scars, knives. Evil bikers from hell. There were a lot out today.

I stopped at Felton High School to watch the Junior Varsity get beaten in one quarter by the Onionville H.S. Junior Varsity. It was sweet. In every direction around the field were overwhelming stands of pine and redwood and perfectly blue skies, as blue as in Colorado. This country is heart-

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stoppingly beautiful. I went into an A & W Root Beer stand and bought french fries. A very pregnant young woman sans ring came in and talked to the high school boy behind the counter about an upcoming geography test they faced. "Have you gotten your driver's license yet?" the woman asked.

"No," the young man said. "I think I'll wait until I'm seventeen."

"Me, too," the woman said.

The owner was a German immigrant from Dusseldorf. We talked about the Breidenbacher Hof, a really great hotel, and then I drove back to Santa Cruz.

I think I'll move to Felton and stare at the forest for a year. Maybe more than a year.

On the way back to Los Angeles, inside the American Airlines terminal at San Jose, the ticket agent recognized me from *Ferris Bueller*. "I love your work, man," he said. Without my even asking, he upgraded me to first class. Just like that.

In the airplane, though, I noticed something I've noticed more and more. Everyone looks sad. Everyone looks worried and somber. There is no joy in Mudville.

I drove home from LAX, past the darkened donut shops and nail salons, and realized that something's going on. I rarely see happy people anymore. I see rich people and successful people and poor people and lost people. But I almost never see anyone laughing or smiling or enthusiastic. Maybe it's AIDS. Maybe it's the realization of how deeply ailing the nation is. Maybe it's the absence of an explicit spiritual basis for life. But somehow, someone has opened a valve and the happiness has seeped out. This is now the Sad Society. That's what it looks like to me.

Monday

Ah, but then there is acting. I showed up at Universal at nine a.m. and was directed to Stage Six. Now, just so you know, Stage Six is a tucked away among some other stages. It's a long way from the parking lot. We actors, even though we get paid a decent wage, have to park in the lot, shlep our clothes all the way to the stage, get assigned a dressing room, change into costume (mine is a gray suit), go to hair and make-up, and then wait. And wait. Waiting is what we get paid for, a smart fellow once said. "The acting is free."

Finally, after doing nothing for four hours, we started to rehearse my scene. See, first you rehearse, then you rehearse again so they can light the scene, and then you start to shoot the scene.

In this scene, I have already questioned and tormented a physician who apparently did not give his patient adequate warning of the possible risks involved in a tubal ligation. Now I am explaining medical malpractice suits to a group of medical students who are regulars on the show. I'm being cold and sarcastic, and one of the fetching young women students is upset that my cruel questioning has caused the physician to quit his practice. How could I have driven this fine man out of his life's work? she asks.

I walk over to her desk, menacingly, lean over it, and glare at her. "I didn't drive that man anywhere," I say, in a voice that would make a cobra shiver. "Patients have to live with a doctor's mistakes. Maybe doctors should have to live with them, too. I guess Dr. Schachter couldn't. That's his problem."

The actors looked genuinely scared. Whew. Sometimes I scare myself.

Saturday

A long drive out to the beach with my handsome devil boy son, Tommy. As we drove, we noticed Trixie looking sick. Suddenly, she threw up. Yuck. All over my nice leather seats. On the freeway, where you can't stop to do much about it. "That's it, Trixie," I said. "That's it. I'm never taking you in my car again."

Tommy looked at me carefully. "Daddy, did you say you wouldn't take Trixie in your car again?"

"Yes, I did."

"But isn't Trixie your girlfriend?" he asked.

"Yes, Tommy, she's my girlfriend," I answered.

"And don't you always take her everywhere because she's your girlfriend? And don't you always say she follows you everywhere because you love her and she loves you?"

"That's right."

"But you just said you weren't ever going to take her anywhere again."

I sat silently.

"Daddy, I'd say you have a problem," he said.

Yes. Save him a spot on the Supreme Court.

Friday

Dinner with Infiniti, my pal from the audition. I called her to ask her address so that I could pick her up. She hemmed and hawed about how hard it was to find her house, because it was in West Hollywood.

"I know West Hollywood well," I said. "I can find it."

She hemmed and hawed some more, and then I said, "Would it be better if I just picked you up on the corner?"

"Yes, that would be better," she said. "It's just that, well, I told my roommates about you, and they told me you used to work for Nixon and are some kind of terrible sexist because of some columns you wrote about abortion, and well, I'd really just not have them ever know I was having dinner with you."

"It's fine," I said. "I don't want to meet them either."

"It doesn't mean I don't want to see you," she said. "In fact, you'll probably be really good material for one of my plays about the humiliation of women in Hollywood."

"I think you can count on me to really, truly humiliate you," I said.

"I feel sure that I can," she said. "But you should know that I will only drink water at dinner, because I am cleaning out the toxins from my body to try to get at the truth of my memories of incest survival."

"Okay, now I know."

I tried to remember when it was fun to go out with women instead of an ordeal. That must have been a long time ago. Maybe it never happened at all. Maybe it was just a dream. ❐

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Andrea's Abomination

by Terry Eastland

On October 24, "NBC Nightly News" ran the year's most disgraceful bit of breaking-news journalism: Andrea Mitchell's "coverage" of the last political round before compromise civil rights legislation was reached (hours after her piece ran). So egregious was her reporting that it drew the wrath of *Legal Times*'s Stuart Taylor, not normally a presswatcher. "Flagrantly biased," he wrote, citing Mitchell's piece as an example of news coverage that had been "marred by glaring inaccuracies as well as tendentious oversimplifications." Since he lacked the space for a full critique of the NBC broadcast, Taylor has left it to this presswatcher to report the details of this abomination.

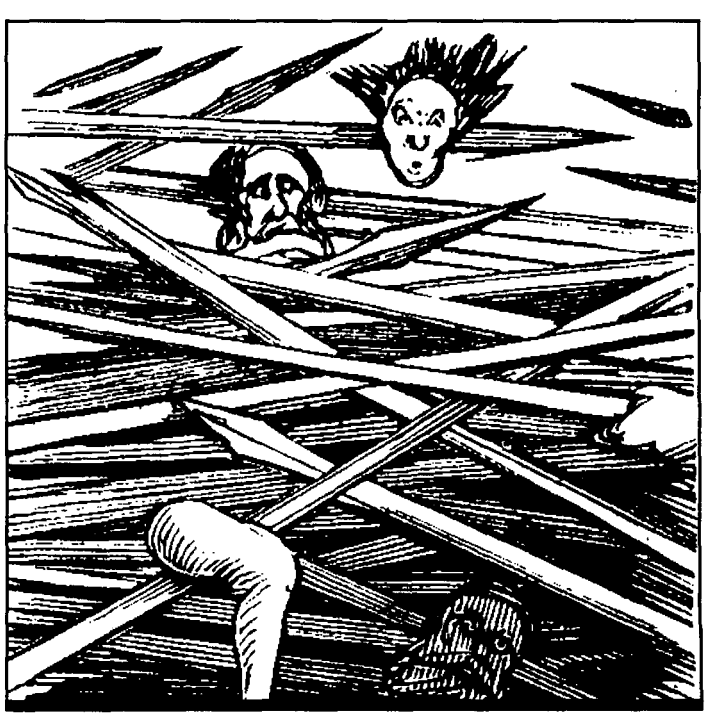
To the tape and Tom Brokaw: "Good evening. It is the most sweeping civil rights bill in years and it is sponsored by one of the most senior Republican senators [Sen. John Danforth, we soon learn] and yet, President Bush has repeatedly rejected it, making a variety of claims many thought were more political than factual."

It's hard to imagine a more biased lead-in. Brokaw's grammar and syntax are revealing. Note the superlatives that immediately spin the story in favor of the Danforth bill: *the most sweeping civil rights bill in years*; *one of the most senior Republican senators*. Note the careful placement of the conjunction *yet* to contrast Bush with the now sainted senior Republican senator. Note the clause indicating that Bush cannot possibly have substantive objections over which reasonable people might disagree; *many* folks (including those who work at NBC) think Bush's *claims* are *more* political *than* factual.

Brokaw continues: "Well, tonight NBC's Andrea Mitchell has come up with a source of those presidential objections." This, of course, sows confusion. Mitchell has not really come up with "a source"—it was planted with her by her actual sources, Republican and presumably Democratic senators (and staffers), hoping to influence the negotiations. If the "source of those presidential objections" can be discredited, then the President must reject the advice it provided and accept the most sweeping civil rights bill in years.

Discrediting, then, we go. Mitchell: "Republican senators say George Bush has been misinformed by his own staff about key features of the [Danforth] bill he's been opposing. When the President tried to persuade Republican senators to support his civil rights bill yesterday, this two-page White House memo was on the table. Obtained by NBC News, it compares the White House bill with . . . Danforth's compromise measure. The only problem, most of its claims are dead wrong."

Mitchell thus sides with her sources and proceeds to buttress her conclusion with some sound-bites from Danforth. The administration memo, he says, is a "mischaracterization" containing "serious flaws" about "what the bill does." It has "examples that purport to say what the bill would do and the examples are just wrong." Dead wrong, in other words.



What's so wrong? Mitchell: "The memo says Danforth's bill would allow compensatory damages even if the discrimination is unintentional. False, it wouldn't. To support the President's claim, the White House lists a number of worst case examples. It claims state police forces would have no defense for refusing to hire ex-convicts. Trucking companies would be forced to hire drivers with drunk driving convictions. The American Cancer Society would not be able to refuse jobs to cigarette smokers. But none of these situations would arise under Danforth's bill. It permits employers to set legitimate job-related qualifications."

Since when did Andrea Mitchell become such an authority on Title VII of the Civil Rights Act of 1964? Since her anonymous sources told her what to say. But every one of the four "claims" had some basis in fact and was well within the realm of political advocacy—which, after all, is the context in which legislation is ham-

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mered out, but which context Mitchell manages to leave out of her piece entirely.

Allow me to digress to consider the merits of the White House claims. As for the first, the Danforth bill was drafted in a way that permitted the reading Bush's lawyers gave it. While it was advertised as aimed only at making damages available in Title VII cases of intentional discrimination, the bill's actual wording left the door open for damage claims in cases where an employer intentionally adopted certain practices that, even without any intent to discriminate, had a discriminatory impact in statistical terms. The administration's objection to what it regarded as poor wording was well known to Danforth staffers, if not to Danforth himself.

As for the other three claims, they may be lumped together because they were about the same thing: the kind of case that could arise if the Danforth bill became law. To understand whether the scenarios were plausible requires attention to technical aspects of Title VII law. (Mitchell does not go into these, asking viewers in effect to trust NBC for legal analysis. Not a good idea.) At issue was the way "disparate impact" cases under Title VII should be litigated. These are the cases in which a company (or a public employer) uses some seemingly neutral employment practice that a plaintiff challenges as a violation of Title VII because it has a significantly adverse impact upon some minority group or women. The defendant can counter that the challenged practice is a "business necessity." The Danforth bill defined that term so narrowly that employers would have to hire people capable of doing only the job at issue—and little more. Thus, it was fair enough for the Bush Administration to argue that under the Danforth bill a trucking company would have to hire dock workers with drunk-driving convictions, even if it wanted dock workers who could be promoted as drivers. After all, someone once caught for drunk-driving might do fine as a dock worker only. The other two Bush claims legitimately spoke to the same issue.

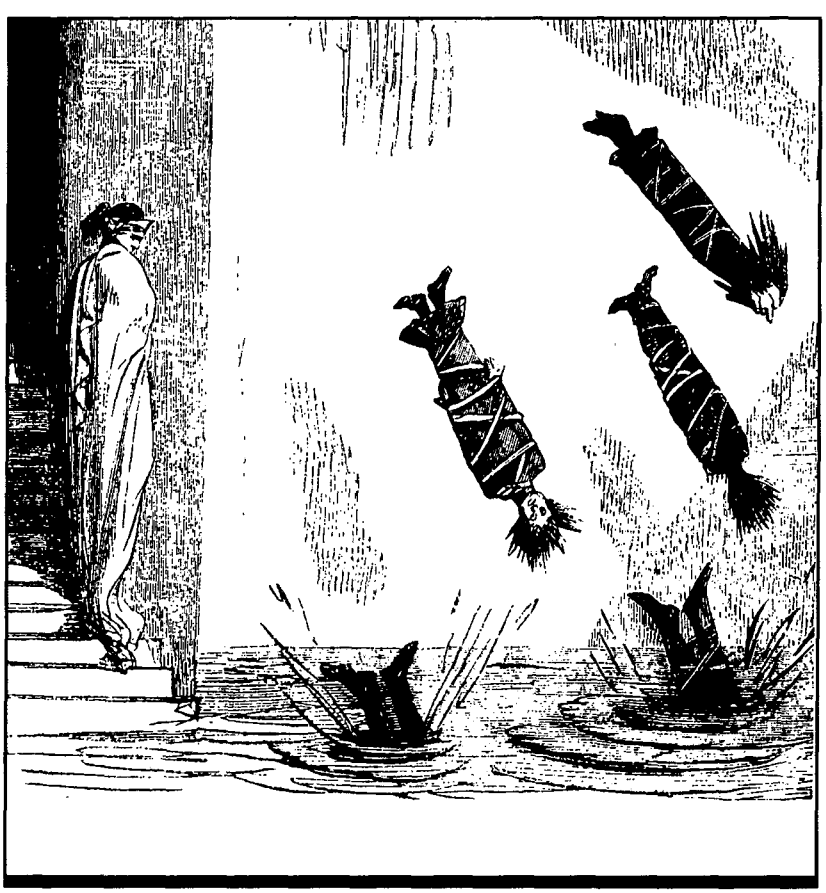
Back to the tape: Having brushed near the thicket of Title VII law without entering it, Mitchell has Republican senators finger the culprits feeding the President this "misinformation": White House lawyer Boyden Gray, whom she calls "a hardliner," and chief of staff John Sununu. She states that one Republican says the purveyor of "false information" should be fired. And, redundantly, she presents Sen. William Cohen, who says Bush's advisers are either "inept" or "intentionally distorting the product . . . to achieve a political agenda." Neither Gray nor Sununu makes an appearance in Mitchell's piece. In this kind of reporting, there's no need to confront the accused.

In their October 28 account of the events that led to compromise legislation, the *Wall Street Journal*'s Michel McQueen and Jeffrey H. Birnbaum cited the NBC story in writing that the memo opposing the Danforth bill "contained glaring inaccuracies." Thus do journalists incorporate the mistakes of their brethren into their own work. I wonder whether McQueen or Birnbaum or Mitchell have any idea of how the Bush Administration fared in the compromise legislation on the substance of those "dead wrong" claims containing "glaring inaccuracies."

On the first claim—that the Danforth bill would allow compensatory damages even if the discrimination were unintentional—the White House prevailed. At the administration's insistence, new, unambiguous language was written: Compensatory damages are available *only* in cases of intentional discrimination.

On the other three claims, which involved the definition of "business necessity," the White House got more than it gave. The compromise does not define business necessity; instead, it simply states that employers must show their selection criteria are "job related for the position in question and consistent with business necessity." The legislative history agreed to by all parties directs the federal courts to interpret these terms in accordance with Supreme Court decisions prior to *Wards Cove* v. *Atonio* (1989). The Court could well give the country *Wards Cove* all over again, without citing it. Part of *Wards Cove* has been overturned, but not its most important parts.

Let me explain: The first Title VII disparate impact case, *Griggs* v. *Duke Power Co.* (1971), introduced the idea of "business necessity," defining it in various ways, including "manifest relationship to the employment in question." *Wards Cove* defined business necessity by saying that a challenged practice must serve, "in a significant way, the legitimate employment goals of the employer." This definition allowed more flexibility than some lower courts, in their elaborations of *Griggs*, had been willing to accept. Of course, it was also too flexible for many in Congress; hence the effort to write a new definition. But the non-definition in the compromise legislation, together with the exclusive legislative history that advises the courts to follow *Griggs* and "the other Supreme Court decisions prior to *Wards Cove*," very well could resurrect the 1979 case *New York Transit Authority* v. *Beazer*. For it was in *Beazer* that the Court said that a practice having a disparate impact could be justified whenever an employer's "legitimate employment goals . . . are significantly served by—even if they do not require"—the practice. Note that the Danforth bill contained language that would have overruled *Wards Cove* on this issue; the compro-



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mise legislation eliminated this provision.

"Business necessity," then, was sent back to the same judges who decided *Wards Cove* with instructions that could easily allow them to do on this issue what they did in that case. From Bush's perspective, this was a far better deal than any previously offered him. But don't hold your breath waiting for the press to herald Hardliner Gray as a skilled negotiator.

Danforth does get off easy with the press. Consider his effort back in September to incorporate language from the 1990 Americans with Disabilities Act (ADA) into his civil rights bill. At that time the Danforth bill required that "employment practices that are used as job qualifications or used to measure the ability to perform the job" must "bear a manifest relationship to the employment in question." The administration had objected to this definition of business necessity. So Danforth lifted eight words from the ADA—"qualification standards, employment tests or other selection criteria"—in order to rewrite the definition as follows: "Employment practices that are used as qualification standards, employment tests or other selection criteria" must meet this same test. Because administration officials had recently praised the ADA, signed by Bush into law, Danforth argued that using its language should allay White House concerns about quotas.

If the press had examined Danforth's use of the ADA language, it would have found that the eight words couldn't have been used to define business necessity in the civil rights bill, for the simple reason that they don't really define it in the ADA. They merely describe which practices might be covered in a disparate impact case. (Accordingly, the administration offered to put the eight words in the President's bill—if that would make everyone happy.) Evan Kemp, who succeeded Clarence Thomas as chairman of the Equal Employment Opportunity Commission, pointed out in a September press release (largely unreported) that discrimination on the basis of disability is so different from discrimination on the basis of race or gender as not to be comparable.

For the most part, the press reflected the view of the civil rights lobby that Bush, in supporting the compromise bill, had caved in on the quota issue. There is both a case to be made that Bush did not cave and that he did cave—but don't expect nuanced coverage from the press.

Did not cave: What Bush managed on business necessity can hardly be called a cave. As important, Bush also managed to stop the effort led by Democrats and embraced by Danforth that would have enabled plaintiffs to complain about an employer's practices in general. Had the Democrats and Danforth prevailed, *Wards Cove*, which insisted that the plaintiff must specify *which* of the employer's practices was causing the disparate impact, would have been overruled on this point. And that would have enormously increased the pressure on employers to resort to quotas in order to avoid liability. The compromise bill states, in a clear victory for the administration, that plaintiffs must show "that each particular challenged employment practice causes a disparate impact."

Did cave: The most underreported aspect of the entire legislative effort to overrule *Wards Cove* was perhaps the biggest story: that in responding to *Wards Cove*, Congress for the first time would be codifying disparate impact theory, and that disparate impact, based as it is on statistics, will inevitably create some incentives for employers to use quotas in order to avoid liability. I missed the stories (other than those written by the knowledgeable Taylor of *Legal Times*) that pointed out the following: that Title VII of the Civil Rights Act of 1964 proscribed intentional discrimination only and rejected the disparate impact approach; that the Court in *Griggs* gave us the latter; and that the Court in *Wards Cove* was trying to place some sensible constraints upon an approach that was fostering quotas and perhaps even signaling its intention someday to do away with disparate impact in favor of the original theory of Title VII. (Of course, Bush could have made the press cover this larger perspective on the quota issue had he raised it.) To accept legislation of disparate impact is to accept a legal structure that to some extent encourages hiring and promoting by race and gender . . . quotas, if you like. Ergo, a cave.

In addition to the struggle between the President and Congress, there was a story about the Court. The conventional view, expressed by columnist Anthony Lewis, was that Congress had defeated the Court by overruling a series of decisions opposed by the civil rights establishment. The truth is far more complicated. Congress did overrule in whole or in part seven civil rights cases decided over the past two years. But the two most important holdings of *Wards Cove* were not overruled (and indeed one was accepted by Congress). And Congress—as Linda Greenhouse of the *New York Times* pointed out in one of the few sensible pieces on this subject—did not try to overrule the Court's most important civil rights ruling in 1989, the *Croson* case, which struck down as unconstitutional local and state "set-aside" programs based on race and ethnicity. Changing constitutional law is harder than changing statutory law.

More fundamentally, to say Congress or the Court "wins" or "loses" is to misconceive legislative and judicial functions. The job of Congress is to make law, that of the Court to interpret the law. If the Court interprets a statute in a way Congress does not like, that does not necessarily mean its interpretation is wrong. After all, the Court's interpretation may precisely reflect what the *enacting* Congress intended. Or it may reflect the Court's effort to make sense of judge-made law (as in the case of *Wards Cove*).

It is only proper that Congress and the Court converse about the law, and that Congress is the institution making the law, whatever one might think of the law it makes. Effectively forcing Congress to think more about the law it makes—indeed, forcing it to legislate—is part of what it means to have a conservative Court. Watch for more conversations between Congress and the Court during this decade. It's a story line the press—even NBC—might eventually notice. ❐

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Tolstaya City

by Cathy Young

A page one cartoon in *Komsomolskaya Pravda* shows a bug-eyed, disheveled demonstrator with a banner that reads, *NICHEVO NE PONIMAYU!*—best translated as, WHAT THE HELL IS GOING ON?

A friend in Moscow tells me the doom-and-gloom mood in the media is so pervasive that when pleasant news—a fashion show or a jazz festival—is reported on TV, it is usually prefaced with remarks along the lines of, "One might say that in our troubled days, there is no time for fun and frivolity. But perhaps we could use some fun in our lives."

Fun? Well, how about female wrestling? Thirty Soviet wrestlers and boxers of the no-longer-gentle sex appeared in the Moscow show put on by Stallone's Rockets, the troupe headed by Jacqueline Stallone (Sly's mom), in late October. An item in *Komsomolskaya Pravda*, entitled "Don't Get Into the Ring When a Woman's Fighting," noted that "women's wrestling is especially widespread in countries where women's liberation is winning." I don't know if Dr. Catharine MacKinnon would concur.

Here's another sign that the long-suffering Russian woman has really arrived. An ad in the weekly *Kultura* (known, until September, as *Sovetskaya Kultura*), featuring a coyly smiling buxom Venus by Titian, shouts:

> WOMEN! Your beauty is up to YOU! Suffering from underdevelopment of the mammary glands? Lost your feminine attractiveness after an operation? WE CAN HELP! Experienced surgeons give consultations and perform plastic surgery using silicone implants. . . . The money you spend will bring back beauty and confidence!

This being the (ex-) Soviet Union, shouldn't a customer worry that her new mammary glands might end up on her back or waist? However, the company that does the implants is a joint venture with the Germans, which inspires a certain amount of confidence. But the ad copy could use a zippy punchline, something like: "We can't give you full shops, but we'll give you a full figure."

For serious fun, there is politics. Take Vladimir Zhirinovsky, who wants to restore the borders of the old Russian empire (including "the Baltic province" and parts of Finland and Estonia) and lower the price of vodka; he got about seven percent of the vote in the republic's presidential race last May and is now running for the Soviet presidency. Besides Estonians, Poles, Finns, and Russian liberals, there is someone else Zhirinovsky may be making nervous: Russian stand-up comedians. The *Independent Gazette* (September 11) reports that sales of their tapes are behind those of Zhirinovsky's stump speeches. Sample: "Once I'm elected President, you won't be smiling anymore. You are going to listen for as long as I am going to speak. I am going to issue decrees and everyone is going to obey them."

Are we having fun yet? Here's someone who makes Zhirinovsky look like a moderate: writer Valery Khatyushin, whose lengthy essay entitled "Chattels for the European Backyard?" appears in the August issue of the always entertaining National Bolshevist journal *Molodaya Gvardiya* (Young Guard). Khatyushin explains that the integration of Russia into Europe is nothing but a Jewish plot to turn Russians into a slave labor force for world capitalism—a plot in which the October Revolution itself was but one link. Khatyushin's

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breakthrough discovery is that capitalist democracy ("the unfree, unequal, unfraternal power of commerce and of the golden calf, the god of the Jews") survived the Great Depression by exploiting Russia through "Stalin's five-year plans." Uncle Joe, the American agent.

The problem with the Soviet system, the patriot explains, is not that it was socialist but that, run by "the anti-Russian Communist party team," it worked for "alien and usually hostile interests." These interests even got to Solzhenitsyn: in his essay "How to Rebuild Russia," Khatyushin complains indignantly, the writer said not a word about the role of "Zionist capital" and "Zionization" in Russia's plight:

> To really rebuild Russia, the last thing we should do is join the "world market." We must start by outlawing *any* financial activity by the agents of that "capital" in our territory. . . . All flow of raw materials abroad must be sealed off until Russia is really rebuilt. . . . And only then can we start thinking about what we are going to sell, to whom, and for how much. And not at the world cabal's prices but at ones beneficial and profitable to us. We are a world unto ourselves . . . we have all we need for a wonderful, well-organized, full life without any hard currency or imports, for our own ruble to become the world's number one currency.

The tumult at home has not made all Russians turn a kinder eye to the United States. A September issue of the Moscow weekly *Stolitsa* carries an interview with Tatiana Tolstaya, currently teaching in the United States and a frequent contributor to the *New Republic* and the *New York Review of Books*.

Tolstaya makes a discovery to match Khatyushin's: everyday life in America is no better than in Russia. You see, "first you rack your brains: What is more to your advantage, to buy or rent a house or apartment?" Furthermore: "Let's take heating. You have a boiler in the basement—all you have to do is press a button. But, like everything else, it costs money. What a wonderful choice: freeze or pay up." (Apparently, she prefers freezing as the only option—which may be the case for her compatriots in the coming winter.) "Every second your air conditioner works, you physically feel your money oozing away."

The Russian writer further reveals that she has to spend inordinate amounts of time sorting through junk mail: "I have to read it all, analyze it, see if I really need any of these offers. . . . And that's how it is with every trifle." And then there are all the grocery coupons one has to clip, because how can you pass up an opportunity to save five bucks on your monthly grocery shopping? At least she, as a Russian, is sufficiently spiritual to hate herself for such avarice: "Americans simply adore these coupons. They can just sit there for days going snip, snip, snip. And getting a tremendous kick out of it." They also adore watching commercials.

Some of the things Tolstaya enumerates are at least partly true, but in her enervated state she can discern no shades of gray:

> I simply cannot describe the extent to which American students are naive, simple-minded, ignorant, uneducated—and indifferent. . . . You have to patiently elucidate to them things that every first-grader knows in our country.

And I used to think Allan Bloom was a grouch. As a recent (1988) college graduate, I can attest that things may not be good but they're not nearly as awful; and, as someone who attended school in the Soviet Union, I have reasons to suspect that the intellect of the Soviet first-grader is vastly exaggerated.

While Tolstaya also sneers at the silly misconceptions many Americans have about life in Russia, she has some fairly strange notions about American practices—and she's been here for all of one year. She says, for example, that if you want to buy a house, you can't pay the entire price at once even if you've got the money, "because that's not profitable for the banks": they won't let you put more than 20 percent down. If you own or rent a home, you need liability insurance in case "some drunk" slips and falls in front of your door and winds up suing you. (Russia has its drunkards, but at least they're not litigious.)

Tolstaya laments: "It's so boring. . . . You go to a store, and there are no surprises awaiting you: you know exactly on what shelf in that store this or that product can be found. And encountering that product brings you no joy at all. Of course it's much easier and much more fun over here." The average Russian woman—who increasingly finds no surprises awaiting her at all at the store—can surely empathize.

There is, however, one dictum of American origin that Tolstaya has clearly taken to heart: Emerson's "a foolish consistency is the hobgoblin of little minds." In the middle of the interview, we learn that she is going to return to stupid, boring America for at least another year. "Over there, we don't have enough money, but here we have zero. . . . [Here] you're like a hamster on a treadmill, running around till you drop. What kind of creative work can you do in such conditions?"

Emerson did say *foolish* consistency. ❐

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Post No Billings

by James Bowman

"In lapidary inscriptions," said Dr. Johnson, "a man is not upon oath." He might have said the same about movie advertising. The poster for Robert Benton's *Billy Bathgate*, however, offers us a menu of "Power, Ambition, Seduction, Betrayal," and proves to be right on the money. Dutch Schultz (Dustin Hoffman) is a powerful man; Billy Bathgate (Loren Dean) is an ambitious boy; Dutch's girlfriend (Nicole Kidman) seduces the boy, and at least two of Dutch's henchmen betray him to a rival gangster. Got that? So what does the film have to say about power-ambition-seduction-betrayal? Ah, now *that's* a mystery. But they do exist. As if you didn't know.

Another part of the poster tells us that Billy was looking for a hero and he found Dutch Schultz. Another tip-off! Impressionable youth, it seems, finds a role and a role model with an evil gangster. But why the youth should have chosen Dutch Schultz as his hero instead of, say, Fiorello LaGuardia or Douglas MacArthur or St. Francis of Assisi is never made clear. It may be (hint, hint) because he is poor and ill-educated and beaten down by a sense of powerlessness, but the film isn't telling. We've got to provide the political subtext for ourselves.

It's a fine state of affairs when the poster tells you more of what the film is about than the film does. Occasionally, you get the idea that the picture is attempting to make an ironic point about the connection between legitimate business and gangsterdom, as when Dutch complains about taxes and government interference by saying: "It's not fair! What does a man have to do to enjoy the fruits of his labor?" But it doesn't insist even on this idea, which was pretty thoroughly explored in *The Godfather* anyway, and you walk away wondering what it was all about. The other thing the advertising says is "The movie event of the year is here." There it lies.

Power-ambition-seduction-betrayal is also the theme of Norman Jewison's *Other People's Money*, another film that doesn't quite know what it wants to do with them. Or rather, that changes its mind about what it wants to do with them halfway through. It starts out with Danny DeVito speaking to the camera about how much he loves money. He loves it more than he loves what it will buy; he loves it because it doesn't care if he snores or picks his nose. Only dogs and doughnuts can compare in terms of that kind of unquestioning acceptance, and money doesn't poop on the floor or make you fat. The only thing he loves more than money is *other people's money*. Since Edmund first bounded onto the stage in *King Lear* to say "Nature thou art my goddess," few villains can have proclaimed themselves so unashamedly.

By the same token, the Chairman of the Board of New England Wire and Cable, doddery, lovable old Gregory Peck with his cornball reminiscences of Harry Truman and paternalistic concern to keep open the obsolete factory his father (or was it his grandfather?) founded, is equally obviously the hero. He even has a beautiful stepdaughter (Penelope Ann Miller) who is also a crackerjack lawyer clearly destined to save the plant from the clutches of Larry the Liquidator, DeVito's unscrupulous corporate raider. Here we go again, it seems: eighties greed is going to get it in the neck from nineties compassion.

But that's not the way it happens. Maybe Danny D. doesn't like playing bad guys, or maybe Jewison just got bored with such a predictable adventure and changed his mind, but Larry turns out to be a lovable rogue with a secret passion for the violin and charm enough to win over not only New England Wire and Cable's stockholders but the beautiful lawyer as well. Maybe greed is good again. Wouldn't that be extraordinary? The only trouble is that whoever decided to cross us up hopelessly entangled the film's emotional energies in the process. The opening soliloquy violates the first rule of soliloquies by being a lie: DeVito has a soul after all.

It pains me to find fault with any Hollywood movie-maker independent enough to recognize that closing down obsolete factories is not necessarily a bad thing, and in another context the juxtaposition of DeVito's and Peck's speeches to the stockholders could have been a real dramatic tour de force. Here, however, there are just too many loose ends: the comparison of American with Japanese industry, the fate of the workers, the treachery of the company's president, Peck's concern about living in a country that makes nothing but hamburgers and sells nothing but tax shelters—all are brought up but left unresolved. It's nice that Larry the Liquidator is a mensch after all, but the dramatic conflict is merely shunted aside by the decision to concentrate on his personal discovery that there is more to life than money.

That neither of these two films is able to get anywhere may be connected with their almost elegiac quality. What would seem to be such promising material as power-ambition-seduction-betrayal is in both cases set against nostalgia for a simpler world where these highly individualistic abstractions are somehow contained, if not rolled back, by a sense of community, of belonging. Billy's desire to belong in the Dutch Schultz gang is what makes Schultz himself almost sympathetic, and even his eventual expulsion from it comes about because of his mentor's desire to protect him. Larry the Liquidator is a lonely man who has felt excluded (presumably because he was short and fat) since he was in high school, and he doesn't know anything to do about it but make money so that people will have to respect him.

James Bowman, The American Spectator*'s movie critic, is the American editor of the* Times Literary Supplement.

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All the lonely people, where do they all come from? One has no wish to be hard on them, but I'm afraid that their just being lonely is not enough of a claim upon the attention of us movie-goers. Maybe that's the problem with *My Own Private Idaho* by Gus Van Sant, a bizarre film about that lonely trade, male prostitution. The belonging theme here is adapted from the Falstaff scenes of *Henry IV* Parts I and II and *Henry V* ("additional dialogue by William Shakespeare"), but the Shakespearean political context is gone. In spite of some arresting shots there seems even less point to this than there is to the other two films. Maybe I just don't get it, though, since the gay portion of the audience when I saw it were obviously amused by things that meant nothing to me.

Jodie Foster's directing debut, *Little Man Tate*, by contrast, wallows in meaning. Fred Tate (Adam Hann-Byrd), the seven-year-old hero, is someone excluded not by poverty or ugliness but by being incredibly bright, and he seeks for belonging by going to a school for the incredibly bright, then by running away from it back to his tacky and rather dim single parent (played by Miss Foster herself), and finally by achieving an improbable synthesis of the two worlds. This film annoyed me because neither of those two worlds is very believable. Miss Foster's low-life, salt-of-the-earth waitress is a little too good to be true, and Dianne Wiest's portrayal of the hoity-toity schoolmarm is an utter caricature.

Above all, it annoyed me by semaphoring its down-home folk wisdom too energetically: kids must be allowed to be kids, we are told, and all that there book-learning is right bad for them, spoils them it does, unless they spend a lot of time with just plain folks doing just plain folksy things. At the perfection of the happy ending, when the superintellectual headmistress brought as a birthday present for her protégé a dump truck (instead of a supercollider or something), I wanted to throw something at her. Stand up for the intellect, woman! Isn't it time that American art stopped apologizing for our ill-educated youth by pandering to the national romantic myth that learning and intelligence are invariably at odds with "real life"?

At least this film knows what it wants to say. As does *The Butcher's Wife*, an unfunny romantic comedy about a nature girl and "clairvoyant" from the North Carolina Outer Banks named Marina (Demi Moore), whose idea of belonging is to find her "split-apart" (that's what her blind grammy calls him), or the other half of the sundered hermaphrodite of Aristophanes's speech in *The Symposium*. Grammy resolutely denies having read Plato. Marina's perfect mate turns out not to be the butcher after all but the psychiatrist across the street ("I understand what it's like to think you know everything," he says), but in finding him she also finds perfect matches for everyone else in the neighborhood. A heartwarming tale! It may be that "it's a lonely world without your split-apart," but belonging to some one person, at least, isn't much of a problem. Of course it helps to be a clairvoyant.

Because belonging is, in my view, a bit trickier proposition than that, I congratulate David Mamet for recognizing the fact and award him the accolade of film of the month for *Homicide*, a fascinating study of what belonging means to an assimilated Jew. Joe Mantegna plays Bobby Gold, a Jewish homicide detective who resents being taken off a big case in

order to investigate the murder of an old Jewish shopkeeper, presumably by black kids in the neighborhood of her ghetto shop who believed that she had a fortune stashed away in the basement. Rich Jews with political clout who believe that there is something more sinister about the murder have asked for Mantegna to be put on the case.

But he resents being identified as a Jew and still more being given Jewish cases for that reason. "My people?" he asks incredulously when someone says that his belonging to them by race and religion is what got him assigned to it. Later he says much harsher things over the telephone about being "stuck here with my Jews" to his pals down at police headquarters. He also belongs to them and their fierce camaraderie and makes an extraordinary disavowal of his Jewishness—"There's been so much anti-Semitism in the last 4,000 years, we must be doing *something* to bring it about"—as a way of affirming his membership in the tribe of the police.

"Do you hate yourself that much?" says one of the rich Jews who overhears him. "Do you belong nowhere?" He is ashamed, and soon he begins to believe that there really may be some kind of neo-Nazi plot. "Hysterical Jews! We're always making it up, right?" Well, what about the gunman on the roof by the pigeon-loft? What about the piece of paper dropped there, inscribed with the word *Grofaz*—one of Hitler's obscurer titles? Before long Mantegna finds that he has "caught the case"—to the point of being resentful at being put back on the original one, which had been so important to him. The taffy-pull between his two identities—as a Jew and as a policeman—begins.

It may be thought improbable that such a man would participate in terrorist activities on behalf of an organization reminiscent of the Jewish Defense League yet cavil at a request by his new colleagues to obtain evidence from police files illegally. But I liked this touch, because it emphasized the new Jewish patriot's attempt, at the same time, to hang on to a meaningful shred of his police identity—even though he has by now so far forgotten it that he misses a big bust in which his partner (William H. Macy) is shot. This gets him taken off the homicide squad at the same time as his new Jewish friends have abandoned him for refusing to steal evidence. Now he really does belong nowhere. And as a final touch he finds that *Grofaz* is really just six-sevenths of "Gro-fazt"—a brand of pigeon feed.

In other words, the Jews were just being hysterical after all. Probably. On the other hand, he had destroyed a real neo-Nazi printing shop. The question of which identity he should have chosen, which group he should have belonged to, is left creatively unresolved: now he belongs to neither through having tried to belong to both. The dramatic skill with which this knot is tied, the cleverness of the dialogue, one of the world's great dying lines from Mantegna's partner ("Bobby, remember that girl that time?")—all these things make the film a lot more worth seeing than just another melange of power-ambition-seduction-betrayal. It lives up to its billing too. ❐

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IRON JOHN: A BOOK ABOUT MEN

Robert Bly

Addison-Wesley/268 pages/$19.95

FIRE IN THE BELLY: ON BEING A MAN

Sam Keen

Bantam Books/272 pages/$19.95

reviewed by YALE KRAMER

Any male over 16 who has to read a book on how to become a man is already in deep—well, you know. Robert Bly, author of *Iron John* and Sam Keen, author of *Fire in the Belly*, appear to have found a way of turning deep—well, you know—into gold. Their non-books about manhood have found a place on the *New York Times* Best-Seller List for a combined total of sixty-eight weeks with well over a quarter of a million copies sold. And if reading his book isn't enough to put some starch in your collar, Bly and his business associates will initiate you into manhood personally at one of the many ritual gatherings they conduct around the country for about roughly what it would cost to have a brain transplant. There are apparently a large number of American males who, perplexed and confused about their manhood, seek solace and guidance from these pundits of The New Masculinity. And if Messrs. Bly and Keen have their way, the rest of us, I am afraid, will be in deep—well, you know—very soon.

Sometimes you *can* tell a book by its cover. In the case of *Iron John* the front cover shows the figure of a man towering above the reader. His head, with powerful sculpted features, a powerful beard, and powerful curly hair, looks like one you might see on a visit to Mount Rushmore. But behind this figure there is another on the back cover. This one, Robert Bly himself, is a flabby person, with white hair—arranged George Washington-style—spectacles, a bit of a belly, and looking, for all the world, like your grandmother. The androgynous dissonance between these two figures reminded me of the scene in *The Wizard of Oz* when the fierce, fire-breathing wizard is revealed to Dorothy as kindly, bumbling old Frank Morgan. It is this spirit of androgyny—femininity masquerading as masculinity—that informs the New Masculinity.

Bly's book itself—*Iron John*—is about as tough and steely as a plum pudding. Bly has an amazing capacity to entertain a very large number of ambiguous, contradictory, and mutually exclusive ideas. The book is a mushy sermon studded with as many quotations as *Bartlett's*. Bly uses quotations the way movie kidnappers used to use words clipped from the newspaper—arranged to mean anything he wants them to mean.

Iron John is the name of a forgotten folk tale collected by the Grimm Brothers in the nineteenth century, and is probably a condensed version of many tales hundreds of years old—which may explain its fragmented and confused quality. Lacking the universal appeal and beautiful simplicity of classic fairy tales like *Cinderella* or *Rumpelstiltskin*, "Iron John's" ambiguity lends itself to Bly's messages.

The 30-second version of the Iron John tale goes something like this: The king's hunters mysteriously disappear in a forest. Eventually, a wily hunter discovers the cause and captures Iron John, the culprit. Iron John is a hairy wildman who is then caged and displayed in the palace courtyard. He persuades the king's son to steal the key from under the queen's pillow and set him free. The boy becomes frightened by what he has done, so Iron John takes him back to the forest with him. He sets the boy a task which the prince fails. Iron John then kicks the young prince out of the enchanted forest and tells him that he is on his own. Eventually the prince finds a menial job in another kingdom working for the king. The king's daughter falls in love with him, but he demurs. Soon his newly adopted kingdom is attacked by enemies from without. The prince decides to fight for his new king and country and he goes to his old friend Iron John for help. Iron John outfits him with magical armor, a magical horse, and a magical army. The prince routs the enemy and wins the day, but refuses to identify himself as the hero-warrior. Eventually, his heroism is discovered and he is given the hand of the princess. At the wedding feast, guess who shows up—Iron John, showered, shaved, and nattily attired as the king he truly is. He thanks the prince and confers all his wealth on the happy couple.

Now what meaning does Robert Bly give to this story? What is his sermon on Manhood?

The trouble with us men is that we're wounded—and we don't even know it. And, deep down, we are grieving over our inner wounds and don't even know that either. Furthermore, we come from more or less "dysfunctional" families in which our parents abused and wounded us. But they couldn't help it because they were themselves victims of that granddaddy of all social villains: the Industrial Revolution. "The grief in men has been increasing steadily since the start of the Industrial Revolution and the grief has reached a depth now that cannot be ignored." And because of the Industrial Revolution, and Christianity, and our wounds and our grief, we have lost touch with the Wild Man—the Iron John—within each of us.

Make no mistake about it, Mr. Bly has been a student of men for many years. Listen to him on the man of the fifties:

> The fifties man was supposed to like football, be aggressive, stick up for the United States, never cry, and always provide. But receptive space or intimate space was missing in this image of a man. . . . The psyche lacked compassion in a way that encouraged the unbalanced pursuit of the Viet Nam war, just as, later, the lack of what we might call "garden" space inside Reagan's head led to his callousness and brutality to-

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ward the powerless in El Salvador, toward old people here, the unemployed, schoolchildren, and poor people in general.

But things got better, according to Bly. "During the sixties . . . men began to notice what was called their feminine side and pay attention to it. . . . There's something wonderful about this development—I mean the practice of men welcoming their own 'feminine' consciousness and nurturing it." But now somehow things have gone wrong. Men have become too soft, out of touch with the Wild Man inside of themselves.

The key, of course, is Bly's notion of the Wild Man. Let's get a few glimpses of him:

> One trace of the Wild Man is the spontaneity we have preserved from childhood. . . . Funny little motions of the shoulders and weird cries are waiting inside us. . . . When we are in a boring conversation, we could, instead of saying something boring, give a cry. . . . Little dances are helpful in the middle of an argument as are completely incomprehensible haikus spoken loudly in church or while buying furniture.

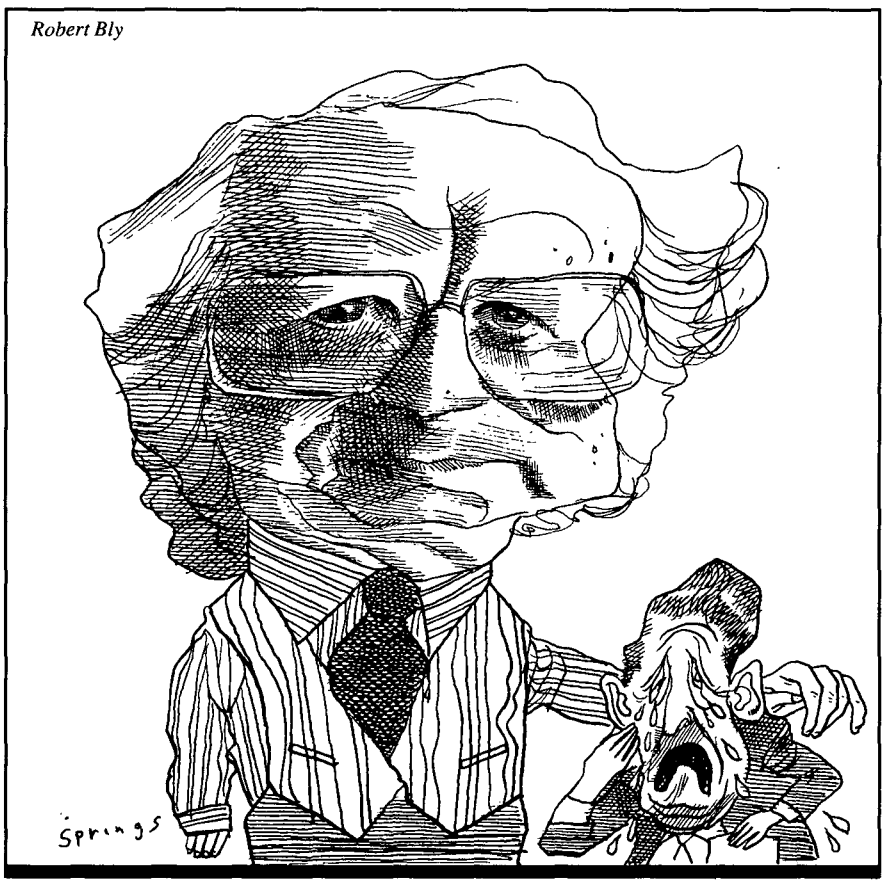
Here's Bly on fitness and health: "We need to build a body, not on parallel bars, but an activated, emotional body strong enough to contain our own superfluous desires. The Wild Man can only come to full life . . . by taking the first wound, doing kitchen and ashes work." And here are some of those fortunate men who have received Bly's Kitchen and Ashes award: "But if a man doesn't descend to the kitchen, he won't know ashes. Some men are open to ashes . . . [such] as Richard Pryor, John Cassavetes, James Baldwin, Reshad Field . . . Woody Allen, the recent Jimmy Carter, Cesar Chavez."

When it comes to politics, though, Bly transcends petty party differences: "A King without enough Wild Man will be a king for human beings, but animals, oceans, and trees will have no representation in his Senate." (Perhaps Bly will rejoice in the wide variety of snakes, jackals, vultures, and jackasses who who took part in the recent Senate hearings.)

Even in my own profession, psychoanalysis, Mr. Bly has a thing or two to teach: "If a therapist doesn't dive down to meet the Wild Man or Wild Woman, he or she will try to heal with words. The healing energy stored in waterfalls, trees, clay, horses, dogs, porcupines, llamas, otters belong to the domain of the Wild People. Therapists will have understood this when they insist on doing therapy with a cow in the room."

Fire in the Belly is another story. From the silly, magical world of Robert Bly's mythology we move to the slick world of *Psychology Today* and one of its former consulting editors, Sam Keen. His publishers claim for Mr. Keen an M.A. from the Harvard Divinity School and a Ph.D. from Princeton in something or other (I assume that if it had any relevance to the book, they would have said so). They also tell us that he has been interviewed by that pathologically earnest man, Bill Moyers, on PBS.

Robert Bly



Fire in the Belly is far more pretentious than *Iron John*, the childish nonsense of which gives it a redeeming naïvété. Keen says, in his apocalyptic missionary style, that his book is

> for a new kind of man who is being forged in the crucible of the chaos of our time. It is for men who are willing to undertake a spiritual journey beginning with the disillusioning awareness that what we have agreed to call "normal" is a facade covering a great deal of alienation. But it goes beyond the valley of the shadow to celebrate a new vision of manhood—a vision of man with fire in his belly and passion in his heart.

So, in case you didn't realize it, you, buddy, are alienated, which is nothing compared to what you will be when you find out what Sam Keen means by fire in the belly.

The book is a long-winded sermon by a theologian manqué—a pastoral counselor who preaches not God or righteousness, but a pseudo-religious mishmash of watered-down Tillich, warmed-over Jung, tarted-up Campbell, and oversimplified anthropology, with some nineties buzzwords like "compassion" and "intimacy" and "self-exploration" and "personal growth" thrown in.

I will spare the reader too much of the tortured rationalizations which make up Keen's argument for disavowing the traditional values of masculinity, except to say that "traditional rites [of passage] prevented the development of individuality." The main aim of our New Man is to "gain personal authority and find our unique sense of self." Thus, the New Man must spend much of his time and energy in what in the old days we used to call soul-searching (or worse) but now call "self-exploration."

No better example of this preoccupation with self can be found than Keen's description of his own narcissistic habits: "A man

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gradually becomes poor in spirit and loses any relationship to richness of his own being unless he enters into a love affair with himself—a *ménage à moi*. . . .

"Ten years ago, after remarriage and beginning a second family," Mr. Keen confides,

> I built a small cabin near the house. . . . Next I turned the cabin into a personal sanctuary. . . . Once my cabin was finished I began my practice of solitude. One or two nights a week I prepared my own dinner, ate alone . . . smoked my pipe in front of the fire, sat in the rocker, considered my days, slept by myself, caught my dreams—and vowed to accept myself "for richer or poorer." In my solitude, I listened and had many good conversations with myself.

And this prescription for self-love, self-marriage (for richer or poorer), and award-winning self-satisfaction occurs only a hundred pages or so after he bemoans the fact that "Dad is no longer present to teach his sons how to be men. . . . Where once there was a father there is now a vacuum. Dad belongs more to the world of work than to the family." Get the idea? It's bad for Dad to work late, but it's good for Dad to explore himself two days a week.

On the other five days of the week, Mr. Keen's New Man has a full agenda indeed. When he isn't listening empathically to his friends, he is full of wonder at pieces of driftwood and Indigo Buntings. And when he runs out of driftwood to wonder about he has a lot of moral outrage to do: "Goddamn it, it is wrong for governments to spend billions on weapons while children starve! Goddamn it, it is wrong for us to pursue progress at the cost of destroying ten thousand species a year, the wetlands, the forests, and the watersheds!"

With the little time he has left after his exhausting program of moral outrage, the New Man has to do his wildness thing:

> Recently many men have become aware that they are overdomesticated and have lost a certain quality of wildness that is essential to manhood. Among men who identify themselves as belonging to a men's movement many have taken up drumming and dancing and have adopted native American rituals in an effort to recover their lost fierceness. These symbolic measures are helpful, but . . . Wildness . . . comes from identification with . . . rugged mountains, virgin forests, barren tundras.

Oh yes, the New Man does occasionally make some time for the New Woman. And Keen is full of high-flown, meaningless prescriptions for the New Man, e.g.: "In marriage, an individual man and woman join, for better and for worse, to create an arena within which they may individuate together and explore their wholeness with each other."

I don't know about you, but if I ever suggested to my wife that we individuate together and explore each other's wholeness she'd kick me out of the nest faster than I could say "personal growth," and find herself an Old Man. So after all this spiritual journeying, this self-exploration, this pawing around in our grief and pain, this questing and searching, what have we got? The New Man that Keen promised us turns out to be made in his own image: a kind of nature-loving pastoral counselor who has no responsibility except to his personal growth and his sense of moral outrage, and who has one heck of a lot of leisure time for wonder, empathy, and communion.

One doesn't have to be a particularly astute social observer to know that a sea change has occurred in the lives of American men and women and in their relationships over the last twenty years. The signs of this change are everywhere in the culture, and the response to it has varied, from unself-conscious acceptance to poignant outcries of protest, regardless of gender. In the world of writers and social critics, the response to this change has also been varied, and the variations also transcend gender. Despite their claims, neither of these books is a serious contribution to the dialogue about the androgynous changes in our culture, their origins and consequences.

Nor do they contribute to an understanding of masculinity, its meaning, its development, or its place in the scheme of things. The reason they do not is their basic but false assumption that all or most men are alienated or deeply disturbed about their masculinity or their relationships with women. Although most men will acknowledge that there is trouble in paradise, they will add that that's life in paradise.

Contrary to what Bly and Keen may believe, most men do not lead lives of quiet desperation, even as a result of the feminist revolution. Those poor devils—their clients, or followers, or patients, or whatever, who pay to hear their sermons, and hug trees and beat tom-toms, and bay at the moon, and weep in each others' arms in their search for "personal growth"—may indeed be more deeply troubled than others about their manhood and the women in their lives, but it is an error to generalize from this unhappy group to all men.

The fact is that a boy's sense of masculinity—gender identity, as it is called by the professionals—is formed relatively early in life, by about two-and-a-half or three years of age. In some children, conflicts over their sense of masculinity or femininity may develop at that time or a little later. And these sometimes lead to adolescent and adult problems. Most children, however, will weather the passage into masculinity or femininity. If trouble does develop, it will be in childhood that it happens, not out of a clear blue adult emotional sky because of cultural or social changes, as Bly and Keen suggest.

There have always been individuals—men and women—who have suffered lives beyond ordinary everyday unhappiness, lives that were full of neurotic misery. And these individuals have sometimes sought solace in quasi-religious organizations. At times these organizations have been led by charismatic individuals—Mary Baker Eddy or the Reverend Jim Jones come to mind—who can intuitively articulate the appropriate mixture of penitence, forgiveness, love, and hope to the suffering group. Depending on whether or not these charismatic leaders can divine the deeper and most meaningful fantasies of their flock, and how exemplary they are as individuals, they will turn out to be true prophets or false prophets. I'll leave it to the reader to judge which Messrs. Bly and Keen will turn out to be. ❐

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THE TURN:
FROM THE COLD WAR TO A NEW ERA
THE UNITED STATES AND THE SOVIET UNION, 1983-1990

Don Oberdorfer

Poseidon Press/514 pages/$25

reviewed by FRED BARNES

Check out these quotes, then I'll tell why they're so important: Ronald Reagan had "a very broad strategy for dealing with the Soviets." It was simple: "Build up U.S. military power and then negotiate from a position of strength." Development of the Strategic Defense Initiative was a critical part of the strategy, frightening the Kremlin at "the prospect of being forced into an expensive high-technology race with the United States that it could not afford and probably could not win." Beginning in late 1983, Reagan "made a crucial contribution" to improving relations with a weakened Soviet Union. "His confidence and the confidence he instilled in the American people," his desire for negotiations, and his abhorrence of nuclear weapons "all played a major part in what took place." The relationship warmed, largely on American terms, because "Reagan wanted it to happen."

Sounds a bit like the conservative take on Reagan, doesn't it? Not quite. What we have here is the new revisionist assessment of Reagan. The contrast with the conventional, ideologically driven view of Reagan couldn't be more striking. That view casts Reagan as a lucky dope stumbling onto the world stage at the critical juncture when Communism was fading and the Soviet Empire starting to come apart. Reagan's role was minimal, but Mikhail Gorbachev's was enormous. The chief agent of positive change—indeed, *Time*'s Man of the Decade—was Gorbachev, who will loom large in history. Reagan? A footnote, at most. The conventional view is still dominant, but maybe it won't be for long.

For the revisionist view will be impossible to ignore on two counts. The first is that the fellow doing the revising is Don Oberdorfer of the *Washington Post*. He's no run-of-the-mill Washington scribbler. I've been dazzled for years by Oberdorfer's skill as a reporter, his fairness, and his willingness to go where his reporting takes him, even when doing so means clashing with the Beltway Zeitgeist. In *The Turn* he points out where he went wrong in newspaper stories about U.S.-Soviet relations. Such candor is unusual for a Washington journalist.

The second factor is the plethora of new facts, anecdotes, explanations, and insights in *The Turn*. Oberdorfer was helped tremendously by George Shultz, Reagan's secretary of state for six-and-a-half years. This causes him to overrate Shultz as a global mover and shaker, and ignore practically every other major U.S. official except Reagan. That's the price for having a source so critically placed—an acceptable price, I'd say. But he also pumped loads of information out of other officials, including numerous Soviets. (I'm dubious of Soviet sources, but Oberdorfer doesn't rely on them for important judgments.) The book gushes with verbatim accounts not only of meetings between Reagan and Gorbachev, but also of sessions involving lesser lights. Best I could tell, Oberdorfer got these from Americans bearing transcripts. He has so much information to convey that he's never tempted to wing it. The result is a highly readable and utterly persuasive tale of why the Cold War came to end the way it did.

I don't mean to give the wrong impression: *The Turn* isn't a pro-Reagan polemic. Oberdorfer cites glitches in Reagan's personal diplomacy, and he gives at least as much credit to Gorbachev. But what's important is that Reagan gets *some* credit. Oberdorfer treats him as a serious figure with a coherent plan for dealing with the Soviets, a plan that worked. Reagan wasn't blinded by his anti-Communism, as his political opponents charged. Instead, as Oberdorfer reveals, while the President was under sharp attack in the pre-Gorbachev era for not negotiating with the Soviets, he was actually scheming to begin talks at the soonest appropriate time. When others didn't recognize that Communism was crumbling (me, for instance), Reagan did. In his famous Orlando speech to evangelical Christians in March 1983, Reagan didn't only say that the Soviet Union was "an evil empire." He also said: "I believe that Communism is another sad, bizarre chapter in human history whose

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last pages even now are being written." He was practically alone in making that argument in 1983. Today we know he was right.

I draw three conclusions from *The Turn* that Oberdorfer doesn't state explicitly. One is that the Soviets, after initial misgivings, found Reagan to be a capable, credible, tough, and honorable figure with whom to do business. Oberdorfer cites the impressions of Aleksandr Yakovlev, an influential Gorbachev adviser who was "as skeptical of Reagan at the end of the Geneva summit [in 1985] as he had been at the beginning." He thought Reagan was playing a role like an actor. At Reykjavik the following year, Yakovlev changed his mind. "It seemed to me he wasn't acting," he later told Oberdorfer. "I saw his internal hesitation, his battling back and forth in his mind what to do. On the one hand, as it seemed to me, he was interested in the idea of universal nuclear disarmament, on the other hand sticking to the idea of such a funny toy as SDI. . . . He could be seen from a different angle as a human being and as a politician."

A second conclusion is that Reagan's firmness during negotiations paid off. At Geneva, Gorbachev tried to bargain SDI out of existence. He failed, in the opinion of Shultz, when "confronted with the unyielding depth of Reagan's conviction." Gorbachev made another futile pass at SDI at the Reykjavik summit in 1986. When the summit broke up over that issue, reporters wrote that U.S.-Soviet relations had reached a stalemate that only a Reagan reversal on SDI could break. Wrong. At the Washington summit in 1987, it was Gorbachev who backed down, agreeing to disagree on SDI while moving ahead on other issues.

The third conclusion is that Reagan's insistence on moving ahead with SDI had a salutary effect both on arms negotiations and on Soviet thinking. By upping the ante with SDI, Reagan forced Gorbachev into concession after concession. Oberdorfer says, correctly, that Reagan adopted SDI "out of longstanding and strong convictions rather than any considerations of strategy." Nonetheless, Reagan "later found SDI useful in dealings with the Soviet Union." It proved to be, Oberdorfer says, "a catalyst for a critical assessment in Moscow of the place of military power in the security of the Soviet state."

Oberdorfer is explicit on one key matter. The Reykjavik summit wasn't the disaster it was cracked up to be, but "a turning point in the relations between the two countries . . . a success of major importance." It set Reagan and Gorbachev on the path of nuclear arms reductions (with SDI kept alive) and political accommodation (with the Soviets promising to pull out of Afghanistan and cut off military aid to the Sandinistas). Not bad.

In face-to-face talks, Reagan was adept at broad generalities, weak on specifics. He drafted his own talking points for his 1984 meeting at the White House with Soviet foreign minister Andrei Gromyko and later for the Geneva summit with Gorbachev. He was skilled at expressing empathy, and it sometimes got in the way of substance. Reagan was supposed to make an arms control point when, after aides left, he was alone with Gromyko. American officials were surprised when Soviet officials later said Gromyko had told them nothing about the point. Oberdorfer found out why. A security aide had watched the two through a secret peephole. Reagan asked Gromyko if he needed to go to the john. When Gromyko returned, Reagan went. They then rejoined their aides. Strange as it may seem, we won the Cold War anyway. ❐

SCANDAL: THE CULTURE OF MISTRUST IN AMERICAN POLITICS

Suzanne Garment

Times Books/336 pages/$23

reviewed by STEVE MUNSON

Once upon a time, a politician or government official risked scandal if he did something illegal, like take a bribe, or morally improper, like have an affair. If exposed, he faced censure, or ruin, or jail, depending on the nature and seriousness of the offense. More importantly, whatever his transgression, and whatever the penalty, neither he nor the public at large would have had any doubts as to why what he had done was scandalous.

But times have changed. Today a political figure can end up impugned, impoverished, or imprisoned simply for doing his job. As Suzanne Garment writes in her compelling new book, "When we look down the list of recent political scandals that have embroiled executive branch officials, we quickly see that many of them involved offenses that would never have become known at any other time in our political history or would not have been considered worthy of serious sustained attention."

How has this situation come about? According to Garment, the roots of today's scandal politics lie in the 1960s. That era, she argues, ushered in a radicalism that has since come to pervade our national life, including the political life of Washington, D.C. At the heart of this radicalism was "the conviction that the people governing this country were fundamentally illegitimate in their claims to authority and criminal in their behavior. It followed that the job of driving out the menace posed by such officials could not be done through conventional American politics, because the old political system entailed too much ordinary electoral activity, endless negotiation, and vitiating compromise." Instead, to achieve their goals the Vietnam-era radicals and their spiritual descendants created what now amounts to a parallel political structure composed of ideologically motivated interest groups, friendly congressional staffs, activist lawyers, and willing journalists.

It is this informal structure that undergirds what Garment calls "our modern scandal production machine." Her book is a systematic attempt to explain how each element of this machine—from "ethics" laws and congressional hearings to the office of the independent counsel and the mass media—operates, and she recounts with riveting clarity the major and minor political scandals of the past decade.

One of these is the story of former assistant attorney general Theodore Olsen. In 1985 Olsen was accused of having lied two and a half years earlier when he testified

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before a congressional subcommittee investigating the Environmental Protection Agency. At the insistence of the subcommittee chairman, Democrat Peter Rodino, Attorney General Edwin Meese asked for an independent counsel to investigate. The investigation was requested even though by 1985 Olsen had already left the government. Within six months, the independent counsel, Alexia Morrison, announced that Olsen's testimony "probably did not constitute a prosecutable offense because it was literally true, even if potentially misleading in certain respects." But with that the Olsen case did not end; it was only just beginning. Morrison was apparently determined to find some evidence of criminality and, unlike ordinary prosecutors, as an independent counsel she was unhampered by time, money, or any other constraint. So she pressed on, at one point threatening to indict Olsen if he refused to waive his rights under the statute of limitations law. Her search took four more years and, predictably, she came up empty. Olsen wound up with legal bills in excess of $1 million.

Garment writes that the Olsen case showed how "an independent counsel could use the office's vast discretionary power to visit harshly discriminatory law enforcement on individual government officials." Indeed, in reading *Scandal* one cannot help feeling that, in these matters, the rule of law has been thoroughly corrupted. Those involved in the pursuit of Reagan Administration officials showed few if any qualms about what they were doing, even after it became clear that the only criminal activity they were investigating was that which they themselves had concocted. As Garment puts it:

> Today's ethics police practice scorched-earth warfare of a sort readily recognizable from Vietnam days. . . . They display impressive inventiveness in not simply catching criminals but trying to ensure that what is offensive or imprudent behavior today can be treated as scandalous or even criminal behavior tomorrow. They display the same awesome skill as the most radical antiwar activists did in ignoring the question of whether the pain they cause in individual cases is worth the good they do.

The good they do is, in fact, nil. As Garment's book makes clear, the record is replete with cases that never get into court, that get thrown out of court, that end up in coerced little plea bargains, and that serve only to damage decent and dedicated men, while promoting the careers of unscrupulous Washington lawyers, nihilistic journalists, and publicity-seeking congressmen.

The fact that so many of the "scandals" examined by Garment should never have been investigated to begin with reminds us that, although the law is the instrument of their resolution, these cases have nothing to do with criminal behavior by people in high places. Some, like the prosecution of Raymond Donovan, President Reagan's first secretary of labor, and the Wedtech-related indictments of Lyn Nofziger and E. Robert Wallach, were inspired by standard partisan motives. Others, however, were outright ideological vendettas. As Garment points out, the Theodore Olsen case began as a battle between Reagan and Congress over environmental policy. Likewise, when Edwin Meese was nominated for attorney general, he was immediately targeted by Democratic senators opposed to Reagan's civil rights policies. Foreshadowing the tactics they would later use against Supreme Court nominees Robert Bork and Clarence Thomas, they sent their staffs looking for dirt and within days produced a Meese scandal involving allegations of cronyism and questionable loans.

And then there is the Iran-contra affair. So far, the investigation by independent counsel Lawrence Walsh has taken five years and has cost, according to the *Wall Street Journal*, more than $100 million—all to investigate and prosecute men who did nothing really wrong. For as everyone in the world—including Lawrence Walsh, his staff, and their cheerleaders in the press—knows, it was not withholding information from Congress, or taking an illegal gratuity, or any of the other trumped-up charges against them that brought down Oliver North and John Poindexter and Elliott Abrams and Alan Fiers and Claire George et al. Their crime was to refuse to allow congressional Democrats sympathetic to the Sandinistas to dictate U.S. policy toward Nicaragua.

Garment notes that the Iran-contra case exemplifies the post-Watergate habit of turning fundamental disputes over policy into matters for criminal adjudication. (And, of course, in the eyes of those under the sway of the kind of ideas about America and its foreign policy that took root in the 1960s, the Reagan Administration was no less criminal in supporting the anti-Communist struggle in Nicaragua than the Johnson or Nixon Administration had been in fighting the Vietnam war.)

As *Scandal* suggests, this development is a response to the inability of the radicalized left—whose point of view remains influential in Congress, the media, and elsewhere—to win power in presidential elections through the Democratic party. Thwarted by the electorate, the left has turned to destroying its executive branch adversaries through the misuse of our legal institutions. In illuminating the true character of these modern political scandals, Suzanne Garment has made an invaluable contribution to our understanding of the current scene. ❐

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CITY LIMITS:
MEMORIES OF A SMALL-TOWN BOY

Terry Teachout

Poseidon Press/204 pages/$19

reviewed by GEORGE SIM JOHNSTON

Terry Teachout grew up in a small town in Missouri and, after brief improvisations here and there, made his way to the big lights of New York City. Now in his thirties—not exactly his dotage—he's written a memoir of this pilgrimage, *City Limits*. It's an account of what William James called the twice-born soul, of a person who somewhere between adolescence and maturity grows a second soul in order to keep moving forward. Even so, he cannot help but trail what Teachout calls the broken cobwebs of the past. These cobwebs make up much of this fine book, which can readily be put beside such quiet contemporary classics as Truman Capote's *A Christmas Memory*.

Teachout was born and raised in a place called Sikeston, which, so far as I can tell, has not had its 1965 yet. What do I mean by this? I grew up in New York City, and in 1965 *everything* began to get weird. Spray-paint vandals who signed themselves COOLJET200 began to redecorate the subways, people stopped using garbage receptacles on the sidewalk, newsstands sprouted pornography, and every neighborhood became a theater of operations for psychopaths. New York, it has been observed, was once all superego, and now it's all id. Freudian terminology aside, Sikeston, Mo. appears to be one of those unvisited pockets of decency out there in the heartland, a place where you can still leave the back-door unlocked at night. Without such places—so it seems anyway to an exasperated New Yorker—the republic could not possibly keep muddling on.

Like Evelyn Waugh, if Teachout ever got hold of a time machine, he would set the engine Slow Astern. His father's leanly edited home movies, he writes, "cannot satisfy my longing for a movie made up of nothing but wasted film, a prosy, commonplace, uneventful movie whose only purpose is to show how Sikeston looked on an average day in 1950 or 1960 or 1990 . . ." So Teachout uses the opening chapters to produce a kind of prose home movie, in which the camera lingers on childhood landmarks "lightly touched with mystery." Evocative without being cloying, these shots of an enclave of bustling self-sufficiency, complete with A & W Root Beer stand and local Elks Club, make the reader wonder why the author did not follow the path of least resistance and set up shop as a small-town lawyer. The descriptions of his childhood family life resonate with that elusive thing called happiness, which, if we but knew it, often resides in a "normality" that requires a fair amount of effort.

The main problem with childhood, of course, is that it eventually turns into adolescence. For Teachout, this meant a "prig's progress" into the library stacks or behind a closed door at home, where he would spend hours listening to jazz records. One way for a painfully shy teenager to loosen up a bit was to get involved in theater ("Give a man a mask and he'll tell you everything," as Wilde put it), and there's a wonderful account of a high school production of *Fiddler on the Roof* in which Teachout, having misplaced his glasses, comes crashing down from the upper reaches of the stage set, desperately holding up a violin to keep it from breaking.

Adolescent shyness often pays its dividends decades later. In Teachout's case, it seems to have provided a protective membrane which allowed his intellect and character to travel well beyond the city limits of Sikeston. But the trajectory was slow and uncertain. After two catatonic semesters in one college and a successful stint in another, Teachout spent more than half a decade burning holes in his résumé. First, there were four years as a bank teller in Kansas City. Not the stuff of great narrative, you might think, but he paints a portrait of post-adolescent disaffection that will strike deep chords in many readers. And there is an account of a bank robbery with bullets flying and blood on the floor that is a perfect set piece.

Shucking off the bank work, Teachout fell into what computer people call a default mode. It's what happens automatically to a body between the ages of 20 and 30 if no other instructions are given to it: it ends up back in school. As a psychotherapy student in Illinois, Teachout found himself manning a Crisis Line for deranged people in the middle of the night. Sitting in a kitchen (surprisingly, calls were taken at home) after midnight, beneath "the tight cone of light of a pull-down ceiling fixture," talking to anonymous strangers about their "bad night between doses of Thorazine and Valium" would seem as close to the contemporary heart of darkness as you can get.

Teachout soon came to the conclusion that must eventually catch up with most dispensers of Freudian analysis: while it's not totally useless, it's not very effective either. A mentor with a sardonic knowledge of the whole range of gestalts and therapies persuaded him that psychoanalysts with medical degrees were no better at curing their patients than laymen who had been given month-long crash courses in nondirective therapy. "I understood at last why my love affair with psychotherapy, the great secular religion of our time, had gone sour."

Which makes the last stop in the book Grand Central Station. "Nobody comes to New York by accident, least of all the stray children of the small towns in America who flock here like stubborn pigeons." A chain of coincidences leads him to an enviable editorial job, but there had been, he writes, "a single bright thread of fascination" pulling him there all the time. Such are the paradoxes of literary life: In order to really see New York and Boston, Henry James had to move to moldering old Europe; and in order to get down on paper indelible impressions of prelapsarian small-town America, it was probably necessary for Teachout to be sitting in an apartment in Bronxville in the middle of the night, listening to car burglar alarms wailing over the hum of his word processor.

Among the delights of *City Limits* is an elegant prose style that never calls attention to itself. There are whole chapters that give the pleasurable ache of one's earliest memories. But like any first-rate memoir, there

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is not a hint of solipsism and along the way we pick up a great deal of interesting information about contemporary America. There is, for example, an elegiac chapter about the final days of jazzman Woody Herman—Teachout spent a few delirious weeks on his tour bus—that ought to be in the next good anthology of modern jazz writing. One hopes that Poseidon Press is already nagging Teachout for a sequel, which will no doubt be called *Escape from New York.* ❐

WATCHING AMERICA: WHAT TELEVISION TELLS US ABOUT OUR LIVES

S. Robert Lichter, Linda S. Lichter, Stanley Rothman

Prentice Hall/322 pages/$24.95

reviewed by DAVE SHIFLETT

Janet Richardson was, for all intents and purposes, a human clam. The 27-year-old Overland Park, Kansas resident had fallen from a bunk bed five days earlier, lapsing immediately into a coma. Though all relevant measures were taken, Janet remained unresponsive in the intensive care unit at Shawnee Mission Medical Center. Nothing could rouse her from her advanced torpor.

Then came a miracle.

"I remember her focusing in on the television and that's why I turned it on," nurse Gael Martin told the Associated Press. Patty Richardson, the victim's sister, picks up the story. "Janet's eyes flew open. The sound of that television show woke her up. It was the first sign that her memory was coming back."

Like a snake from a basket, Janet's consciousness wove its way out of the darkness as the theme song from "Growing Pains" filled the room (one of Janet's favorite shows, it had become apparent). Doctors and family were astounded, as were the townspeople. Everyone wondered how the television could have revived Janet when everything else had failed. And everyone wondered about the nature of the television gods who had transformed that pitiful clam back into a young woman.

The answers to these questions, as it turns out, are found in *Watching America*, a frightfully in-depth look at the passions and beliefs of television's creative geniuses. The authors, famous for their investigations of the national media, have pried the television beast open at both ends and peered inside with very powerful flashlights. What they discovered could be likened to a vast polyp field, swollen to the bursting point with lies, filth, and corruption. Or, as the deacons down at the Overland Park Baptist Church might put it, Janet may indeed have been revived by the disciples of Beelzebub.

The authors begin their study with a general survey of television's brain-children, whom we can refer to hereafter as the tubers. Seventy-three percent live either in California or along the Boston-Washington corridor, a fact that immediately raises suspicions out here in the Great Flyover. Then there's this: though 93 percent had religious upbringings, 45 percent now claim no religious affiliation whatsoever, with the rest saying they seldom if ever attend services.

But if the tubers live in a spiritual Lapsedland, they have active political beliefs. Seventy-five percent describe themselves as left of center, while only 14 percent call themselves conservatives. In the policy arena, they are like men with serious amphetamine problems, swarming about supporting dubious causes. "Seven out of ten believe the government should substantially reduce the income gap between the rich and poor," the authors report, and 44 percent think anyone who wants a job should be guaranteed one. Ninety-seven percent are pro-choice, and 80 percent think homosexual relations are fine, with 86 percent saying homosexuals should be allowed to teach in public schools.

In addition, the authors discovered that 51 percent of these Randy Andy's (the tubers are almost exclusively white males) do not think adultery is wrong. These deeply held impulses, as the authors point out, are in profound contrast to a poll by the National Opinion Research Corporation, which found that 85 percent of the public thinks adultery is wrong, while over three-quarters firmly believe that homosexuality is not an appropriate human activity.

All of which brings up a few questions in the wake of the Long Dong Silver scare. Isn't it fairly clear that the television industry is much further outside the mainstream than Clarence Thomas or even Robert Bork?

Without a doubt, this is true.

And didn't the tubers actively oppose those two pristine candidates (we speak in relative terms, of course)?

Again, the answer is yes.

And lastly, isn't it true that Clarence Thomas probably won't have nearly as much influence over regular Americans as the television industry, which actually practices what Anita Hill only dared allege?

Right again, and if Thomas is half the man we think he is, he will move quickly against these people.

At this point, some may question how much these personal beliefs actually translate into what we see on television. Isn't it possible that the tubers are similar to Lou Cannon, who has always insisted that his personal beliefs don't show up in his work?

To their credit, the tubers don't insult their audience with such transparently false suggestions. As the creator of "Happy Days" and "Mork and Mindy" once said: "Because sitcoms reach so many people, we might as well try to put some issues in them." Which is why, to give but one of many examples, an episode of the old Daniel Boone series portrayed schoolchildren in Boonesboro taking instruction in "Red Indian studies." Likewise, an episode of "Hill Street Blues" investigated another modern preoccupation, as described by the authors: "The man is found in his room with only his pet sheep as witness. The cause of death is at first obscure. Gradually it dawns on the officers that the man may have died from a heart attack while having sex."

Did you miss that episode? One of the many fine features of this book is that a reader can learn much more than he needs to about the television industry, if that is his desire. For instance, the authors provide these details about the professional credentials of television characters: "Nine out of every ten highly educated profes-

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sionals on prime-time television have been male. Since 1955 men have portrayed 93 percent of all doctors, 87 percent of lawyers and 93 percent of judges, 86 percent of corporate executives, and 87 percent of college professors." An extraordinary datum, most will admit, and my sympathies to the researchers who did the counting.

The phenomenal increase in extramarital television sex makes for better reading, however. "Prior to 1969," the authors write, "we coded fewer than one instance of extramarital sex in every thirty shows. During the 1970s extramarital sex cropped up on about one out of every eight shows. Since the mid-1970s, the ratio has dropped to one in six, and continues to narrow." Another investigation indicates a higher degree of romping. "In the 58 programs [the other investigators] watched, they counted forty-one instances of extramarital sexual intercourse and only six instances of marital intercourse, a ratio of almost seven to one."

It's clear that if Pat Robertson had written a book on television and made up all the facts, he wouldn't have dared assert what is in fact true. Ditto for violence—another growth area. "In the first decade of our study, there were seven murders for every one hundred characters seen on the screen. This was more than 1,400 times the actual murder rate for the United States during the same time period."

But the exaggeration doesn't stop there. Given that the vast majority of tubers are live white males, you have to wonder why, over the past thirty years, "nine out of ten murders on television were committed by whites," when the actual rate is much lower. Blacks, meanwhile, "are about eighteen times less likely to commit homicide than in real life, whereas the Asian homicide rate is three times as high as in the real world." Hispanics, for their part, are often portrayed as dope smugglers and other sorts of scum, committing crimes twice as often as other characters. The motivation for most of these television murders—greed—is also wrong. As the authors point out, in the real world, only three to five percent of murders are over money or property. On television, however, three of five murders are so inspired.

What are we to make of all this? For the deacons down at the Overland Park Baptist Church, *Watching America* makes it very clear that the television gods have created a world that Old Scratch would be most comfortable in, a world where people sport with sheep and their neighbor's wife; blood runs nostril-deep in the streets; and criminals kill for envy and spite. In addition, most of the scientists are crazed, the businessmen are crooked, and the priests, while favorably portrayed, are not the kind of people to give the Old Deluder too much grief. Needless to say, at least half the angels in television heaven are butch. As a result, one can imagine the deacons putting down the book and saying aloud: "Eureka! The pope ain't the Antichrist after all. It's that damn box in the corner."

For the rest of us, the authors have supplied facts to buttress a very old belief: that nothing becomes a television screen like a power outage. ❐

SUPERMARKETER TO THE WORLD

E.J. Kahn, Jr.

Warner Books/320 pages/$24.95

reviewed by JOE QUEENAN

It is a truism in the publishing industry that a staggering number of books are nothing more than magazine articles that have been padded out to book length. Exceptions to this rule are the daunting leviathans handcrafted by staffers of the *New Yorker,* articles so Asiatic in their sweep that they must then be edited down from their original 1.7 million words in order to fit neatly within the covers of a conventional 320-page book. In the kingdom of the prolix, only the *Atlantic* can give the *New Yorker* a serious run for its money.

Another trademark of *New Yorker* pieces is their overpowering sense of unoccasionedness, their curious detachment from the world most of us live in, their ability to elicit from puzzled readers such comments as: "Gee, what made you decide to do a three-installment, 157-page article about eastern Kentucky dulcimer repairmen *now*?" and "Before I read that article, I thought I knew everything there was to know about our friend, the miraculous soybean. Boy, was I ever wrong!"

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And so we come to the curious case of E. J. Kahn, Jr., a *New Yorker* staffer since the Depression who has written more than three million words, all but one or two of them unnecessary, for the magazine. Having alchemized many of his previous articles into books with such seductive titles as *The Big Drink, The Merry Partners, Georgia: From Rabun Gap to Tybee Light,* and *Harvard: Through Change and Storm,* Kahn has now repackaged his latest effort, a towering chronicle of *mundus soybeanus,* into *Supermarketer to the World.* This is a book that is supposed to be the *story of* Dwayne Andreas, chief executive officer of Archer Daniels Midland, but it quickly reveals itself to be *a paean to* Dwayne Andreas, whom the author views as a soybean-selling secular saint. It is, in short, a book that has been crying out, "Don't write me! Don't write me!" for years.

Dwayne Andreas is, of course, the chief honcho at the largest grain-processing company in the world. During his 26-year tenure, ADM's revenues have skyrocketed to $8 billion, with the company's annual net income reaching $500 million in 1989. Among many other coups, Andreas has persuaded both Pepsi

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and Coca-Cola to switch from sugar to high-fructose in their products, headed a campaign for relaxed trade restrictions against the Soviet Union and other Eastern Bloc countries, cajoled the U.S. government into subsidizing the development of alternative fuels such as ethanol—an industry his company dominates—and led the push to rid Third World nations of hunger through improved distribution networks and bold innovations in agricultural techniques. He is, in short, a very smart, very successful businessman, a man who has fused traditional business know-how with traditional low-profile corporate philanthropy to fashion a positive image for both himself and his company.

But that doesn't make him a saint, and Kahn's naive attempt to beatify his subject—who cooperated on the project—comes off as a terrible embarrassment for both subject and writer. For as long as anyone can remember, Andreas has been putting politicians on his payroll, with no regard for their political ideology, so long as they agree to carry the ball. What are we to make of a man who, though a lifelong bosom buddy of Hubert Humphrey, once contributed $157,000 to Richard Nixon's re-election campaign? What are we to make of a man who gets into trouble because of a "quick, off-the-record" $25,000 contribution to Nixon's 1972 re-election campaign, and then in 1973 runs afoul of the Department of Justice's special prosecutor Archibald Cox for four apparently illegal $25,000 contributions to the Happy Warrior during Humphrey's 1968 campaign? What are we to make of a man who is friendly with both Pat Robertson and Mother Teresa, who has written checks to both Jesse Jackson and Jesse Helms, and who numbers F. Ross Johnson, the deposed RJR Nabisco CEO who has come to embody the worst "excesses" of the 1980s, among his friends? What we are to make of him is this: he is the very worst sort of Republican, the money-talks, B.S. walks wheeler-and-dealer committed to no principle larger than next quarter's bottom line. Andreas is the Decatur, Illinois version of New York, New York's Pete Petersen: neither a saint nor a Satan, but a schmoozer.

Kahn, a creampuff generalist who is clearly in over his head when writing about an industrial colossus like ADM, doesn't see it that way. Blithely whitewashing the assorted scandals and improprieties that have dogged Andreas throughout his career, Kahn depicts him as an authentic American hero, a genuine visionary committed to eradicating global hunger who just happens to be in the grain-processing business. Whereas ideologically committed individuals of both the left and the right would condemn Andreas's willingness to bend and fold when serious moral issues present themselves, Kahn views Andreas as the finest of Americans: the non-ideological, center-right pragmatist who is always ready to be reasonable. Thus, when the Soviets gunned down airliner KAL 007 back in 1983, Andreas thought it would be a terrible idea to cancel a U.S. trade fair scheduled to take place in Moscow shortly thereafter, because so many people would be disappointed. Kahn agrees. Andreas was highly critical of Jimmy Carter's decision to impose a trade embargo against the Soviets after their invasion of Afghanistan—one of Carter's few noteworthy actions. Kahn seems to think Andreas was right.

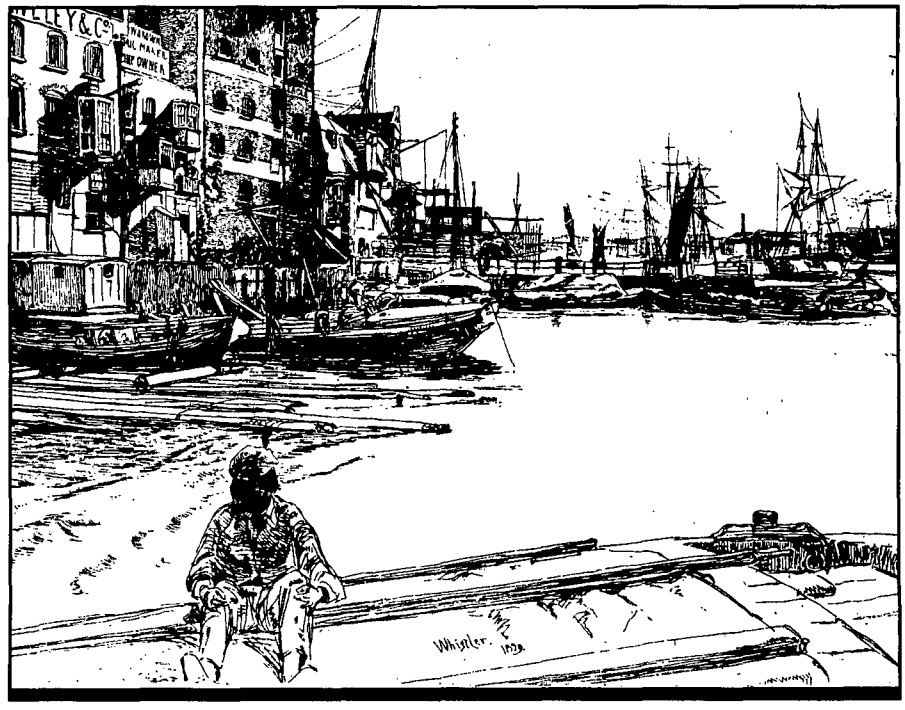
And then there's the tricky matter of the ecosystem. Andreas, via his creature, Senator Bob Dole, has long masqueraded as a committed environmentalist, thereby inducing the United States government to fork over hundreds of millions of dollars in subsidies and tax breaks to underwrite Archer Daniels Midland's ethanol industry, one of the great eco-boondoggles of our time. Andreas is hardly to be condemned for such ingenious charades; the job of the American businessman is to camouflage selfish entrepreneurial ventures as selfless gestures of vast personal philanthropy. That's why these guys pay so much money to flacks. But it is the job of responsible journalists to point out that a commodities czar with a $180-million fortune and friends all over Capitol Hill is no Joseph of Arimathea.

Nor is Kahn any Joseph of Conrad. A master of the flat, non-judgmental, golly-gee style that made the *New Yorker* famous, Kahn fills his book with long, uninformative sections describing Andreas's golf game, his homespun philosophy, his vacation home, his attempts to erect a statue in honor of Ronald Reagan in Decatur, Illinois, and other momentous matters. The true flavor of the book is captured in the kernels of wisdom from the Sultan of Soy that kick off each chapter:

> "I'm a strong believer that trade is the greatest promoter of peace and goodwill on earth."
>
> "Food knows no boundaries. We are in the international age of agriculture."
>
> "At heart, I'm just a Mennonite farm boy."

Aren't we all?

In the course of his 54-year career at the *New Yorker,* proclaims the flyleaf to the book, E. J. Kahn, Jr. has written more than twenty-five books on everything from combat to cookery. That works out to roughly one book every two years. Judging from *Supermarketer to the World,* Kahn would have been better off writing two books, and taking the other fifty years off to learn something about business, the commodities markets, politics, or common sense. I hate to have to come right out and say it, but this is the worst book about the grain-processing industry that I have ever read. ❐



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AMERICA'S CONSTITUTIONAL SOUL

Harvey C. Mansfield, Jr.

The Johns Hopkins University Press/236 pages/$25.95

reviewed by PAUL A. RAHE

Over the last quarter-century, Harvey C. Mansfield, Jr. has pursued a two-track career as a student of politics. On the one hand, he has addressed his fellow scholars and their students, publishing a distinguished monograph on Burke, Bolingbroke, and the origins of party government; a detailed commentary on Machiavelli's *Discourses on Livy;* a searching analysis of the origins and character of executive power; and an impressive array of articles on figures as diverse as Aristotle, Marsilius of Padua, Hobbes, Locke, and Karl Marx. He has edited a selection of Burke's letters and written a lucid introduction to that philosopher's thought. He has translated (or collaborated on translations of) Machiavelli's *The Prince* and *The Florentine Histories* and provided penetrating introductions to them.

At the same time, Mansfield has produced occasional pieces for the larger public that apply philosophy to public policy. A number of these articles, two of which first appeared in these pages, were reprinted fourteen years ago in *The Spirit of Liberalism*—in which Mansfield, presenting himself as "a friend of liberalism, as distinct from a liberal," warned liberals against "the deliberate provocations of the New Left." He urged liberals to study the classical conservatism of Plato and Aristotle, to reflect on the qualities that distinguish the few who aspire to rule from the many who fear and resent being ruled, and to ponder the political importance of the phenomenon that the Greeks called *thumos*: "In the classical tradition," he wrote, "liberals would learn more about themselves for knowing what they lack because of what was once rejected in the name of liberty and now is needed in defense of liberty: a certain spirit in the soul of a human being that gives him the pride to defend his humanity."

At the same time, Mansfield remarked that "it would be surprising if modern conservatism did not share some of the defects of present-day liberalism." In his new collection, *America's Constitutional Soul*, Mansfield suggests that conservatives have grown too fond of basing their political calculations on interest, to the virtual exclusion of human-spiritedness and pride.

He begins by asking why the election of Ronald Reagan in 1980 failed to produce the political realignment that Mansfield and others thought possible and desirable. Mansfield pays less attention to the tax cuts and other Reaganite programs than to the campaigns and elections of 1980-88. If the Republicans failed to achieve a political realignment, Mansfield hints, it was because they did not earn it. One cannot bring about a massive shift in political allegiances, however favorable the circumstances, simply by asking voters to ponder every two years whether they are better off now than they were in the past. Given the vicissitudes of the business cycle, politicians who invite voters to measure their accomplishments solely by economic performance will eventually be judged to have failed. Passing voter disgruntlement will produce only short-lived political tremors; political earthquakes take place only when fundamental principles are at stake.

Mansfield argues that American conservatives must justify their desire for realignment on constitutional grounds: they must ask what it means to be an American, and be prepared to defend the requisite qualities. This means recognizing that there is more to life than bread alone, that "forms matter" as much if not more than material interests, and that self-government in a republic ultimately depends on the pride that human beings take in managing their own affairs, individually and collectively. As he puts it, "The connection between constitution and pride is through the formal: the formal, whether a trifling item of dress or an important instance of political conduct, shows what we would sacrifice our comfort to wear and our leisure to defend." To rally their compatriots to their side, American conservatives must have an ennobling cause to pursue; and in Mansfield's judgment, this country's postmodern liberals, in imbibing from Marx and Nietzsche a contempt for the legal and constitutional forms of freedom, have given their opponents the opportunity to take up just such a cause.

In their unwillingness to admit that liberalism has enemies to the left and in their eagerness to achieve egalitarian results at all costs, today's liberals have abandoned the foundation of modern constitutional government—the doctrine of consent. They have in effect embraced patriarchy, attempting not only to guarantee our rights but to ensure their exercise. "An equal right to seek a job," Mansfield explains, "becomes an entitlement to a job or rather to the proceeds of a job, which the government performs as it were instead of the worker. In this way government spreads into society, looking for more private activities to equalize and, with decreasing reluctance, to exercise itself instead of, yet on behalf of, those it wishes to benefit." As liberalism takes hold, citizenship withers and America becomes "a society of entitlements and a nation of dependents." The result is that "liberalism, which began with the rejection of paternalism on behalf of religion and virtue, now has returned to paternalism to ensure safety and comfort."

To illustrate liberal paternalism at its most blatant, Mansfield recalls a famous faux pas regarding affirmative action. In 1983, James Watt lost his position as secretary of the interior when, in public, he observed that he had appointed to a coal-leasing board "a black, a woman, two Jews, and a cripple." As Mansfield points out, though Watt's statement was "a remark of shameless cynicism, and deliberately subversive," it was "also true." Watt "should have appointed the same people and not said why. He should have known, indeed he surely knew, that to state the true purpose of his appointments was to render them useless. An affirmative action appointment does not serve its purpose unless one denies that it has been made for that purpose," for to admit what one is doing is "to hurt the pride of the beneficiary." Affirmative action is the good deed that dare not speak its name. As Mansfield puts it, "One does not see a smiling executive introduce 'our new affirmative action appointment' to his fellow employees." The real question

Paul A. Rahe's book Republics Ancient and Modern: Classical Republicanism and the American Revolution *will be published by the University of North Carolina Press next fall.*

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that he asks us to ponder is whether help that demeans is really help at all.

Mansfield's point is that affirmative action is not only unjust in that it penalizes innocent bystanders while compensating individuals who have not themselves suffered a loss. It also encourages in whites "a patronizing, condescending attitude" toward blacks. Indeed, it "tends to confirm the idea of black inferiority in the minds of whites even while its purpose is to erase it." At the same time, affirmative action encourages blacks "to think of themselves as victims, hence as essentially passive," and it thereby discourages them from devoting their attention and efforts to what they can do for themselves and for their countrymen. This last point is important, for in the new society of entitlements, "individuals and groups who can take pride in, and can boast of, their contributions to the common good do not receive political recognition as such; their strengths are forgotten" and, in effect, denied. In a nation of dependents, "society discovers its victims but forgets to make them citizens." Mansfield sums up the case against affirmative action and against entitlements in general in the following way: "They have no reference to the common good; they result from no actual or potential contribution by the entitled; they do not have to be individually, much less responsibly, exercised; and they deny past progress in rights while producing a static society of defensive special interests."

Mansfield concedes that the drift toward dependency is inherent in modern constitutionalism. It is rooted in the assault on *thumos* and in the critique of all human claims to rule that Hobbes launched and Locke reinforced. To halt and reverse this drift, conservatives need only look to the Constitution, which respects and honors private individuals and groups and makes them largely responsible for their own welfare by guaranteeing their rights, by formally limiting the power and scope of government, and by leaving it up to them to exercise those rights as they so choose. In the manner of Hobbes, it reflects our recognition of the necessities that restrict choice. At the same time, it demonstrates an Aristotelian insight into the way that the distribution of public offices and honors gives shape to a political regime—for, through the separation of powers, the Constitution provides considerable scope for ambition and an ample field for the exercise of virtue. Above all, the Constitution formally embodies the doctrine of consent—"the crucial right that joins rights to government and makes it clear that although rights are *secured* by government, they are not *created by* government and do not exist merely at the *convenience* of government." In making that fundamental right visible in our political institutions, the Constitution discourages Americans from thinking of themselves as victims in need of compensation, encourages them to assume responsibility for their own collective well-being, and teaches them "to take pride in seeing" their "interest in freedom."

To bring about a political realignment and end the deadlock between the Republican President and the Democratic Congress, conservatives will have to recognize that there is more to statesmanship than managerial competence: they must constantly remind Americans that our experiment in self-government is endangered by a propensity to wallow in compassion and self-pity. They must show that the political health of the nation depends on the restoration of the *limited,* responsible government that Mansfield calls "America's constitutional soul." ❐

THE BEST AMERICAN SPORTS WRITING 1991

Edited by David Halberstam (Series Editor: Glenn Stout)

Houghton Mifflin/338 pages/$21.95; $9.95 paper

reviewed by SHAWN MILLER

Back in the days when his heart was full of fear and loathing, Hunter S. Thompson called sportswriters "a kind of rude and brainless subculture of fascist drunks whose only real function is to publicize & sell whatever the sports editor sends them to cover." A sports journalist in Florida at the beginning of his career, Thompson puts the sportswriter in his traditional place: not skilled enough to cover topics of importance, yet competent enough to describe men playing boys' games and lucky enough to get pie-eyed with those men when the games are over. Indeed, one wonders what beverage Thompson was enjoying when he wrote of the Miami Dolphins, after their victory in the 1972 Super Bowl: "They could almost taste it. The smell was stronger than a ton of rotten mangoes. Their nerves burned like open sores on a dog's neck."

Glenn Stout, with a little help from Pulitzer Prize–winner David Halberstam, has taken it upon himself to put to rest the notion of sportswriter as rogue journalist once and for all. The twenty-four pieces that make up *The Best American Sports Writing 1991* mark a departure from the long-running *Best Sports Stories* series, which bit the proverbial dust in 1982, after thirty-eight years of publication. Those collections pinpointed the top *stories* of the year; the 1982 edition tells of Dave Winfield's shocking $20 million contract, Dwight Clark's twisting touchdown catch against the Cowboys, and Isiah Thomas's escape from the clutches of the evil Bobby Knight. Stout has changed the emphasis to *writing*; a curious fan reading this book in 2041 will find no record of Michael Jordan's teary heroics in the NBA finals or Scott Norwood's dry-eyed Super Bowl failure.

This approach results in a broad definition of what constitutes a sport, one that goes far beyond the oft-debated borders usually set around bowling and golf. In "On the Bunny Trail," by Jack Smith of *Philadelphia Magazine*, the "sport" under scrutiny is beagling, the object of which is to follow (on foot) a pack of killer beagles as they chase (but don't necessarily catch) rabbits. The point of beagling is not so much for the dogs to massacre hares as for the humans to "get in touch with nature" by looking at wood doves and giant blue herons. Unfortunately, the beagles seem hard-pressed to stay with the program. A non-beagler complains, "What a dreadful sport. You go traipsing across other people's property knocking down their fences, and the dogs rip your chickens apart and attack your pets."

Fishing, another questionable athletic activity, also gets the Stout treatment.

Shawn Miller is The American Spectator's *editorial intern.*

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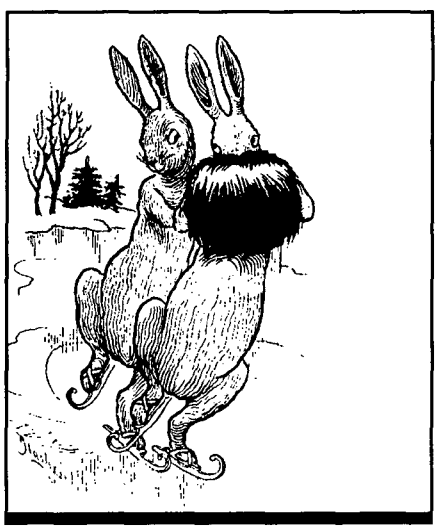
While the thought of Hemingway wrestling for hours with a flashing marlin holds some manly appeal, fishing mostly comes down to guzzling Milwaukee's Best and getting the line tangled. But Stout is not interested in the normal—let alone noble—aspects of angling. He prefers the piscatorial equivalent of beagling: snagging. Paul Pekin, the author of "A Fling and a Prayer" for the *Chicago Reader*, journeys to the Sable River of northern Michigan to "snag" the chinook salmon. Since, in their spawning frenzy, the salmon do not rank eating high on their list of priorities, the only way to catch them is to "snag" them: you toss a strong line with a heavy hook into the river, let it settle, give a blind jerk, and hope to snag a fish. The salmon, trapped on the sides by narrow banks and in the front by an impending dam, are in effect being shot in a barrel. Perhaps Pekin captures the essence of this activity when he admits that the only sport involved comes in struggling to gain a place on the banks of the Sable, and then dodging the deadly hooks that fill the air in the subsequent casting flurry.

While the *Best Sports Stories* series relied heavily on newspaper staff journalists, like Leigh Montville of the *Boston Globe* and Jim Murray of the *Los Angeles Times*, who faced deadlines and space limits, Stout yearns for the good old days (what days? "once" and "years ago" are as specific as he gets) when writers were given several weeks to produce a story. But give a sportswriter more than one hectic, coffee stained night to crank out a piece, and he'll ruin it through some creative wizardry.

Stout himself sets a bad example in the foreword, where he throws this wild pitch: "As long as human beings have played games and as long as human beings have been able to scratch out a written language, some of those scratches have been about those games." William Nack of *Sports Illustrated* soils an otherwise beautiful ode to Secretariat by describing the famous thoroughbred as being "twelve in front and steam puffing from his nostrils as from a factory whistle, bounding like some mythical beast out of Greek lore," and recalling Secretariat's victory in the 1973 Belmont Stakes as a moment when "I yielded a part of myself to that horse forever." Arrest that man! The oh-so-precious Roger Angell, in his annual guided tour through the year in baseball, reports a "friend" telling him "that [Oakland manager Tony] La Russa's folded arms and funereal phiz in the dugout reminded him of Dante contemplating the circles of Hell . . ." With friends like that . . .

By contrast, David Racine's "Bo Knows Fiction," from the *New Yorker*, which concentrates its attention on poking fun at the media circus that follows the oft-injured commercial actor, is delightfully lighthearted. Racine's setting is a fictitious Madison Square Garden, in which sixteen thousand fans constitute "the smallest crowd Bo has performed in front of since a late August doubleheader in Cleveland." Mr. Jackson sits in the center of the arena, staring down a Smith-Corona electric, about to embark on his third "hobby": writing. Marv Albert provides the "word by word" action for National Public Radio, with color commentary and expert analysis from Joyce Carol Oates.

By endorsing Parker Pens, Smith-Corona, Liquid Paper, and Hills Bros. Coffee (a big deal with Apple is in the works), Bo "is great for fiction," according to Oates. "Every time Bo takes one deep, or plows into an end zone, the cash register will start



ringing." Albert's interviews with Jackson mix the hilarious with the sublime: "Bo on Poe: 'Edgar couldn't pass the drug testing we have today.'" Racine has a field day pummeling the sports media hypesters; after Bo ends the exhibition with the egalitarian "We are all Bo," Oates drops the ultimate broadcast cliché: "He really came to write today." Unfortunately, Racine's piece could serve to parody many of the other works in the Stout-Halberstam collection.

But Bo is not the biggest star in *The Best American Sports Writing 1991*. That honor goes to the writer who will probably have 100 million books in print worldwide by the turn of the millennium: Stephen King, who contributes "Head Down," a reconstruction of the Bangor (Maine) West Little League team's improbable run through the Eastern Regional Tournament. Like most wildly popular novelists, King has been looked down upon by the literati for his assembly-line horror fiction (*National Lampoon* elegantly characterized the typical King outline: "Plot, plot, BOO!, plot, plot, [sex], BOO!, plot, BOO!"). That is jealousy talking. King's great knack is that of presenting realistic characters in extreme situations, a talent that resonates throughout this story.

Baseball is easily the most poeticized of sports, a tendency that worshipful commissioners like the late Bart Giamatti have done nothing to discourage. And Little League baseball—without agents, billion-dollar television contracts, or chartered jets—is covered with land mines of truisms about the "real meaning of baseball." In the face of an idealistic, if effective, coach and a *Hoosiers*-like run at the Little League World Series, King manages to skirt the stereotypes at every opportunity:

> On the trip back to Machias the next day, Matt Kinney reveals one of the chief attractions *People* magazine holds for boys of Little League age. "I'm sure there's one here someplace," he says, leafing slowly through an issue he had found in the back seat. "There almost always is."
>
> "What? What are you looking for?" third baseman Kevin Rochefort asks, peering over Matt's shoulder as Matt leafs past the week's celebs, barely giving them a look.
>
> "The breast-examination ad," Matt explains. "You can't see everything, but you can see quite a lot. Here it is!" he holds the magazine up triumphantly.

"Head Down" is a fortunate closing piece, clearing from the reader's mind visions of belligerent beagles, psychotic salmon, and the glaring Mr. Alighieri.

In a bit of journalistic lechery that would have cheered Thompson's gonzo sensibilities, the revered Roger Kahn retails a story on George Steinbrenner for *Sport Magazine*, circa 1981. During preparation for an interview, a "60 Minutes" technician bragged to the Yankee boss of the show's wireless transmitters: "You'll forget you have them on. We've even used them with First Ladies, and four of them . . . actually wore the transmitters to the bathroom. You ought to hear those tapes." Like those tapes, the best sports writing—from Halberstam's *The Summer of '49* to Jim Bouton's *Ball Four* to Peter Golenbock and Sparky Lyle's *Bronx Zoo*—gives the reader a rare look into an otherwise closed world. Too often, *The Best American Sports Writing 1991* sacrifices substance for style, and style won't get you behind clubhouse doors. ❐

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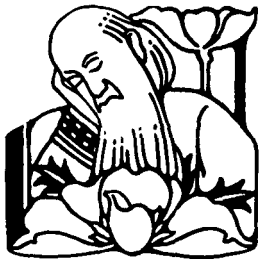

Faith and Intelligence:

Are They Compatible?

Among the well-educated the myth still circulates that religion is the preserve of the dim-witted, unlettered, and irrational. Yet recently *The New York Times Magazine* carried an article on the "return to religion" among intellectuals. From the Ivy League to Vanderbilt to Stanford, and among inquisitive people generally, there's an undeniable renewal of interest in the questions traditional religion raises and seeks to answer. This fascination is largely a result of the failures of secular substitutes for religion (such as positivism, hedonism, technological utopianism, egotism, Freudianism, and Marxism) to give abidingly satisfying answers to the truly significant puzzles in life: goodness, suffering, justice, love, death, and the meaning of it all.

The *Times* article discussed the NEW OXFORD REVIEW as part of this return to religion, and rightly so. We at the REVIEW are spearheading today's intellectual engagement with what Daniel Bell terms "the sacred." Among other things, we scrutinize the religious dimensions of the great events and issues of the past and present, and probe the wisdom offered not only by the Bible and Church fathers, but also by such diverse giants as St. Francis, Aquinas, Dante, Thomas More, Kierkegaard, Newman, Dostoyevsky, Chesterton, Bonhoeffer, Eliot, Silone, Maritain, Niebuhr, Solzhenitsyn, Dorothy Day, C.S. Lewis, Martin Luther King Jr., Flannery O'Connor, Simone Weil, Mother Teresa, Graham Greene, Malcolm Muggeridge, and Pope John Paul II.

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GENDER ISSUES QUIZ

Are conservatives smarter than liberals?

What do prehistoric "families," some tribal societies, housing projects and barnyards have in common? Chaos! caused by loss of the *gender contract* between men and women.

What is the *gender contract*? It is the delineation of intra-family rights and responsibilities whereby a woman is (was) assured by a man of protection and sustenance, in return for legitimate, inalienable children. This *contract* is the foundation of civilization.

What went wrong in modern times? Government negated the *contract*. Divorce courts, following the liberal imperative of redistributing wealth, routinely evict and pauperize fathers. The welfare empire aspires to replace them.

Other prejudices are double standards in crime punishment, e.g. the right to kill husbands, affirmative action job schemes and negative image portrayls.

Of what consequence to society is all this? Deprived of respect for paternal discipline and self-sufficiency, children often fall into delinquency and dependency.

Who are more responsible for the mess, liberals or conservatives? Both; liberals on principle, conservatives from disregarding the *gender contract*, influenced by perverted chivalry. Having more common sense, conservatives may be more educable and society's best hope.

What conservative publication promotes this new perspective? *The Liberator* 17854A Lyons, Forest Lake, MN 55025. Sample issue $2.00

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The federal government has assumed the role of wage-earning parents and destroyed initiative, pride, and the family value system. Americans must learn to limit family size based on what they can personally afford. Single parent "families" with 10, 12, even 14 (and more!) children foster larger and larger gang membership rolls. Then, as adults, far too many become career criminals and welfare baby factories themselves. The unmarried moms and wayward kids can't compete, and don't even try, but they know Uncle will support them. They have to learn to help themselves and be independent.

The cycle MUST BE BROKEN. The cost to taxpayers of today's AFDC and gang-related problems will seem small compared to tomorrow's cost UNLESS WE ACT NOW. Both direct lobbying of legislators and informing of voters are planned.

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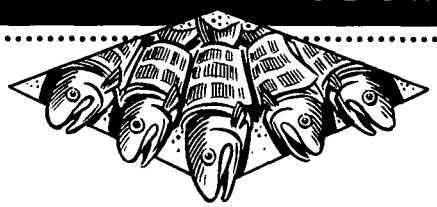

The Great Books Series

Belles-lettres from Mrs. Ben Bradlee, inspired to new fictive heights by an infamous virus:

The plan for her to appear on the platform the last night was the idea of the media types Freddy had surrounded himself with. They were frantic at his slip in the polls. He had gone from an 80 percent approval rating to 26 percent, a free fall of public opinion due, in large part, to Sprague Tyson's stories in the *Daily* linking members of the administration to the drug trade. Since the *Daily* had begun its stories, every other news organization in the country had picked up on them. They were all over Freddy, Foxy, Antonia, Garcia, and the rest of them. Although neither Sprague nor any of the others had nailed anyone yet and the allegations were vague, the perception of corruption and sleaze permeated the administration.

Blanche had done a good job as First Lady. She had overcome her image by reestablishing herself as a country singer and had garnered goodwill for raising funds for AIDS. The problem was that no matter how hard she tried the public didn't really want Freddy back in the White House.

This was all aside from the fact that the President had tested positive for HIV.

[from Happy Endings, *by Sally Quinn. Simon and Schuster, 544 pp., $22]*

Washington Post

Vice President Dan Quayle gets a censorious swat from Richard Cohen, *Washington Post* columnist emeritus and legendary deflowerer of adolescent beauty:

Now Magic Johnson is being enlisted in what might be called the just-say-no brigade. No less a person than the vice president of the United States told the press that the lesson young people should draw from what's happened is sexual abstinence. "I would not say safe sex," Quayle said, "I would talk about abstinence. That's a sure cure, and we ought to be talking about it." It's not surprising that a man who can't remember how he avoided the draft during the Vietnam War doesn't remember being a teenager either.

[November 14, 1991]

Washington Post

The inimitable Governor Moonbeam, upon being skewered by the jocose Senator Kerrey of Nebraska:

"Obviously, it's not appropriate to make fun of people—that's not right," said former California governor Brown, the butt of Kerrey's joke. "I think the lesson is that, given what we're doing [as presidential candidates], the intention must be to serve *all* the people and not make fun of one group or another. Period."

[November 21, 1991]

Press Release

The Manson family has moved to Maryland!

FOR IMMEDIATE RELEASE
CONTACT: KAREN DAVIS
ALLAN CATE

MARYLAND COUPLE PLANS
THANKSGIVING FEAST
HONORING TURKEY COMPANIONS

Please join us on Tuesday, November 26, at 4:30 P.M. for a Thanksgiving celebration in honor of our two turkey companions, Mila and Priscilla. Dinner will comprise a potluck of vegetarian dishes and several friends have been invited to share the feast. Our purpose in holding this holiday dinner is to draw attention to the friendly, companionable and affectionate nature of turkeys and to join with others throughout the country who have elected to adopt turkeys rather than eat them.

We adopted Mila and Priscilla in October 1990 from Farm Sanctuary, a non-profit group in Watkins Glen, New York that rescues abused farm animals and gives them permanent homes. Mila and Priscilla live happily with nine rescued chickens with whom they forage, dust bathe, and enjoy full run of our three-acre yard. Please join us for this special occasion.

[November 1991]

Orange County Register

Twenty-three people are murdered in Killeen, Texas, and Mr. Vic Forsythe, president of the Vegetarian Society, Inc., mounts his soapbox:

It seems quite ironic that flesheaters have been killed en masse [in Killeen, Tex.] while stuffing their faces with pieces of tortured flesh. They then complain about automatic weapons, guns, and knives while they sit only miles away from weapons of mass destruction that could wipe out millions. Yet they continue to ignore the consequences of that quivering piece of flesh right at the end of their fork. Just as vampires, most humans are well suited as a metaphor for the whole human race.

[October 30, 1991]

Breeze

(James Madison University)

A beautifully written letter from the colossal Pam Maddox, citizen of televisionland and the tabloids:

I'm sure other women know what I'm talking about when I say that sometimes I wish I were obese, ugly and bald. Then, maybe those "macho dudes" would leave me alone. Rather I have blond hair (a curse in itself, because blondes stick out more) and am reasonably attractive.

So how do we deal with these clods? Eventually, we become more hardened to it and learn to ignore it, to "tune it out." Even so, though my confidence, assertiveness and self-esteem has increased quite a bit over the years, as it does with everyone, and I even hold a black belt in karate, the words and gestures that I am barraged with almost on a daily basis sometimes really get to me. But at this point in my life, instead of feeling degraded and humiliated, terrible thoughts come into my mind such as crushing his windpipe, slamming his head into the concrete, or flattening his testicles with a brick. I guess I'm just fighting back in my own way.

[October 10, 1991]

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Oregonian

(Portland, Oregon)

The formidable cerebrations of columnist and egghead Margie Boulé:

"Everyone's so concerned about attractive women being hit on and offered all these jobs in exchange for sexual favors," said a friend, who brought this subject to my attention. "But what about the unattractive women? The other side is being completely ignored.

"For every job that was offered an attractive woman, there may have been a plain woman who was overlooked who was qualified for the job."

I've spent weeks listening to women share painful memories of being hit on by bosses and co-workers. I sympathize. I empathize.

But I never even glanced at the other side of the coin. All along, unattractive women have been paying a high price because they weren't the targets of sexual advances. They were, however, being discriminated against.

[October 24, 1991]

Sports Illustrated

Two decades into the bizarre world of sex education, a *farfelu* Mr. Magic Johnson exhorts that Yankee sex move from the bizarre to the macabre, from sexual hygiene to sexual pathology, from sexual mania to kamikaze coitus—suitably wrapped:

I was the one most NBA players looked up to when it came to women. I lived the kind of social life that most guys in the league wanted to lead. Now I'm pleading for every athlete and entertainer who has also been "out there" to get tested and, from now on, to practice safe sex. Guys, get out your hat, your raincoat—whatever you want to call a condom—and wear it. It doesn't matter how beautiful the woman might be or how tempting she might sound on the telephone. I know that we are pursued by women so much that it is easy to be weak. Maybe by getting the virus I'll make it easier for you guys to be strong.

[November 18, 1991]

Dissertation Abstracts International

Scholarly research in a Dark Age:

Gender symbolism in food. Heisley, Deborah Dale, Ph.D. *Northwestern University*, 1990. 255pp. Adviser: Sidney J. Levy

Order Number DA9114557

First, the dissertation investigates gender symbolism of milk, eggs, fruits, vegetables, and meat. Milk and eggs are most feminine because they are products of females' reproductive abilities. Produce is feminine, related to the mythology of the female gatherer, and symbolic of the reproductive nature of "Mother Earth." Fruits are more feminine than vegetables because they are ripened ovaries of plants. Meat is the most masculine. Meat is associated with male provisioning, hunting, and killing. Women are expected to eat produce and men are expected to eat milk, eggs and meat. For women, nutrition means light and non-fattening. For men, nutrition means nutrient dense and strength-building. . . . This is consistent with a domination interpretation in which men symbolically dominate women and animals by the totemic oral incorporation of their reproductive capabilities and muscle, drawing strength from this act. . . .

The second section concentrates on specific traits that are seen to be feminine in fruits and vegetables. Feminine traits are the presence of seeds, sweetness, roundness, juiciness, softness, smoothness, smallness and seasonality. Tubers are also masculine. Warm colors are feminine and cool colors are masculine in the produce context.

The third section examines usage of fruits and vegetables from a gender and social class perspective. . . . Professional men eat a less feminine set of items than professional women. . . . Working class women and men do not differ in stated usage, reflecting the working class female's deference to her husband in the area of food.

[September 1991]

New York Post

Anthropological revelations from that ever-*soignée* columnist, Amy Pagnozzi:

We all have our disgusting little habits and normally I keep mine to myself. But this one I'll share, so bear with me—there's a reason.

A few months ago, I noticed I was constantly running out of clean underwear, which does not go into the general wash and does not get done. We also run out of washcloths, which get lost like socks.

So, being a resourceful but disgusting person, I came up with a resourceful but disgusting plan to save labor, eliminate washcloths and ensure a constant supply of clean(ish) underwear.

I bring the dirty stuff into the shower, soap it up, and scrub myself down with it, before rinsing it off to dry. Sorry you had to read this. (At least you're not married to me.)

[November 20, 1991]

New York Times

The brave and sublimely asinine Anna Quindlen, at it again:

This is what it is like to be a New Yorker, to have to stop and constantly acknowledge pain.

[November 2, 1991]

Washington Post

Solipsism as practiced in a provincial New World capital:

The *New Republic* has been nominated for "best liberal magazine" in the annual popularity poll conducted by *Washington Journalism Review*. On the other side of the spectrum, one nominee for "best conservative magazine" was . . . the *New Republic*.

[October 26, 1991]

The Great Books Series

Feminist ingenue Miss Paula Kamen, an erstwhile co-ed and student journalist at the University of Illinois, finds herself trapped in the morbid world of the sexual hysteric:

Educating myself about the prevalence of this violence and the cultural myths perpetuating it made me notice more and more things—all of which I didn't want to see. Images of rape and abuse of women were all around us, even in my favorite movies of long ago. In *Animal House*, I saw a scene where the hero, with the comical counsel of a debating angel and devil on his shoulders, was contemplating having sex with a teenage girl who had just passed out on the floor. Earlier to me, instead of rape, it was just a case of pragmatically seizing the opportunity.

Then, for the God-knows-what time, I saw *Gone With the Wind*. In one scene, in a fit of alcohol-induced frenzy, Rhett grabs Scarlett and carries her upstairs kicking and punching. The next morning, we see her nestled in her room, humming gaily to herself, looking more chipper and satisfied than even the most victorious of Yankees. Earlier to me, that had not been rape, it was romantic seduction.

Instantly I felt betrayed. Now even this classic escapist movie was offensive. Rhett Butler, the prototypical debonair leading man, was committing a first-degree sexual assault, as defined by Illinois state statutes.

[from Feminist Fatale: Voices from the "Twentysomething" Generation Explore the Future of the "Women's Movement," *by Paula Kamen. Donald L. Fine, Inc., 404 pp., $10.95 paper]*

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Class Stegall

Rare indeed to capture *The American Spectator* in a misspelling, but I congratulate you—when you do it, it still makes sense. I refer to the November issue, p. 45, pertaining to the review of the biography of Peter Lawford. There it is written, that when Petah heard of the assassination of President Kennedy, he "wretched and sobbed on the floor." Since his whole life was wretched, I doubt it not.

While I am at the keyboard, let me repudiate the letter of Mr. George Mitrovich, president of the City Club of San Diego. He says that when Kennedy died, something died in all of us. Nothing died in me, Mr. Mitrovich. I was sorry that two children had been bereft of their father, and I was sorry that an act of violence had defiled our history; but I was no more sorry to be rid of this incompetent and sexually debauched man than I was sorry to hear of the death of Franklin Roosevelt. Mr. Mitrovich needs to re-think his loyalty, which might have been excused in the 1960s, before the illusions foisted on the gullible American public regarding the Kennedy clan had been dispelled by factual evidence—not "revisionism."

—C.R. Stegall
Humanities/Religion
Florida Junior College at Jacksonville
Jacksonville, Florida

Hold Your Horses

I am writing about some statements inCathy Young's article "Growing Pains" in the September issue of your excellent journal.

To start with, I really like Cathy Young's writing. I was quite impressed with her book, *Growing Up in Moscow,* and have always enjoyed her well-informed commentary on the happenings in Soviet Union. It is therefore particularly hard for me to understand how she could make the following statement: ". . . it still has to resort to the services of a government-owned printshop—that of *Literaturnaya Gazeta.*"

I am sorry, but *Literaturnaya Gazeta* doesn't have a printshop of their own, and never had. In fact, ever since it ceased to be the official organ of the Soviet Writers' Union, it seems to lack a permanent printshop. Thus in the May 8, 1991 issue No. 18 (5344) the printer was listed as Tipografiya IPO SP SSSR, 103662 Moskva K-51, Tsvetnoi bulvar, 30, whereas the August 21, 1991 (what a glorious date!) issue No. 33 (5359) was printed at Tipografiya imeni V.I. Lenina izdatelstva TsK KPSS "Pravda," 125865, GSP, Moskva, A-137, ul. "Pravdy," 24. Of course, this shop had at that time a lot of open capacity, since Mr. Yeltsin closed down *Pravda* at that point.

The point is that practically all printing facilities were in the hands of the party and the independent press (and *Literaturnaya Gazeta* was certainly one of the newly independent papers) were at the mercy of those who controlled such facilities and paper.

For the aforementioned reasons, it is not correct to call *Literaturnaya Gazeta* a semi-official publication.

—Ivan I. Bezugloff, Jr.
Publisher, Pressage & Ct
Cleveland Heights, Ohio

Pump It Up

It is obvious that prodigal son Sam Fussell had to write an apologia for his failure at competitive bodybuilding in order to return to the literary fold of his father Paul. What is not so clear is the motivation behind Leon Podles's stereotypical and venomous appraisal of bodybuilders in his review of Fussell's *Muscle: Confessions of an Unlikely Bodybuilder* (*TAS,* October 1991). Perhaps giving a good tongue-lashing is Mr. Podles's way of "protecting himself from reality," his own engagement in the "folly of building shells as protection from pain."

Podles groups bodybuilding, a constructive activity, with such "dangers" as "crime, drugs, skydiving, risky sex." Any investigation into prison rehabilitation programs will show that bodybuilding training, when made available to inmates, has a remarkable effect on morale, contributing to greater self-esteem and self-discipline—two traits essential for the successful return of former inmates to society. Arnold Schwarzenegger and other top bodybuilders have led numerous workshops in men's and women's prisons with enthusiastic response from both inmates and prison officials.

Podles states that "the bodybuilder, with his bulging biceps and starved waist, is to the normal athletic male body what Pontormo is to Raphael." Regardless of these artists' respective visions, the "normal athletic male body" today is a product of bodybuilding training, or progressive-resistance weight-training, which is advocated by most coaches and trainers in the sporting world. Mr. Podles can validate this point by reading a copy of the *National Strength and Conditioning Association Journal.*

Whatever liabilities bodybuilding has in particular cases (such as Fussell's own), these are the types of liabilities all sports have at the professional level when money and career make it attractive to win at any cost, even if it means using steroids. Competitive bodybuilding doesn't have a monopoly on steroid use, which is epidemic among athletes in almost every sport. Football and track stars like Lyle Alzado and Ben Johnson are representative. But I don't hear Mr. Podles making wholesale condemnations of *those* sports.

As far as bodybuilding being full of "narcissistic and effeminate" males and homosexuals, as Podles suggests, let me point out that bodybuilders, like other athletes, comprise a cross section of the population—some model citizens, others not. Many men and women have taken up bodybuilding for physical therapy after surgery or illness. Others enjoy weight-training as a healthy and vigorous recreation to counterbalance a sedentary office job. Professional or competitive bodybuilding consists of a relatively small group of athletes, especially when compared to the mammoth football, basketball, and baseball organizations.

Finally, one would hope that Mr. Podles is in better shape than "that cripple and weakling Nietzsche" (as he calls him). But I doubt it. Anyone with such an apparent need to slander has little inner strength and would never come close to enduring the years of illness and philosophical questing that Nietzsche did.

—Ted Willi
Athens, Georgia

Lover Come Back

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—Philip Lewis
Los Angeles, California

Love the magazine, love it, love it, love it! Think I'll shed a tear over the passing of the tabloid size come January. However, oh well, that's life.

—Joel Nelson
Madison, South Dakota

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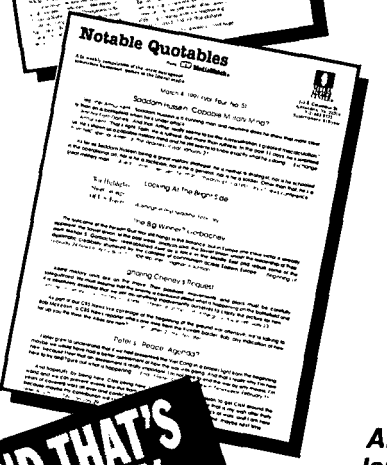

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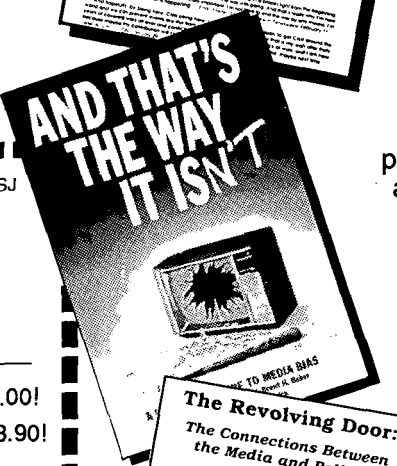
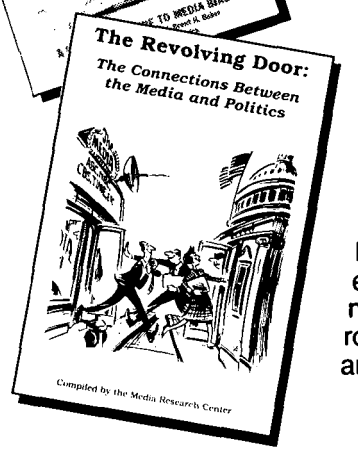


And That's the Way it Isn't: A Reference Guide to Media Bias provides 350 pages of summaries, excerpts and reprints of 45 studies that demonstrate the media's liberal bias. A one-stop resource containing all the facts and figures, examples and quotes proving the media's bias.



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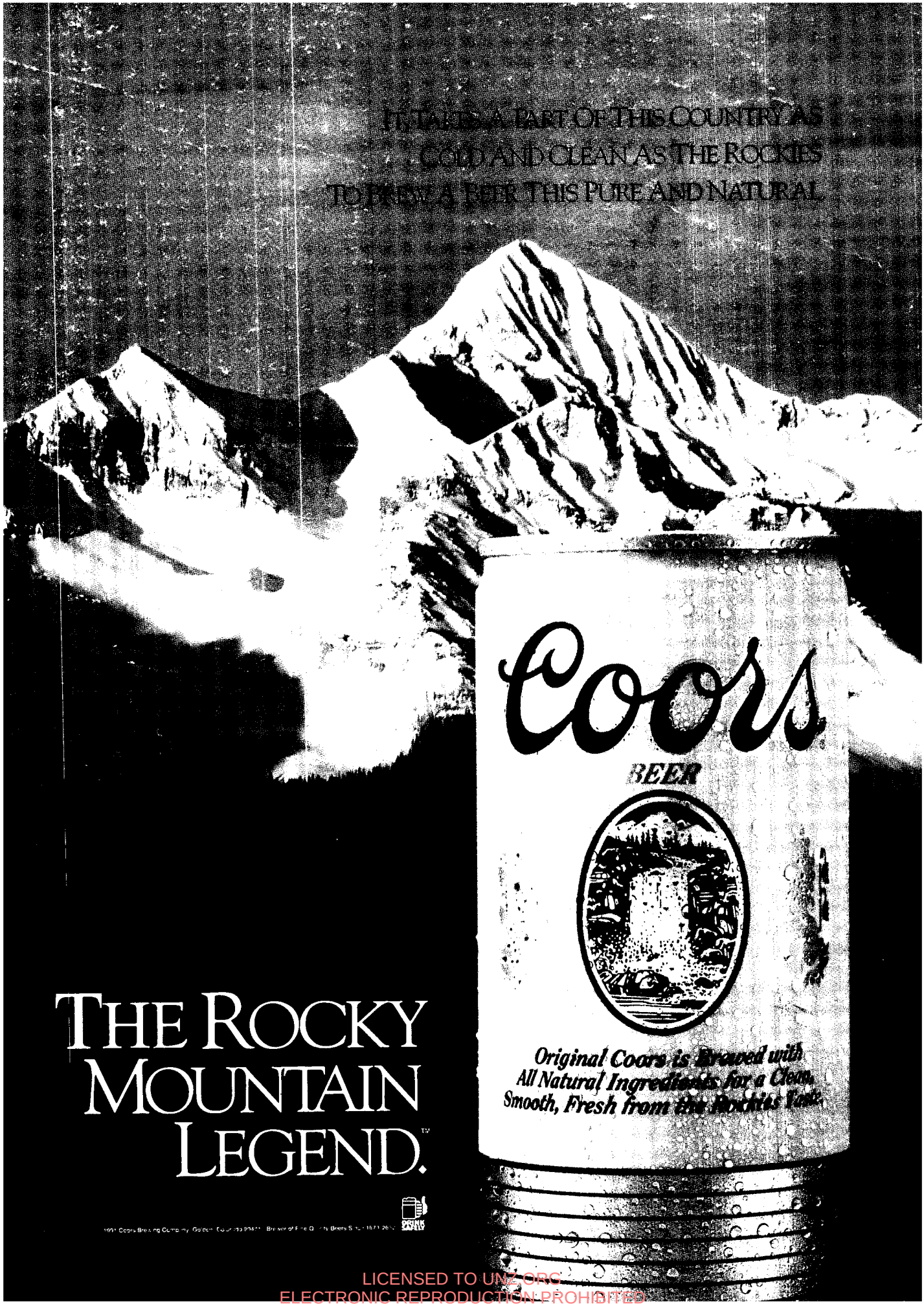
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